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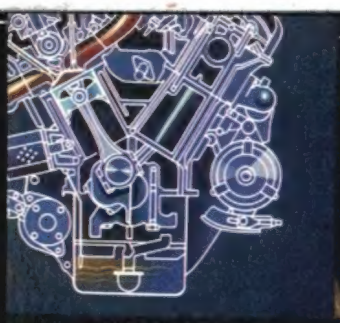
FROM NISSAN



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It boasts the most sophisticated V-6 of any production line: lighter, more efficient yet even more powerful than the engine it replaces. You command 3 liters, two-hundred horses of fuel-injected turbo-charged thrust. You corner on a new high-performance suspension system designed to dominate road and track. And while you're snug in the cockpit, you wonder how Nissan technology could make raw power so civilized.

"It's capable of a thousand decisions a minute."

Nissan's advanced electronics instantly perform vital functions and report directly

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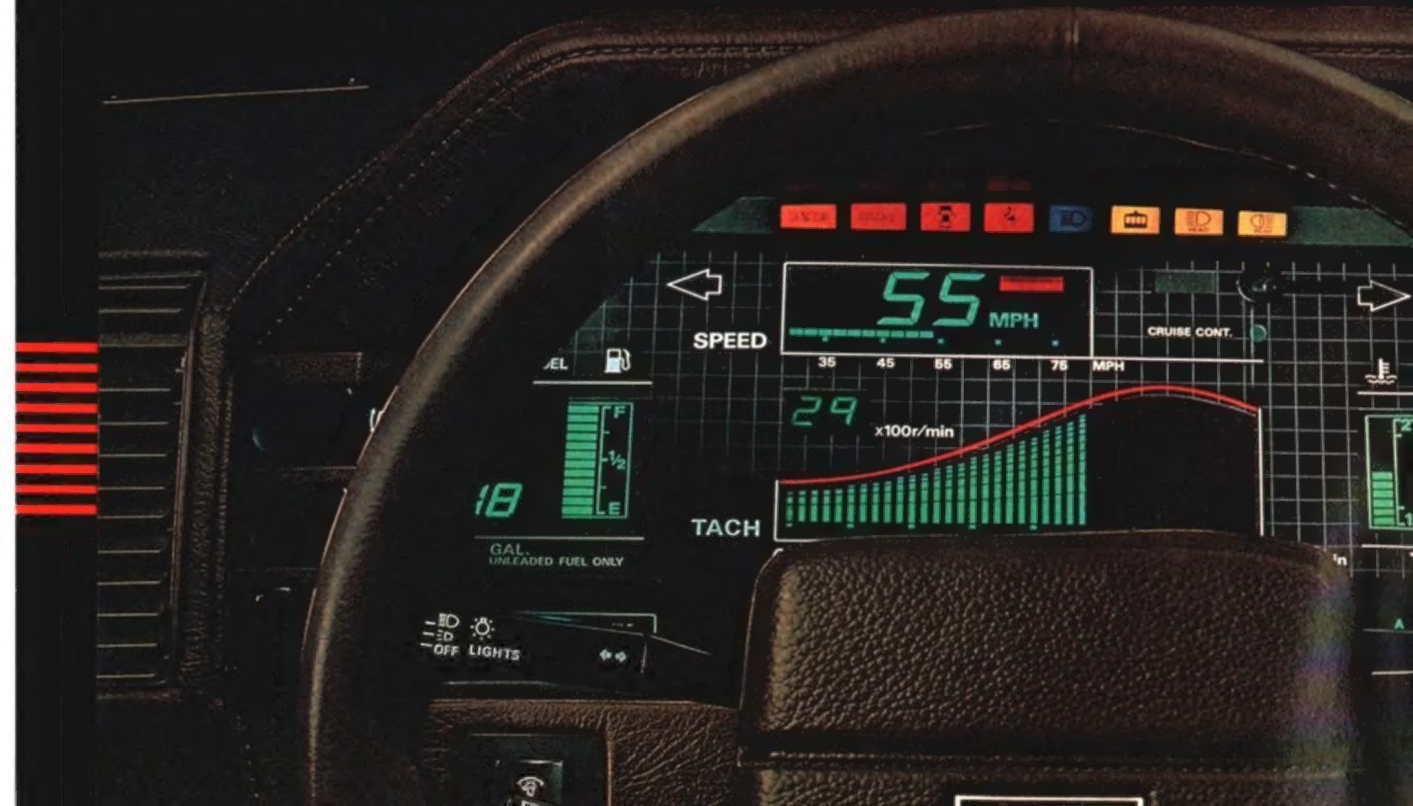

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LED display of acceleration and deceleration by G units.

Anti-theft system.
If anyone tampers with your Z, the lights go on. The horn sounds. The ignition locks.

Electro-adjustable shocks.
You select your ride with a 3-way switch on the console.

8-way power seat.
An electrically operated seat, working with a pneumatic pump allows driver to recline or adjust for thigh and lumbar support.

to you. A micro-computer continuously monitors engine output to optimize performance. Power curves and rpm are visualized graphically right on your instrument panel. A computer reads fuel levels from the injection system and tells you how many gallons are left in the tank. In digital. Right on your instrument panel.

The new turbo Z car is straight out of tomorrow: a world of microprocessors, memory chips, sensors and electronics. They will inform you, warn you, cool you, entertain you, guide you, protect you and propel you. This car is capable of a thousand decisions a minute. What will Nissan think of next?

AWESOME

NISSAN 300ZX

THE SCIENCE OF MAJOR MOTION

Explore the 300 ZX's new V-6 and you're into state-of-the-art engine design.

V6

Electronic fuel injection. High-compression cross-flow hemi-heads. Deep-breathing overhead valves. Self-adjusting hydraulic lifters. Standard Z or turbo model, this is Nissan ingenuity at its awesome best.

The Intelligent Nissan Turbo

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Up front, MacPherson struts position the king pin axis into high-caster geometry. Accelerate through a few switch-back curves and the effect of this performance suspension is a revelation. Even at high speeds, cornering is level, handling rock-stable; the steering so precise, it seems as though the wheels are rolling in grooves.

The independent rear suspension uses expanded-span trailing arms to locate the wheels, shocks and separate springs in a wide-striding stance. Roll is limited to a barely perceptible lean. Want a firmer or softer ride? Dial in the damping you want by flicking a switch on the console. Tiny motors inside all four gas shocks adjust them instantly, automatically.

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AT YOUR DATSUN DEALER.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE **300 ZX**

MAJOR MOTION FROM **NISSAN**

NISSAN

DECEMBER 12, 1983 Vol. 122 No. 25 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

As chief architect of one of the world's largest, most influential news enterprises, TIME's co-founder and editor Henry R. Luce (1898-1967) was profoundly aware of the astonishing growth and power of the U.S. press in the 20th century. In 1947 he said, "Today nearly every American's mind—and soul—is directly and daily affected by the press." Luce believed that journalism had a dual purpose: "A service first . . . of news and comment on public affairs. And second, a service of culture, a service of food for the imagination and the feelings and sensitivities of millions of people."

From its founding, TIME has treated the press itself as newsworthy. The Press section appeared in the magazine's first issue, in 1923, with a story on the now defunct New York *World*. To date, TIME has run 56 cover stories on the press, profiling a varied range of figures, including Walter Lippmann (1931, 1937), William R. Hearst Sr. (1927, 1933, 1939), Drew Pearson (1948), Ernie Pyle (1944), William F. Buckley Jr. (1967), Arthur Sulzberger (1977) and Dan Rather (1980).

In this week's cover story, TIME assesses the reasons behind a relatively new phenomenon, the increasingly low regard that Americans have for their press. Some of this antipress feeling is justified, some understandable, some the result of a troublesome misunderstanding of the role and motives of the institution of journalism. Once again, the press itself is news.

Associate Editor William A. Henry III, who won a 1980 Pulitzer Prize at the Boston *Globe*, wrote the cover story. Says he: "Most U.S. journalism is good—thorough, instructive, even at times courageous. But when a news organization gets arrogant or careless for just a few moments, the consequences for the individuals it covers can be catastrophic, and the damage to the craft considerable."

HUGH PATRICK BROWN

William Henry: one of the enemies is arrogance

TIME, of course, is no less fallible than its peers. It is keenly aware that the standards and precepts that are applied to other elements of the press are equally applicable to this magazine. TIME is rightfully subject to the same public judgments on its accuracy, fairness and responsibility as any other journalistic enterprise. Sums up Associate Editor Walter Isaacson, who edited this week's cover: "The story is a strong reminder of how sensitive all journalists must be to the concerns and complaints of their audience."

John a. Meyer

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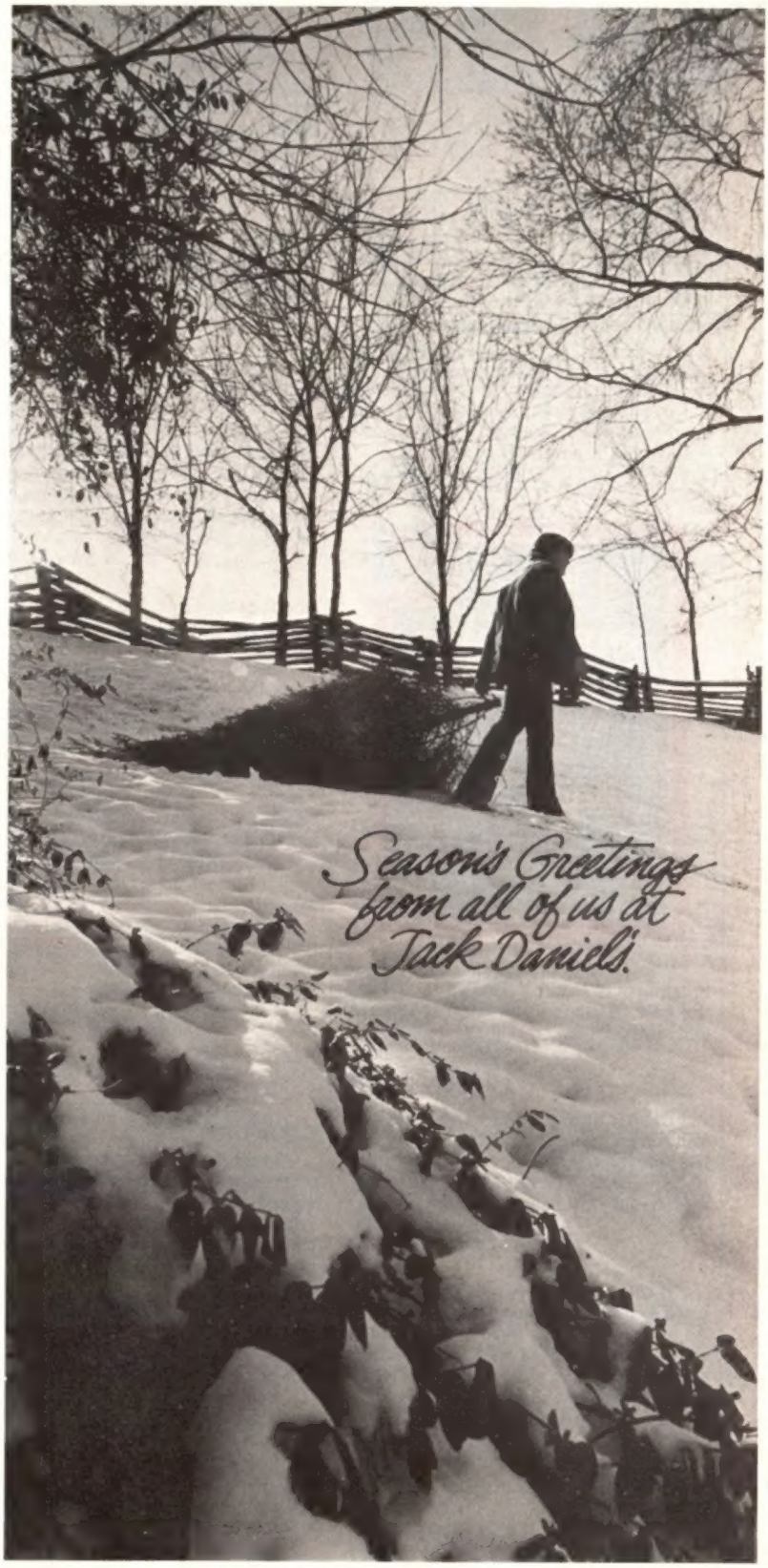

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Letters

Number, Please

To the Editors:

TIME's report on the breakup of A T & T [Nov. 21] describes the consequences of a crusade by overzealous bureaucrats and overprotective courts. Confusion and higher rates will be the result. To the bureaucrats who forced this situation on us, I wish skyrocketing telephone bills and lots of wrong numbers.

Godfrey M. Elliott
Sarasota, Fla.

We should never have allowed A T & T to be split up. The company was highly successful, and its services were well worth the nominal charge.

Scott Morrison
San Mateo, Calif.

What irony. The judiciary orders the breakup of A T & T, a company providing the best telephone service in the world. Only in America!

Penny M. Johnson
Racine, Wis.

It is a sad day when the competition and the courts dismantle a company that has provided efficient and progressive phone service. The antiquated postal system should have been broken up instead.

Don E. Dolan
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

If there are any winners in the split-up of A T & T, they are not the customers. As anyone who has lived abroad knows, the U.S. has had the best and most reasonable telephone service in the world. The Government should have heeded the old saying "If it ain't broke, don't fix it."

Barnett K. Johnson
Cumming, Ga.

P.L.O. Civil War

The battle for supremacy in the Palestine Liberation Organization [Nov. 21] is not a fight over who will better the lot of the Palestinian refugees. It is a struggle for political and personal power. The Palestinians are a symbol, and their worth increases with their sufferings. The P.L.O. leaders know that solving the Palestinian problem would benefit only Israel and the refugees.

Sherif Laoun
Montreal

The P.L.O. is the only organization that elects its chairman by waging war in someone else's country.

Dale H. Wallace
Lewisburg, Pa.

The events in Lebanon reveal hypocrisy and a lust for power. The Palestinians and Lebanese, betrayed by their own leaders as well as their Arab "brothers," are now facing a situation similar to that of the Jews in the 1930s and 1940s in Germany. As then, the world mouths pious rhetoric but does nothing.

Michael Kaplan
Oceanside, N.Y.

Unpunished Terrorists

The U.S.'s failure to respond to suicide attacks against our troops in Lebanon [Nov. 21] is in sharp contrast to the Israeli reaction, which was to bomb suspected terrorist bases in the Bekaa Valley. It is no surprise that Captain George Tsantes was murdered in Athens. Do terrorists now believe that U.S. citizens can be attacked with impunity?

Bruce J. Friedman
Philadelphia

No act of retaliation can bring back the dead. Getting even would only follow the Middle East's tradition of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.

Moxie S. George
Captain, U.S.M.C. Reserve
and Jan Winter
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Capitol Bombing

In a country like ours, where freedom of expression is a basic right, it is deplorable and ironic that extremists would bomb the U.S. Capitol [Nov. 21]. The Capitol is where debate and opinions, not terrorism, form American policy.

Brad Tracy
Lebanon, Ore.

Semper Fi

Your story about General Paul X. Kelley's conversation with a wounded Marine [Nov. 7] reveals the general's naiveté. In the language of the Marine Corps, *Semper Fi* does not mean "always faithful." The expression connotes something rather different.

Paul B. Waller
Rockford, Ill.

The expression is from World War II. When Marines in the Pacific said "Semper fi, *Mac," they frequently meant "Look pal, you've got to take care of yourself out here."*

Killers of a Kind

Reading your article about the two drifters who committed dozens of senseless murders [Nov. 14] put to rest my doubts about capital punishment.

Robert A. Radie
Chelmsford, Mass.

Those two murderers are mistakes of nature. Our justice system should get rid of them.

Marta Andraele
Miami

As long as our courts continue to be lenient, we must accept the 21,000 murders committed each year in this country. Murder has become as American as football and apple pie. The serial killers are surely guilty, but so are the parole boards that release these men into society to strike again.

Gloria P. Pope
San Jose, Calif.

Man of the Year

My nomination for Man of the Year is U.S. Delegate to the U.N. Charles Lichenstein. When the Soviets complained about having the U.N. in New York, Lichenstein suggested they could sail into the sunset if they did not like the city. While his geography may be flawed, Lichenstein told the Soviets what many are thinking.

Alvin R. Ervin
Lieutenant Colonel, U.S.A. (ret.)
Columbia, S.C.

The choice should be Sally Ride, America's first astrowoman.

M. Roy Brenner
Johannesburg

Barbara McClintock, the Nobel laureate in medicine.

Joseph F.J. Curi
Torrington, Conn.

Ronald Reagan, in whom the American people have found a leader.

William L. Knecht
Oakland, Calif.

The martyred Benigno Aquino, who, despite threats of death, returned to Manila.

Julius Romero
Manila

Barney Clark, courageous medical pioneer.

David D. Frasier
Frederick, Md.

The 269 souls who died on Flight 007.

Michael Wood
Grand Ledge, Mich.

Letters

Margaret Thatcher.

Robin Ette
Bechtel, Kiunga
Papua New Guinea

Lee Iacocca.

Robb Scherler
Akron

James Watt, for creating an awareness of this nation's natural resources.

Bill Kling Jr.
Huntsville, Ala.

Smoke-Free San Francisco

San Francisco's new ordinance protecting nonsmokers from colleagues who smoke [Nov. 21] is only the beginning of an era in which Americans will realize their right to a smoke-free environment.

Ron Miller
Columbus

You wrote in regard to the antismoking referendum, "Enforcement will be annoying and probably impossible." A majority of San Franciscans obviously disagree. They voted for the law. Furthermore, your article states that Proposition P "narrowly passed." But you fail to mention that the tobacco industry spent $1.5 million, or $20 per vote, trying to defeat the legislation. Considering the effect of such lobbying, the bill could hardly pass with a landslide victory.

Phyllis Shapiro
New York City

Finally nonsmokers have come to realize that even being in the same room with smokers is a serious health hazard.

George Russell
New York City

Grenada Neighbor

The documents found on Grenada [Nov. 14] show exactly what the radical leftists planned. I am the student who the top-secret Grenadian report says "lives just below the Soviet embassy and seems to pay more than casual attention to all activities of the embassy." My relationship with the Soviet Ambassador and his staff was cordial though superficial. It amuses me to know that they suspected me of being a CIA agent. This accusation is just another example of Soviet paranoia.

Mark S. Lea
Creighton University School of Medicine
Omaha

Dangers of Lilac Time

In response to Reader Louise Skelly, who deplored Author Paul Theroux's gloomy view of Britain [Nov. 21], I have done what Skelly suggested. While living in London, our family did "go down to Kew in lilac time" on a lovely Sunday afternoon. That's when our Kensington flat was broken into for the third time. We still cannot forget that our favorite toys and personal belongings are scattered all over *The Kingdom by the Sea.*

Hélène Bonin
Middletown, Conn.

FCC's Fowler

Leave it to Ronald Reagan to appoint Mark Fowler chairman of the FCC [Nov. 21]. With his goal of stripping away regulations and safeguards, Fowler typifies the Reagan Administration's mercenary sensibilities.

S. Alane Mauter
San Diego

Fowler's statement that "television is just . . . a toaster with pictures" betrays a frightening ignorance of TV's power to coerce and manipulate.

Theodore W. Jentsch, Professor, Sociology
Kutztown University
Kutztown, Pa.

Fowler should watch television more than one hour a week. If he did, he would not want to abolish the 16 min.-per-hr. limit on commercials. Without that maximum, it would be, "We interrupt these commercials to bring you entertainment."

Ralph A. Brooks
New York City

Repeating History

Re your Essay on history's tendency to repeat itself [Nov. 21]: in the past two decades history has taught us that we must respect another country's right to self-determination. Failure on our part to recognize this aspiration only leads to intransigence by the emerging nation. That is why our position in Nicaragua could very well lead us into a repetition of Viet Nam.

Michael J. Hohl
Cos Cob, Conn.

History repeats itself because the response to conflict is predictable. Governments usually try to solve disagreements with force or intimidation. If world leaders would abandon the military alternative, history would be made, not repeated.

Barbara L. Shoemaker
Los Altos, Calif.

A Rave for *Yentl*

Thank you for giving Barbra Streisand's *Yentl* the rave review it deserves [Nov. 21]. By directing this film, Streisand has met another challenge, proving that her talent is immeasurable.

Eric J. Dodd
Athens, Ga.

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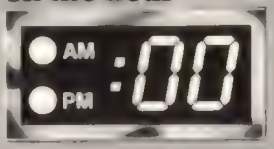

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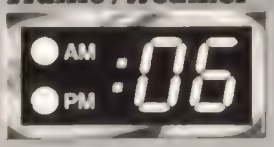

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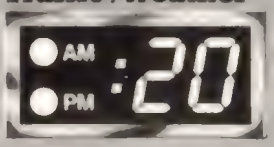

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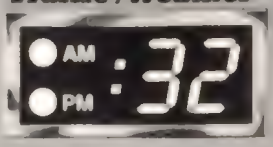

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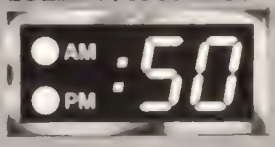

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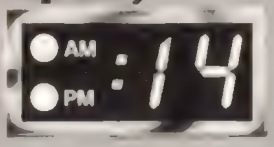

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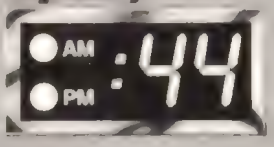

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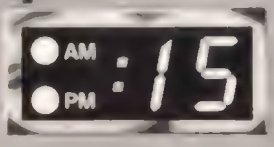

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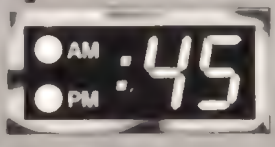

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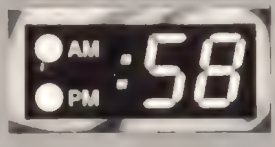
News Headlines



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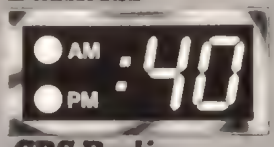

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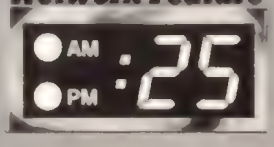

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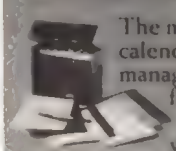

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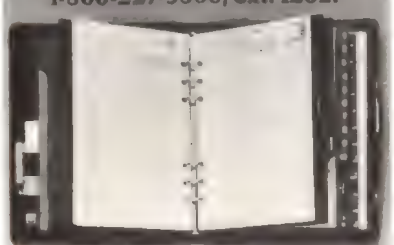

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American Scene

In Connecticut: The 100th Classic

The level of play would not have ensured a winning season in a Midwestern high school league, but never mind that. The place to be three Saturdays ago, for football traditionalists who cared about history with a crust on it, was the Yale Bowl. Here in New Haven, Conn., Harvard and Yale footballers played, somewhat haphazardly, for the 100th time. What they played, of course, was The Game. (That Stanford and Cal call their annual collision The Big Game is, surely, an indication of desperate social insecurity.) The two Ivy League schools met first in 1875, fielding 15-man teams that played a kind of paleo-football. Harvard kicked four goals and won, 4-0. The series was interrupted several times before the turn of the century, and war canceled The Games of 1917-18 and 1943-44.

As the 100th Game approached, college sportswriters too young to shave knocked out misty-eyed pieces about Charley Brickley, the legendary Harvard drop-kicker of the 1912-14 teams, and Albie Booth, the wispy Yale back of 1929-31. It was murmured occasionally during this gentle rain of nostalgia that, although Yale led in the series, 54-37 (there had been eight ties), its '83 warriors had underwhelmed eight opponents thus far and won only once. Harvard, with an upper-middling 5-2-2 record, loomed like a superteam.

A noodly sort of tension began to develop, especially after the Bulldogs caught an understandably inattentive Princeton team napping the week before the big 100th. It was not, to be sure, the sort of anticipation that had preceded the 1968 Game, toward which both teams had swaggered without a loss. The '68 astonishment still reverberates: Quarterback Brian Dowling, the model for Garry Trudeau's B.D. in the *Doonesbury* comic strip, and big Calvin Hill, the star halfback who went on to play pro football for the Dallas Cowboys, led Yale to a 29-13 advantage with less than eleven minutes to go. Yalies in the crowd began waving their handkerchiefs at the Harvards across the field, in The Game's customary gesture of well-bred derision. Then Harvard's Frank Champi, a substitute quarterback, confounded probability and Yale by producing two touchdowns and a couple of two-point conversions in the last 42 seconds. Harvard proclaimed the 29-29 tie a victory.

Thus The Game had produced heroics before; was it not possible now that Yale would arise from the sod and gnaw the Crimson? Maybe, but it was clear even to an observer new to these rites that other matters were more important. Take the matter of the handkerchiefs. A society of pragmatists has decided that Kleenex is handier and more sanitary. The day when every gentleman carried two handkerchiefs is gone, as are most of the gentlemen. That seems to be the point. The old boys of the Eastern Establishment, waving in languid mockery at the foe, are also wig-wagging a message to those of us plebes who are watching: "We still have our handkerchiefs and our standards, and don't doubt for a minute that we still have our power too." Handkerchief-waving is in the spirit of the Harvard cheer held in readiness for losses to lesser schools than Yale: "That's all right, that's okay. You're going to work for us some day!"

Old-boyishness was more evident than economic royalism, however, at the 100th Game. It was a boyishness that seemed to hark back several decades to an innocent never-never time when all Harvard and Yale students were male and, at least in legend, privileged, lazy, outrageous and perpetually booze-fogged. Such qualities cannot have wholly dominated undergraduate life at these colleges—somebody must have done some studying—but they were very much on view in the

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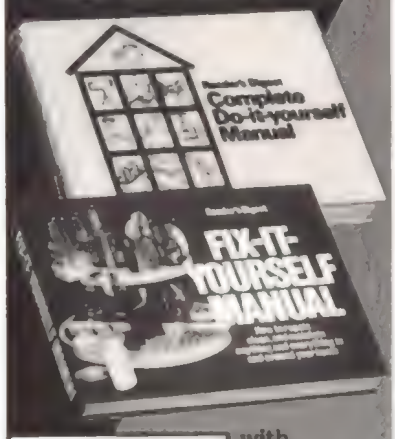

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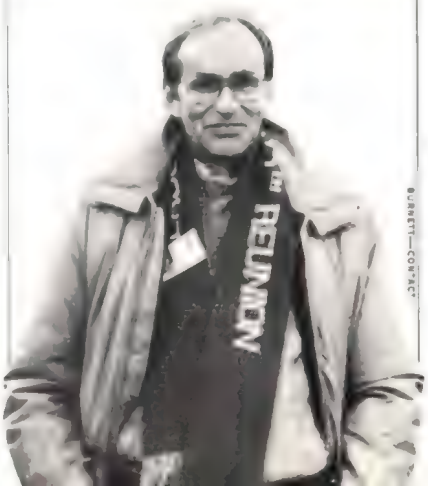
American Scene

parking lots around the Yale Bowl before Game time. The sun shone, and the old grads capered in a golden haze. Elderly stockbrokers wore caps printed with VERB HARVARD! or YALE VERBS! and smiled benignly as they sloshed status-label Scotch. Thirty-two-year-old lawyers who had just made partner inflated huge helium balloons, tied them to their cars with ropes hundreds of feet long, and then stood there grinning and drinking. Fifty-year-old business honchos got mud on the knees of their gray flannels playing touch football among the parked cars and joshed one another loudly about bifocals and bald spots. The older wives wore mink, and the younger wives wore ski sweaters and down vests. They helped with the elaborate tailgate picnics everyone brought, but otherwise stood somewhat aside from the gamboling with their plastic cups full of Chablis. The two colleges have been coed for well over a decade, but the woman grads are not yet old enough for three of them standing together on dry ground to produce a swamp of nostalgia. This was a day for the old boys, gray-haired men called Red and Curly, to stand knee-deep in love for one another.

Outrageousness is clearly necessary to prevent this mistiness from reaching the boohoo stage—no one wants to wave a soggy handkerchief—and by tradition the two bands have been designated to provide the desired vulgarity. A month before the 1962 Game, held in Cambridge, Mass., members of the Harvard band paraded through New Haven at 4:30 a.m., concertizing at full volume; seven of them were arrested. This sort of thing is expected, as are naughty formations and cheers of startling crudity. A fungus of tastefulness has formed in the past few years on both sets of musical pranksters, however. An over-refined dignitary from the dean's office has objected to Harvard's best formation—the word PROCREATE!, more or less, spelled out on the field at half time. In 1980 at the Penn game, the bandsmen compromised by forming the same message in Arabic script. This, too, was deemed unacceptable. This year the subdued bandies did march into the bowl singing "To hell with Yale" to the tune of



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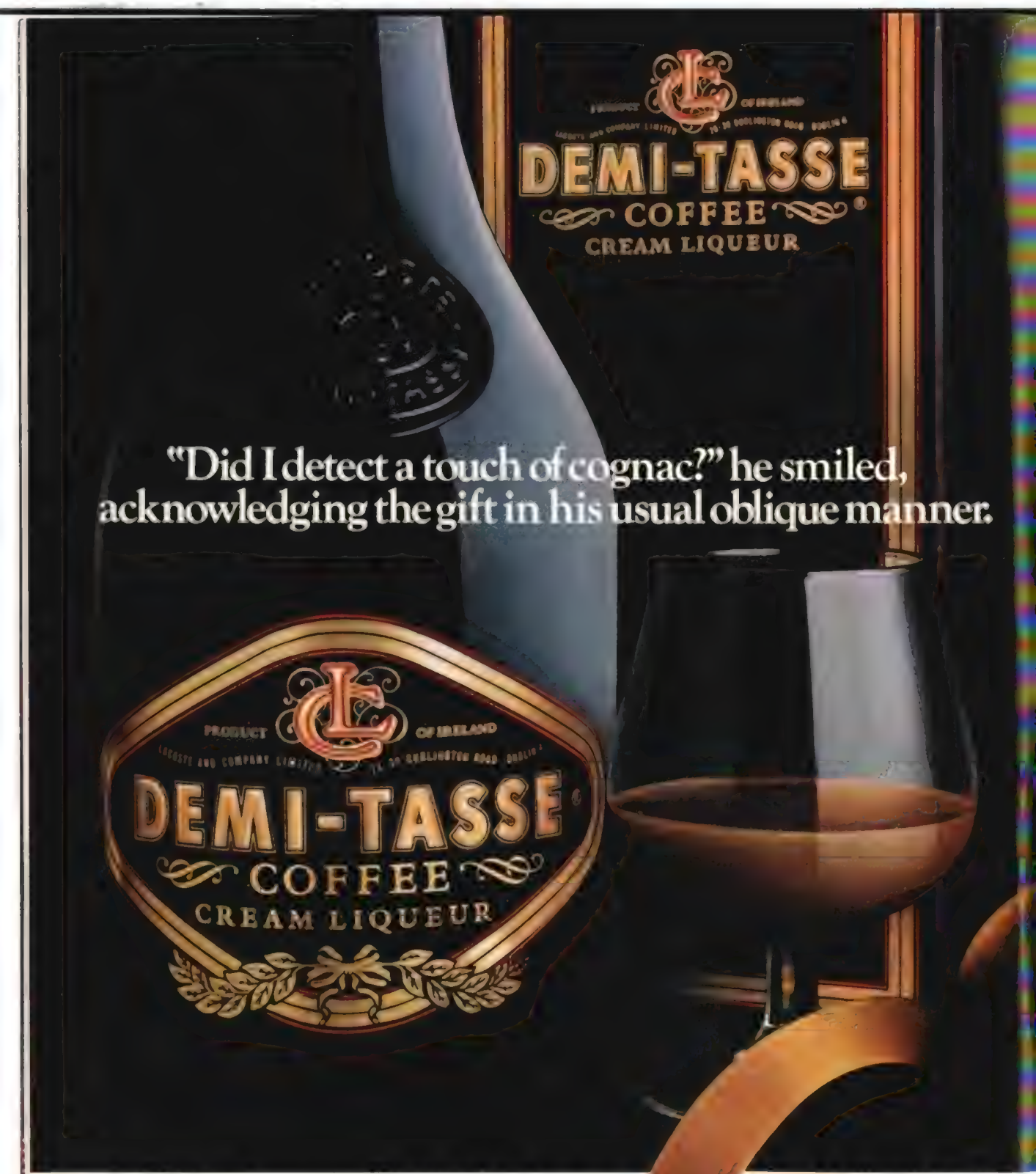

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American Scene

O Tannenbaum, but that was all. The Yale band also did not sink to the occasion. Had marauders from M.I.T. prepared an appropriate prank—last year they spent three weeks engineering the implantation under the midfield turf of a 4-ft. balloon, which they inflated and exploded by remote control in The Game's second quarter—the occasion might have been lightened, but this year they, too, failed to find inspiration

Thus it was necessary to watch The Game, an erratic affair in which the opposing quarterbacks spent most of their time scuttling about behind their own lines trying to avoid destruction. Greg Gizzi of Harvard generally succeeded in this effort, and Mike Curtin of Yale generally did not Penalties and inadvertence often had the effect of causing each team to move 20 or more yards backward, not forward, in a series of downs. Yale steadied briefly in the third quarter and moved determinedly in the customary direction to tie Harvard with a touchdown. When Harvard fluffed the extra point after its next score, it seemed possible that if Yale could cross the goal line once more, it might stagger to a victory that would embarrass the Crimson for decades. Wobbles and bobbles dissipated this thin hope, and Harvard kicked a field goal to produce an emphatic if not excessive final score of 16-7

Here the Harvard band redeemed itself. Mired in propriety throughout the day, give or take an occasional shouted grotesquerie ("Break their arms off, break their legs off, we love football!"), they finally came to life. Champagne was produced for the hanky-waving ritual, and the flow of Mumm inspired Will Moore, the 6-ft. 6-in. drum major, to pour a quart or two into his size-13 sneaker and drink from it. Other bandies joined him.

The sneaker circulated, the shadows crossed the remaining yards of the field, leaving only the Harvard cheering section in sunlight, and the clock ticked away the last seconds of the 100th Game. Exultant Harvards tore down both sets of goal posts (the playfulness soured when a Harvard freshman, Margaret Cimino, was seriously injured in the confusion). As they left the bowl, the old grads, practiced in their ancient animosity, jeered or muttered, according to school. Undergrads seemed to take victory or defeat casually, but seniors were beginning to practice their lines for the years that would follow graduation. Fred Anscombe, Yale '84, did not seem truly disheartened, but he managed a sneer ("The Harvard guys I know are all creampuffs") that had almost the right ring to it. A Manhattan bank executive, Yale '56, did not have to search for emotion. After The Game, looking as woeful as if Brazil had defaulted on its notes, he said, "It took me years to get over being really depressed when Yale lost." His voice broke for a moment. "But I managed it. I'm not letting it bother me."

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TIME DECEMBER 12, 1983

A New Deal for Israel

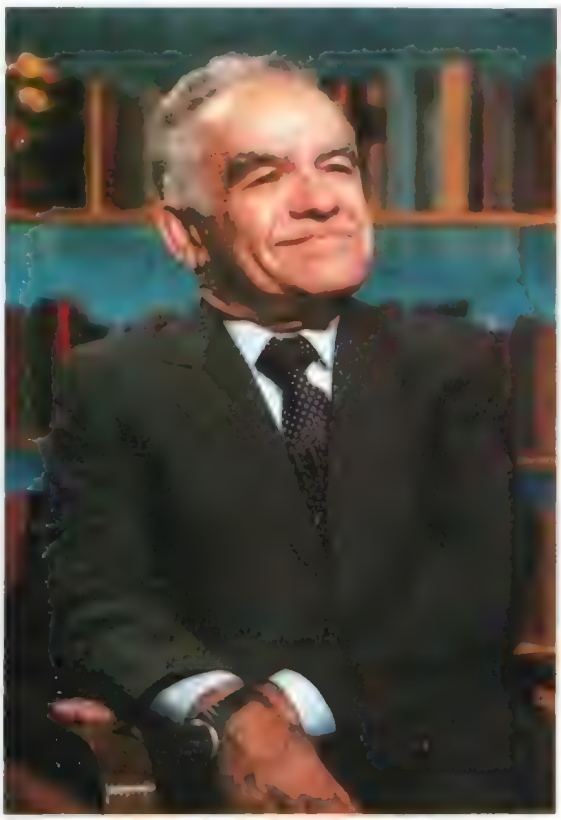
After a two-year chill, the U.S. warms up to an old friend

"Reagan gave away the store and got nothing in return," said a White House critic of the Administration's Middle East policies. At a State Department dinner for Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, a few guests even joked about raising the Star of David flag over the White House to signal the "Israeli victory."

The verbal barbs were aimed at a new "strategic cooperation" agreement between the U.S. and Israel worked out during a three-day visit to Washington by Shamir and his top aides. Although the details need to be ironed out in future meetings between lesser officials of both nations, the package of military aid and trade concessions places Israel back in the forefront of U.S. policy in the Middle East, at the calculated risk of upsetting the moderate Arab states. As such, it was an abrupt shift in the Administration's Middle East policy, which had stressed U.S. efforts to play an evenhanded mediator's role.

The improvement in U.S.-Israeli relations was engineered largely by Secretary of State George Shultz, who has felt personally betrayed by the refusal of Syrian President Hafez Assad to carry out a promise to withdraw troops from Lebanon after Israel not only agreed to do so but unilaterally and prematurely drew back to safer positions in southern Lebanon, actually against U.S. wishes. The agreement is virtually a return to former Secretary of State Alexander Haig's "consensus of strategic concerns," in which U.S. and Israeli military cooperation was seen as vital to discouraging Soviet intrusion into Middle East politics and, more broadly, to keep Western oil supplies flowing from the Persian Gulf. Explained one U.S. diplomat: "The U.S. can have a Middle East policy with Israel or one without Israel. For the past 15 months we've had one without Israel. Now we're going back to one with Israel."

In a second burst of Middle East diplomacy just 22 hours later last week, President Reagan met with Lebanon's embattled President Amin Gemayel, and heard the closer U.S.-Israel ties criticized in a personal meeting with Prince Bandar ibn Sultan, Saudi Arabia's Ambassador to the U.S. Although mostly planned in advance, the week's activity had an air of urgency. Repeatedly frustrated in its efforts to solve the Lebanon crisis and the Palestinian dilemma, and with U.S. Marines still exposed to terrorism, shelling and sniper fire at the Beirut airport, the Administration felt it was time to shake up the ingredients in the Middle East mix.



Shamir: "We did not pay for what we got from the Americans"

A winner, from the White House to Good Morning, America.

Its thin but persistent hope was that greater tragedies could be averted and a semblance of stability restored.

Some degree of stability was sorely needed. Forces, events and even leaders in the Middle East are in a state of increasing flux. The Soviet Union has rearmed Syria, which defiantly refused to withdraw from any of the Lebanese territory from which it has supported Shi'ite and Druse factions fighting Gemayel's Christian-dominated central government. More ominously, Assad was reported to be seriously ill. The White House heard reports that he had blood cancer, and suffered partial paralysis after developing a clot in his left leg. U.S. intelligence sources, however, believed that Assad was recovering and was able to take part in some governmental meetings. At any rate, he walked across a bridge in Damascus last week and waved vigorously to cheering pedestrians. Any chance that Assad's control was waning could be seen as both an opportunity and a danger. On the one hand, his determination to dominate Lebanon might be softening, and weaker successors might be willing to withdraw troops; on the other, those successors might be even more radical and more difficult to cope with.

Above all, the devastating terrorist attacks, believed to be Syrian-backed, against U.S., French and Israeli troops in Lebanon had forged a new bond of mutual interest between Washington and Jerusalem. Relations between the two countries have been cool since 1981, when Israel bombed a nuclear reactor in Iraq and annexed the Golan Heights. After Israel invaded Lebanon in June 1982, the ties became more strained. Menachem Begin's angry rejection of Reagan's Middle East peace plan in September 1982 was another serious blow. But Shamir's rise to Prime Minister eight weeks ago *(see box)* and the sense of shared loss in the Beirut attacks cleared away much of the ill will. As Shamir said before leaving for Washington, "It is no trifling matter when the same tragedies, coming from the same dens of iniquity, befall the American and Israeli peoples at the same time. This strengthens our cooperation from both an ideological and practical perspective."

The Administration had decided that Israel might respond more readily to inducements than to bullying. When relations between the nations are frayed, explained one U.S. policymaker, the Israelis "tend to act boldly and badly." Bolstering Israel's sense of security, he contended, was more productive.

Shamir's busy Washington itinerary

took him through long meetings at the State Department, a one-hour lunch with Reagan, a 50-minute session with aides of both leaders in the Cabinet Room and an appearance on ABC-TV's *Good Morning America*.

The most tangible result of his trip was to obtain the Administration's agreement to provide more military aid in the form of outright grants, instead of loans that have to be repaid. In the next fiscal year, under tentative plans, total U.S. military help would drop from $1.7 billion to $1.275 billion, but all of it would be a nonrepayable gift. Israel would get another $910 million in economic aid, also as a grant. It would not, moreover, need to spend all of its military-aid money on U.S. weapons and supplies, as every other recipient is required to do. It would be permitted to use 15% of the aid on military products from its own manufacturers. Reagan agreed with Congress that Israel should be given some $550 million to produce an advanced jet fighter plane, the Lavi, even though the aircraft will be sold abroad in competition with U.S. airplanes.

The Administration cleared the way for Israel to resume purchases of American-made cluster bombs, which were cut off after Israel used them against civilians as well as military targets in its invasion of Lebanon, contrary to U.S. restrictions. Israel will be permitted to buy the bombs if it will sign an agreement to use them only for defensive purposes. Shamir did not commit himself to making any such "defensive purposes" pledge.

Shamir carried home a White House offer to negotiate a trade pact under which certain products in both countries would enter the other free of duties. This would help Israel much more than the U.S., permitting it to export competitively such products as jewelry and electronic equipment. Most of the U.S. aid concessions were, in fact, designed to help Israel through its present economic crisis. Israel's inflation rate is approaching 175% a year and its per capita foreign debt, about $5,000 a person, may be the highest in the world. Shamir, who boldly devalued the shekel after taking over, needs an economic recovery to retain his fragile political hold on his office.

Reagan, too, could benefit politically from the renewed U.S. generosity toward Israel, although his aides insist that broader strategic concerns motivated the Administration's moves. Reagan has long championed Israel's Middle East cause, but his Administration's recent coolness toward Israel has angered Jewish voters in the U.S. The risks entailed in the commitment of Marines in Lebanon is also seen by his political aides as a worrisome liability for Reagan in next year's elections. Shamir similarly has a domestic political interest in reducing Israeli casualties in Lebanon as well as the cost of keeping 30,000 troops there.

Lebanese President Gemayel after meeting with Reagan

Whether the broader agreement on military cooperation will help either the U.S. or Israel to extricate forces from Lebanon without leaving an even more dangerous void in that chaotic country, remains in doubt. A joint political-military committee is scheduled to meet in Washington in January to discuss mutual military problems, including Lebanon. Officials hinted last week that U.S.-Israeli cooperation could extend to contingency planning for a joint defense of the Persian Gulf if the need ever arose. The President reminded Shamir that any interruption in oil supplies to the West would quickly hurt Israel's economy.

The agreement also included the prepositioning of U.S. military supplies in Israel for quick use in any enlarged military crisis. Joint military exercises are envisioned, although U.S. officials said they will be air and sea maneuvers rather than land operations, which would be more threatening to Arab nations.

But will the U.S.-Israeli cooperation help break the bloody impasse on the ground in Lebanon? Shultz and other U.S. policymakers have felt that Syria's intransigence stemmed from Assad's belief that Israel had lost its military will during its internal debate over the invasion of Lebanon. The transition from Begin to Shamir in October and the ongoing economic crisis have intensified this perception. U.S. planners see Shamir as moving forcefully as a leader now and believe that his stronger ties with Washington may impress Syria. "The idea that we plan to unleash the Israelis on Syria is just not right," insists one U.S. official. "But if Syria sees that neither we nor Israel intends to give way, it may behave differently." The new arrangements were meant, says one senior Administration official, as "a message to Syria and a message to the Soviets. But there is no joint planning to move against any Arab state."

Thumbs up from Shultz after seeing Shamir

The American officials urged Shamir to consider making further unilateral withdrawals from Lebanon, this time in full consultation with both Washington and Gemayel. Shamir indicated that he might do so, but only if he were confident that Gemayel's forces could control any territory vacated by Israel. The sequence sought by U.S. planners was for Gemayel to share power with opposing factions, gaining control of more territory in return, followed by Israeli withdrawals. The power sharing would have to be worked out in Lebanon's national reconciliation talks. Shamir was asked to use Israel's influence with the Phalange and with Muslim groups to push the talks forward. Gemayel, in turn, was encouraged in Washington to be bolder both in the reconciliation negotiations and in sending his own forces into contested territory.

The White House was confident that progress on all this had been made with Shamir. "The Israelis are going to have to cooperate with us and Gemayel if there is going to be a Lebanon," an aide said. "They have come to the view that without Gemayel, Israel will be left holding the can in Lebanon."

The talks with Gemayel were less productive. The U.S. reportedly promised to continue to strengthen his forces, mainly with training advisers, so that they can control more territory. Any such progress would, of course, give Washington a rationale for moving its Marines to safer positions or to withdraw them completely. Privately, however, some U.S. officials

fear that Gemayel is too timid and preoccupied with his personal safety to make any decisive moves.

The Washington developments were played out against the background of continued violence in Lebanon. Heavy shelling from Druse positions in the mountains above Beirut airport pinned down U.S. Marines in their bunkers. A French soldier was killed by sniper fire in a Beirut suburb. Sheik Halim Takieddin, a high-ranking Druse holy man, was assassinated in his home in Beirut by a young man who embraced him, then shot him with a silencer-equipped handgun.

As for long-term peace prospects involving Israel and Palestinians, Shamir was asked by Shultz to improve the quality of life for West Bank Palestinians. TIME Jerusalem Correspondent David Halevy was told by one of the Prime Minister's top aides that "Shamir is ready to enable the local population of the West Bank to run their own lives. He will seek ways to re-establish Arab mayors at all of the West Bank urban centers." More surprising, Shamir hinted that he was willing to "take a second look at the U.S. peace plan" advanced by Reagan last year.

American officials, however, did not sense that much flexibility on Shamir's part. They feared that the civil warfare among factions of the Palestine Liberation Organization had eased pressure on Israel to pursue negotiations toward autonomy for the Palestinians, since there was no one in a position to speak with authority for those West Bank residents. Although King Hussein last week reportedly was willing to renew conversations with Yasser Arafat on whether Jordan should open talks with Israel on the future of the West Bank and Gaza, the P.L.O. leader's besieged position in Tripoli made him seem irrelevant to any negotiations.

What did the U.S. extract from Shamir in return for its largesse? "Nothing," Shamir told Israeli journalists when he returned home. "We did not pay for whatever we got from the Americans." Shamir made no promise to freeze settlements in the West Bank or to go along with U.S. plans to continue to provide sophisticated military aid to moderate Arab nations. U.S. officials insist they never expected Shamir to yield on such matters. Their modest hope, said one, is that Shamir, unlike Begin, will not "throw a tantrum" whenever the U.S. tries to strengthen its friendship with Arab nations.

In reaching a rapprochement with Shamir, the Administration overrode the objections of Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, who has long feared that the closer the U.S. draws to Israel, the more it will lose its influence with the moderate Arab nations on whom eventual stability in the Middle East, and its oil, depends. Said a Pentagon official about the role of Reagan and Shultz in the decision to embrace Israel: "They went over us like a steamroller." In effect, Shultz and Reagan decided that it was better to cast America's lot even more fully with an old friend, no matter how vexatious, than with unproven acquaintances. —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Douglas Brew and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

Out of Begin's Shadow

The question from Secretary of State George Shultz was one that Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir did not really want to answer. He remained silent, apparently in deep thought. "On that issue," he finally said, "I will have to consult my Foreign Minister." For a moment, the American negotiators said nothing. Then they remembered that Shamir, who had been Menachem Begin's Foreign Minister, had never relinquished that title. In the ensuing laughter, Shamir achieved his aim: the question was forgotten.

That kind of finesse from a man not given to small talk or wordplay was seen by some of his aides as symbolic of Shamir's growing self-confidence since stepping out from Begin's shadow and into Israel's most demanding office just eight weeks ago. "He behaved like a real Prime Minister," said a top Israeli general who had observed Shamir throughout the Washington negotiations. "He was to the point, all businesslike, and ready to listen. He surprised me." That, in fact, was one of Shamir's aims in visiting Washington. Explained one of his aides: "He came to deliver a clear message: that he is ready to lead Israel; that he is not a Prime Minister for a limited period; that everything is open for negotiations."

Under the intense and volatile Begin, Shamir had kept a prudently low profile, first as Speaker of the Knesset and then as Foreign Minister. He watched Begin chew up such outspoken potential challengers as Moshe Dayan and Ezer Weizman. Says an aide who has worked closely with Shamir for four years: "His calculation was the right one."

Although Shamir, 68, lost most of his family in Poland during the Holocaust, he seems less traumatized than Begin about the past. Unlike Begin, he shuns the Talmudic obsession with verbal precision, concentrating instead on the practical reality that the words are meant to address. An uninspired and an uninspiring speaker, Shamir is also less divisive than Begin. He has few intimates outside his family (wife Shulamit, 60; son Yair, 38, an air force pilot, and daughter Gilada, 34). "He is sphinxlike," says Knesset Member Amnon Rubinstein. That befits a man who was a leader of the terrorist underground before Israel's independence and a covert agent and high official of Israel's intelligence agency, MOSSAD. (Even his surname had been a deception; born Jazernicki, he chose the new identity after escaping from a British prison in 1943.) When it comes to Israel's basic security interests, those few who do know Shamir expect him to be at least as tough as Begin.

The key difference between the men may be that Shamir cares less about dogma than Begin did and seems more open to new approaches to the old Middle East problems. Where Begin heatedly dismissed the Palestine Liberation Organization as "the Nazis of the Middle East," Shamir, says an aide, "believes that the Palestinians are human beings with their own ambitions and expectations, forming a human community the Israelis should learn to know and to understand." Similarly, Shamir has conveyed to aides his belief that Israel is part of the Arab Middle East and should not close itself into "a modern Jewish ghetto."

U.S. officials concede that Shamir, as one put it, "comes across without the charisma that characterized Ben-Gurion, Golda Meir and Menachem Begin." Washington was uncertain too whether Shamir's apparent flexibility will lead to any substantive policy shifts by Israel. But the Prime Minister's first visit provided grounds for encouragement. "He was shrewd, tough and smart," said one U.S. official who took part in the meetings. "His focus was on programs and practical decision making."

DAVID RUBINGER

Israeli Prime Ministers, old and new

Dr. Gloom *vs.* the Good-Time Guys

In a week of rosy economic news, Feldstein's warnings rouse ire

For the nation, the economic news last week was all good. Unemployment was down sharply in November, to 8.4%; the Dow Jones industrial average hit an alltime high. Around the country, retailers reported booming Christmas sales, and the leading economic indicators were up for the 14th consecutive month, the longest sustained recovery since 1975-76 (*see* ECONOMY & BUSINESS).

But at the White House, the upbeat mood was marred by some nagging warnings from an in-house Cassandra. For weeks, Martin Feldstein, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, has been cautioning that unless taxes are raised to cut the nearly $200 billion deficit projected for fiscal year 1984, the good economic news will turn sour. Moreover, Feldstein has been sounding off in public. Irked, the President's senior advisers tried to muzzle him last week with a public reprimand, which then degenerated into gratuitous ridicule. Their heavyhandedness succeeded only in drawing attention to Feldstein's message.

The White House, once worried that the recovery would run out of steam by mid-1984, is now confident that it will last at least long enough to get Ronald Reagan re-elected. "The economy is coming up roses right now," chortled a Reagan aide. "Eighty-four is safe, and most think that '85 will be safe. As the good times move forward, there is less and less fear of the bubble breaking, at least before November." In fact, the President's political strategists are eager to make an issue of the economy.

The good news strengthens the hand of Feldstein's chief rival for the President's ear on economic matters, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan. "The President thinks Don Regan's advice is better. Don not only tells the President what he likes to hear, but it turns out he was right," says an aide. What Regan tells Reagan is that the President can cut taxes, increase military spending and still have a sustained economic recovery. Regan won a round earlier this year when Feldstein drastically underestimated the strength of the recovery, earning himself the nickname "Dr. Gloom." More recently Regan has been battling with Feldstein over the deficit. The CEA chairman argues that excessive deficits will drive interest rates high enough to choke off the boom. Regan insists that there is no hard proof of this. Even if the deficit persists, he argues, the White House can afford to wait until 1985 to reduce it.

Out of step: Reagan's economic adviser

"I have no desire to be fired."

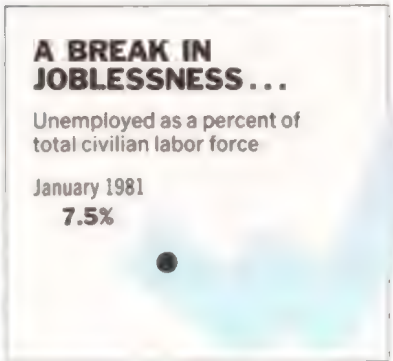
As Feldstein sees it, the White House must act quickly—in the 1985 budget that it will present in January—to reassure the financial markets. Already the markets are betting that high interest rates will soon push inflation, now running at less than 5%, toward double digits. For the short term, however, most Wall Street analysts are more bullish than Feldstein. If anything, consumers are more confident. Retail sales are running 20% over last year at some stores. Says Richard Thomas, president of First Chicago Corp.: "When people are not worried about losing their jobs, they are more relaxed about spending their money."

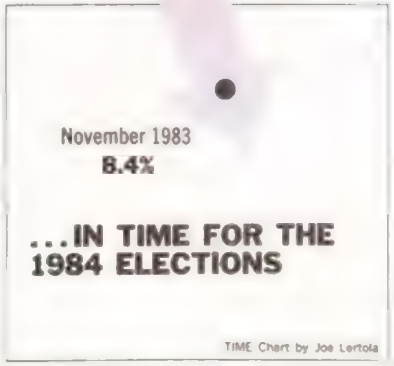
Over the long term, though, many economists share Feldstein's concern about deficits. The so-called pragmatists among the President's aides, including Chief of Staff James Baker and Budget Director David Stockman, once privately conceded that taxes should be raised. But when it became clear that the President was dead set against any increase and Congress was unlikely to force one in an election year, they wanted Feldstein to shut up. His refusal to do so, they say, only frightens Wall Street, provides the Democrats with political ammunition and hardens Reagan's intransigence on taxes. Charges one aide: "Feldstein is a damn loser. He has the worst sense of politics of anyone you ever saw."

When Feldstein did not respond to private hints, Press Secretary Larry Speakes was instructed by top aides to let reporters know that the economist was out of step. Asked at a press briefing if Feldstein was speaking "too much," Speakes mildly joked, "Too often and too much." When reporters laughed, Speakes let the high jinks continue, alternately pronouncing Feldstein's name "steen" (incorrectly) and "stine" (correctly). The press secretary first announced that Feldstein had been excluded that day from an economic policy lunch. Told that Feldstein was in fact present, Speakes joked, "Maybe he won't make it to dessert." Admitted a White House aide: "The thing got a little out of hand in the pressroom." Aides said the President was furious at Speakes.

Undaunted, Feldstein continued to call for a tax hike in a speech only hours after the Speakes briefing. But Feldstein later told TIME, "I have no desire to be fired." He used economists' jargon to announce that he would adopt a lower profile. "Seasonally adjusted," he quipped, "I'll still be out here, but we're coming into a lay-low season." Feldstein is due to return to the Harvard economics department next September.

Feldstein insists that "the only tax increases I've pushed are those contained in the President's own 1984 budget." Indeed, it is true that Reagan himself last year called for a "stand-by tax" to go into effect if the deficit still remained high at the end of 1985. But Reagan was never really serious about pushing for the tax. For the 1985 budget, the President's men may demand dramatic spending cuts from Congress and call for a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget. The balanced-budget amendment is widely considered to be unworkable, not to mention totally hypocritical, coming from an Administration that countenances $200 billion deficits, and Congress is as unlikely to cut spending as it is to raise taxes. The huge deficits will be left alone for at least another year. In the meantime, the Administration wants to let the good times roll. —*By Evan Thomas. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and David Beckwith/Washington*





Mondale's Machine in High Gear

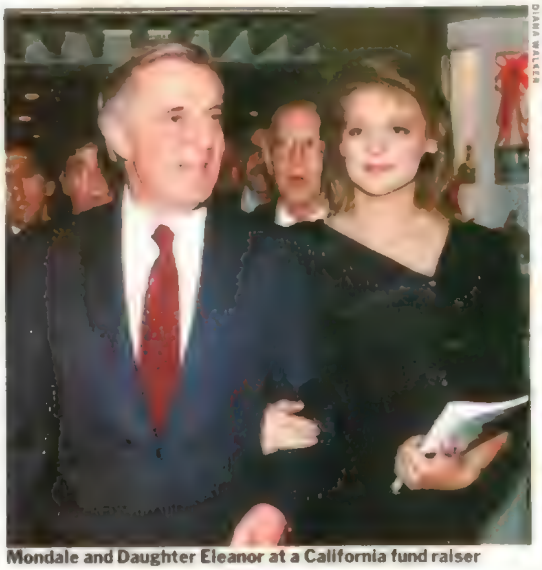
With Glenn stumbling, half a dozen others hope for a chance

This was supposed to be the fall when John Glenn showed he had the right stuff to be the Democratic presidential nominee. He would "define" himself both as a person and as a candidate. His organization would coalesce and transform Glenn's astronaut charisma into grass-roots support. Walter Mondale, meanwhile, was supposed to fold under pressure. His string of endorsements would prove worthless as uninspired voters looked for a candidate with more fire. As 1984 began, according to Glenn scenarists, the two men would be running neck and neck.

It has not worked out that way. The front runner did not stumble; the challenger did not soar. Far from slipping, Mondale appears to be farther ahead than ever. He has deftly sidestepped Glenn's broadsides, while Glenn has been less dexterous dodging Mondale's jabs. Glenn is still fuzzy as a candidate—"there is no meat on his bones," says a Democratic politician in Georgia—and his campaign organization has started slowly. Even *The Right Stuff*, a movie glorifying Glenn's role in the space program, is less than a sensation at the box office.

In Iowa, whose Feb. 20 caucuses will pose the first test, the question is apparently not whether Mondale will win but by how much. With 22 paid staffers, Mondale's machine is capitalizing on his regional popularity (he was born just seven miles across the state line in Ceylon, Minn.). By contrast, says an Iowa party leader, "the Glenn campaign has been a disaster. If his organization doesn't pick up the slack, he's going to be sucking eggs out here." Mondale's organization in New Hampshire, which holds the first primary on Feb. 28, is the best seen there since John F. Kennedy's in 1960, while Glenn's campaign is not even second best. (Gary Hart's is.) In the South, where three key primaries (Alabama, Florida, Georgia) are scheduled for Super Tuesday on March 13, Glenn should be favored by the generally conservative electorate. Yet somehow he has lost a 39% to 33% lead over Mondale. Says Pollster Claibourne Darden: "Not only are the figures reversed from three months ago, they're stretching out in the other direction—in Mondale's favor [43% to 29%]."

Overall, Mondale's organization may be the best in party history. He will display it Saturday night with an extravaganza called "America for Mondale." At as many as 10,000 fund raisers, 200,000 couples are supposed to donate $25 apiece to watch Mondale speak for five minutes on national television. The expected net: at least $1 million.

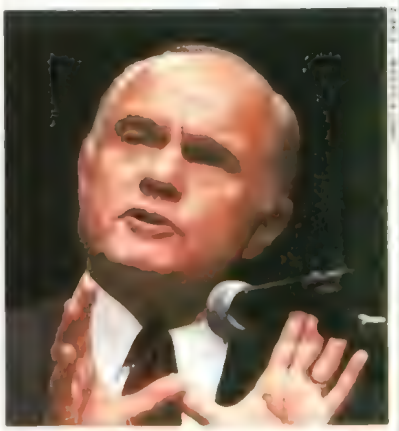


DIANA WALKER

Mondale and Daughter Eleanor at a California fund raiser

Glenn strategists believe that Mondale is too liberal for most Democrats. They cite exit polls from the 1980 Democratic primaries showing that two-thirds of the voters called themselves "moderate to conservative." With this in mind, Glenn has attacked the front runner as a big spender who is soft on defense.

So far, at least, Glenn's strategy has not paid off. "People don't vote on ideology and issues for President," says Political Analyst Alan Baron. "They vote on character." Moreover, voters in primaries and especially caucuses tend to be party activists who are receptive to Mondale's wooing of traditional Democratic constituencies. Mondale has cleverly defused Glenn's criticisms by asking who is "the real Democrat," and by pointing out that Glenn voted for Reagan's tax cut in 1981.



Challenger Glenn talks about arms control

"There is no meat on his bones."

Mondale dismisses Glenn's attacks as the "frenzy" of a "desperate" man. But it is, of course, far too early for Glenn to feel desperate. As Baron points out, "For most people, the campaign hasn't started yet." Glenn will not be heavily outspent by Mondale (by year's end he expects to raise $6 million to Mondale's $9 million). He is capable of presenting himself as a pragmatic, moderate alternative to both Mondale and Reagan. He won over a crowd of 500 at East Central Oklahoma State University last week in Ada by contrasting the "do-nothing policies of the 1920s that the current Administration is so fond of" and the "do-everything policies of the 1960s that some in our own party seem to want to return to." Yet earlier that day, he bored 200 people at a Lawton, Okla., fund raiser with a rambling discourse on lifetime tenure for judges.

Waiting, hoping for the front runner or his chief challenger to fall are four Democrats who are desperate for funds and press attention. The most dogged is Alan Cranston. His organization in Iowa is good enough to worry the Mondale forces and quite possibly to upstage Glenn. "Cranston is the iron man," says a party official. "They give him 50 political calls to make a day, and he makes every one of them." Unafraid to run ads beseeching voters to vote for a "69-year-old, bald" candidate, Cranston hammers away at his best issue, the proliferation of nuclear arms. Despite his energy, Cranston is also trailing Mondale even in his home state of California.

Gary Hart is one of the puzzlements of the campaign. He is a telegenic two-term Senator with a thoughtful if occasionally abstruse "campaign of ideas." But his candidacy has not caught on, partly because voters sense his aloofness. Slow to gear up an organization, he has finally fielded an effective one in New Hampshire. Says Hart, "If I can put together 30 days of seconds and thirds, I can get financing and I can get the nomination." Now enthusiastically courting the women's vote, Hart may be aiming for 1988.

Ernest ("Fritz") Hollings has a cult following among many Washington journalists as the most humorous and most candid candidate, but he seems to have little following elsewhere. At a recent meeting with New Bedford, Mass., fishermen, only one showed up. Reubin Askew's campaign remains obscure; a former Governor of Florida, he trails Mondale even there.

None of these "second tier" candidates have more than 3% in the polls. They trail two candidates, George McGovern and Jesse Jackson, who are not running to win but rather to make a point.

When McGovern declared last Sep-

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tember, even his wife was afraid he would be humiliated. But the landslide loser to Richard Nixon in 1972 has become a sentimental favorite to some. He flies around the country alone, tourist class, outlining in his flat, prairie voice an unabashedly liberal agenda: troops out of the Middle East and Grenada, a 25% cut in the defense budget, a huge jobs program, a unilateral nuclear freeze. "If people think I'm talking sense, that's all I'm after," he shrugs. Audiences applaud affectionately, sometimes emotionally. Last month McGovern's wife finally endorsed him as well

Jesse Jackson's campaign began as a protest movement against the party, a "rainbow coalition" of minorities and women joining to extract concessions from the eventual nominee. Yet his aides worry that Jackson's considerable ego has been even further enlarged by the Secret Service protection, the motorcades, and a new chant, "Win, Jesse, Win." Frets one aide: "I think he's beginning to think he can win this thing. That scares me." Last week Jackson signaled his high ambitions by entering the New Hampshire primary But so far Jackson's campaign organization guarantees against success. Phones ring unanswered at headquarters and no one seems to know how much money has been raised

The Mondale campaign is taking Jackson quite seriously nonetheless. "The greatest campaign organization ever built has an Achilles heel: the black community," says a Mondale aide, who fears that Jackson could siphon off enough votes in the three Southern primaries of Super Tuesday to deny Mondale victory

Some Democratic leaders devoutly hope he will, though no one is talking about an "Anyone But Mondale" movement yet. Indeed, this week the candidates are supposed to bury their differences on a two-day, cross-country "Presidential Sweep" to raise money for the party. But there is real concern in some Democratic quarters that Mondale is the wrong candidate to face Ronald Reagan. "The Democrats need a vertebrae transplant, the ability to say no," says Political Columnist Mark Shields Mondale became the front runner by saying yes to almost every interest group that asked. Now party pros are wondering whether Mondale's impressive organizational strength will translate into votes in a general election. "He's not strong when it gets to the voters," says Pollster Pat Caddell. "And, unfortunately, this thing eventually gets to the voters."

Still, in the race for the nomination, Mondale may be too far ahead to catch Hart puts the party's dilemma in stark terms: "Mondale is giving away the general election to win the nomination; Glenn is giving away the nomination so that he can win the election." If Hart is right, the Democrats lose either way. —*By Evan Thomas. Reported by Sam Allis and Jack E. White/ Washington, with other bureaus*

"So, Move Over, Jane Fonda"

The President shows off his body politic

Pumping Iron: Reagan works out daily

First, a pop quiz Ronald Reagan and Jane Fonda both

A) spent the late '60s and early '70s as ideological political activists

B) have made forgettable movies

C) are good-looking Californians

D) have published cheery, mass-circulation exercise guides featuring photographs of themselves working out

As it happens, all four answers are correct—even the last. In this week's issue of the Sunday newspaper supplement *Parade* (circ 24 million), Reagan is both photo subject and author of the 1,800-word cover story, "How to Stay Fit." (The President talked out the basics to a White House speechwriter, then rewrote the article himself.) In the first paragraph he throws down the gauntlet: "So, move over, Jane Fonda, here comes the Ronald Reagan workout plan."

It was his second piece for *Parade* (the other was an Independence Day reminiscence), and at least his tenth published article since becoming President. Reagan does not accept fees for his journalistic efforts. But with its Charles Atlas photos of a fit, firm Reagan, the *Parade* piece had a clear political payoff: if a President pumps iron, his age seems moot

The piece was a boon for *Parade*, too Says Editor Walter Anderson: "We lucked out." The idea seemed natural to Anderson. "Americans are really into physical fitness, and having a President who is really into it too is great. His body is evidence enough he takes care of himself. We wouldn't have asked Johnson or Nixon." Did questions of propriety arise? The magazine originally wanted a more strictly personal account, without advice to fellow, flabbier Americans. "We thought that was too self-centered," says David Gergen, a Reagan aide

Nevertheless, the Great Communicator did not stint on personal details. His diet is light and lean (except for tacos at lunch on Thursday) if not quite salt-free: "I mean, you'd have to be a raccoon or something to eat a hard-boiled egg without salt, but I use very little." He no longer body surfs, but still performs backflips into the pool "to show off for Nancy." By working out with weights and treadmill for 25 minutes every evening in his White House exercise room, he has gained 5 lbs. ("muscle is heavier than fat") and added almost two inches to his chest. The Rancho del Cielo physical regimen—wood chopping, fence building and horseback riding—was familiar, but who knew about the cure-all mental effects? "There's something that clears your senses in the out of doors . . . It gives you the right attitude . . . [Riding provides] a different perspective on life itself. It is a tonic, really, refreshing both the body and the mind." Finally came the real, rousing presidential message: "Why don't you get out there and enjoy some exercise yourself? If all of us do, America will be in better shape, too. I'll be thinking of you." ■

He prefers outdoorsy exercise—chopping wood, riding—but the Washington gym suffices

At the Air Force Weapons Laboratory in New Mexico, a military experimenter and his civilian colleague work on a particle-beam generator

A Step Closer to Star Wars

Can a U.S.-Soviet space-weapons race be slowed down in time?

In his Star Wars speech last spring, Ronald Reagan suggested that instead of deterring nuclear attack exclusively by threatening nuclear retaliation, the U.S. should build a kind of electronic shield to "intercept and destroy strategic ballistic missiles before they reach our own soil." Last week that grandiose sci-fi vision moved closer to becoming U.S. policy. Reagan and his National Security Council approved in principle a five-year, $21 billion plan to begin more rapidly developing an arsenal of space weapons, in particular orbiting "ray guns" that would fire intense beams of energy at enemy missiles. Said Edward Teller, the father of the H-bomb and one of the plan's most enthusiastic advocates: "I don't see a sliver of an argument why we shouldn't bend all our will to develop protective weapons with all possible haste." Indeed, he says, "it may well be a turning point of history."

A high-powered carbon-dioxide laser, the prototype for an antimissile beam weapon

It may be, but perhaps not in the way Teller imagines. Many other weapons scientists, arms-control experts and Congressmen in both parties see a historic opportunity slipping away: the chance to avoid an arms race in space. Opponents of the space-based defensive system argue that its extraordinarily high cost would be the least of its disadvantages. They insist that the technical obstacles are practically insurmountable and that building such weapons could encourage a panicky, preemptive nuclear attack by the Soviets.

The technology is still comparatively primitive and untested. Even the proponents admit that a battle station firing laser beams could not be deployed much before the end of the century. Besides, the Administration wants to spend only $2.6 billion in fiscal year 1985, an almost negligible sum in the $250 billion annual defense budget, and all the money would be for research and development. Nonetheless, warns a prominent West Coast physicist, "when these projects get up a head of steam, they're almost impossible to stop."

The momentum was building even before Reagan and his NSC gave their collective go-ahead for the five-year plan, which must still be formally proposed to Congress. Early last month the Joint Chiefs of Staff suggested that the year-old Air Force Space Command be subsumed under a new, unified U.S. Space Command for all four service branches. Last week, even as the NSC met at the White House, the Space Shuttle flight crew was 150 miles overhead carrying out exotic experiments, and just a day earlier the Air Force announced that its Airborne Laser Laboratory had used a beam to destroy a target missile flying low and slowly off the California coast. Finally, the Air Force's antisatellite missile, originally set for a test launch last August, remains ready to fly any time the political climate is right. The flight, which was postponed because of tensions over NATO missile deployments in Europe, will be the first test of a true space weapon by the U.S.

Energy-beam weapons are still strictly experimental, but effective antisatellite (ASAT) devices could be deployed in droves within a few years. The Soviets have experimented since the 1960s with ways to destroy satellites. They have developed a rather crude space bomb that is launched into orbit, maneuvered to an enemy satellite and detonated. The U.S. ASAT missile, scheduled to be deployed in 1987, is considerably more sophisticated. The 18-ft.-long missile is carried 18 miles aloft by an F-15 fighter and fired directly toward a satellite; its foot-long nose cone, after homing in by means of eight miniature infrared sensors, does not explode but, propelled by dozens of tiny rocket thrusters, crashes into the enemy satellite at 30,000 m.p.h. "With the F-15 strap-on," says a Pentagon official, "we could clean up the sky in 24 hours." By contrast, each Soviet space bomb, launched by a rocket, could require 24 hours to prepare and move into orbit.

The antisatellite gadgets were invented because space is already militarized. Both superpowers use satellites for secret communications and to spy on each other's military operations. When arms-control treaties refer to "national technical means" of verifying compliance, they essentially mean reconnaissance satellites. The U.S. is exceptionally dependent on its military satellites and so has more to lose in a star war. For now, however, the most critical U.S. spies in the sky are, at 22,300 miles, far too high to be jeopardized by

current Soviet ASAT weapons.

Full-scale deployment of antisatellite weapons could create a new, precarious trip wire to war. An ASAT attack on either country's military satellites, partially "blinding" the enemy to possible ICBM attack, might by itself prompt the blinded nation to launch nuclear missiles. Moreover, ASATs would increase the risk that an electronic malfunction in either country's warning system could be mistaken for an enemy attack.

The antisatellite devices ready for deployment are really just high-tech shrapnel and bullets. The beam, or "directed-energy," weapons Reagan conjured in his speech last spring, on the other hand, would be truly novel. Theoretically, such weapons based in space could be used either to destroy satellites—perhaps by 1990—or to shoot down nuclear missiles.

Generating X rays with an explosion at Los Alamos laboratory

The basic mechanism of lasers is now familiar: they emit a concentrated stream of intense light powerful enough to melt metal. Experimental U.S. lasers have tracked and destroyed small missiles in flight; last May in California the Airborne Laser Lab was 5 for 5 firing at supersonic Sidewinders. But a device powerful and precise enough to be practical for nuclear defense cannot yet be built.

Says M.I.T. Engineering and Computer Professor Jack Ruina: "I would compare it to going right from the kite stage to the 747." Years further off is the X-ray laser, which would be "bomb pumped," or powered by an internal nuclear explosion. Still more problematic are particle-beam weapons, which would fire streams of atomic particles.

"You can see Buck Rogers coming," says one Pentagon scientist. "The sky's the limit!" Space-weapons enthusiasts propose a "picket line" of enormous lasers orbiting the earth, dozens of "battle stations," each responsible for knocking out as many as 1,000 speeding Soviet ICBMs during the first few minutes of the missiles' flight. By one reckoning, the sheer laser brightness required is a million times as great as what today's lasers can produce. One laser station might require some 660 tons, or 20 full Space Shuttle loads, of hydrogen fluoride to power the device.

The engineering necessary to track, aim and focus the beam on a supersonic missile 1,000 miles away is more daunting still. A nearly perfect system might let through, say, 10% of the Soviets' warheads: that margin of error could mean a devastating 960 warheads hitting their U.S. targets in an all-out salvo. "A miss by a millimeter," says M.I.T.'s George Rathjens, a strategic expert, "and you've lost the ball game." In any case, nuclear cruise missiles, which skim along just a few hundred feet above the earth, could not be picked off by beams fired from space. "You can wind up just as dead from a cruise missile as from a ballistic missile," says Stanford Physicist Wolfgang Panofsky.

Even if the antimissile space lasers could be coaxed into operation, critics say, their delicacy would make them easy to foil or destroy. One superpower's directed-energy weapons could easily sizzle those of the enemy; even today's off-the-shelf ASAT weapons could ravage the battle stations. The beams' effects could be mitigated if a targeted ICBM simply rotated, cutting short the time a laser would have to burn a hole in any one spot. Missile skins can be hardened and made reflective. A flock of dummy ICBMs might confuse frantic laser commanders. Says former Lieut. Colonel Robert Bowman, who helped run advanced space-programs development for the Air Force: "No one seems to have explained to the President the great vulnerability of these systems, nor the many countermeasures available to render them useless." Bowman, Ruina, Rathjens, Panofsky and M.I.T. Physicist Kosta Tsipis belong to a small group of arms experts who have been speaking out against Reagan's space-weapons program and supplying technical information to public interest groups and political leaders.

Whatever the problems, the Soviets are surely refining their ASAT technology and developing laser weapons. For the Reagan Administration, that is reason enough to pursue comparable research and development. M.I.T. Professor Stephen Meyer, a Soviet-defense expert, thinks the U.S. technology "needs slow, orderly development." Bowman would continue the Government's modest, undramatic research program for "the legitimate purpose of preventing technological surprise" and developing "countermeasures . . . to negate any Star Wars system the Soviets may try to put up."

Such a hedging enterprise is simply prudent. But working to achieve a decisive edge for the U.S., whatever the superficial appeal, could be dangerous. Deterrence of nuclear war is based on the concept of mutual assured destruction. As long as the U.S. and the Soviet Union each believes that the other would respond to a nuclear attack with a devastating nuclear salvo of its own, neither will risk a first strike. Deterrence requires nuclear stability, with both countries in a state of certain nervous vulnerability—sufficiently well-armed to retaliate if attacked but not strong enough to gamble by launching a first strike.

If and when the laser, or its high-tech cousins, seems able to protect one superpower against an ICBM strike, the tenuous equation will be upset. Neither the U.S. nor the Soviets could afford to let the other side become invulnerable; such a concession would be virtual surrender. Reagan said last spring that the U.S., if it did have space-based missile defenses, would never abuse the shield by launching an offensive first strike. But, concedes Major General John Storrie, an Air Force space official, "we walk a very narrow line in these matters between strategic defense and offense." The Soviets cannot reasonably be expected to stake their survival on Reagan's earnest assertion that "the United States does not start fights."

Untested: a U.S. antisatellite missile strapped to the belly of an F-15 fighter

Some U.S. officials suggest that a well-funded research-and-development program will serve as another bargaining chip in arms-control negotiations. But such a program could just as easily wreck negotiations. Even field-testing antimissile space weapons would likely violate several treaties signed during the past two decades, particularly the 1972 ban on most antiballistic missiles, negotiated to prevent the very sort of instability that space weaponry threatens to create.

So far, the Reagan Administration has shown little interest in any serious attempts to fend off an arms race in space. The U.S. delegation to Geneva's Committee on Disarmament, for instance, is permitted merely to study the technical and legal terrain. At the United Nations the U.S. has ignored the Soviets' draft treaty to outlaw all space weapons. There has been no official U.S. response to Yuri Andropov's August declaration of a unilateral moratorium on Soviet ASAT launches.

Andropov's gesture was at least partly a well-timed propaganda move meant to forestall the imminent test of the first U.S. ASAT missile. The Soviets are also playing on West European skittishness; NATO allies worry about space weapons "decoupling" U.S. and European strategic interests. "There is concern in Europe that this [technology] portends a 'fortress America,'" says Jonathan Alford of London's International Institute for Strategic Studies. "It tends toward the protection of the U.S. and the exposure of Western Europe." Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger flew to Paris last week to reassure the French and NATO allies on this very point. While there, he claimed the Soviets are ahead in antimissile high technology.

Skepticism about Soviet gambits should not preclude serious talks on controlling space weapons. Such devices are inherently destabilizing. Not only would U.S. weapons prompt a redoubled Soviet effort in space but they would be sure to quicken Moscow's buildup of offensive missiles, which in turn would force a feverish U.S. response.

The Reagan Administration may be eager to achieve a clear technical edge, but during the past four decades such strategic leads have always proved temporary. By the time the other side catches up and serious negotiations begin, the investments in the new weapons are so swollen that striking a bargain is all but impossible. It would have been far simpler to negotiate nuclear arms control in the early 1950s, when the technology was primitive and the arsenals dinky, or in the early 1960s, before ICBMs had proliferated. Similarly, it would be easier to bargain and control space weapons right away than a decade hence, after deployment has begun.

"As soon as we test our [ASAT] weapon," says M.I.T.'s Tsipis, "talks will be enormously more difficult." Congress last month decided the space-weapons threshold should not be crossed willy-nilly: ASAT target practice in space may start, the Senate stipulated, but only if the U.S. tries "to negotiate in good faith with the Soviet Union a mutual and verifiable ban on antisatellite weapons." Says Republican Senator Charles Percy: "This is a unique opportunity to halt a major arms race before it gets off the ground." As progress on other U.S.-Soviet arms-control fronts slows and sputters, that opportunity seems urgent indeed and the consequences of missing it profound. —*By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Jerry Hannifin and Christopher Redman/Washington, with other bureaus*

A Barbadian peace keeper practices his aim with help from a U.S. soldier

Edging Toward Democracy

Stability is the goal as U.S. troops prepare to leave Grenada

The neatly plugged potholes along Grenada's twisting dirt roads are a testimony to U.S. aid. Less visible but more ample is the American effort to help fill the Caribbean island's political vacuum before all but several hundred of the remaining 3,000 U.S. troops pull out for good this month.

Last week, as banana boats were leisurely unloaded near by, U.S. military commanders, diplomats and British advisers gathered at the white colonial residence of Sir Paul Scoon, Governor-General of Grenada, to discuss the island's political future. Grenada's nine-member interim advisory council, which will administer until elections can be held, later also convened at Scoon's to thresh out the problems of their succession.

At stake is the introduction of a democratic system to replace the institutions that were swept away in the tempest of dictatorship, socialist revolution and armed upheaval that has racked Grenada in recent years. Scoon's legal adviser, Commonwealth Constitutional Scholar Antony Rushford, says that Grenada's British-style Independence Constitution of 1973 will be revived in stages, returning the island to a two-house parliamentary system and a majority-elected Prime Minister. Trouble is, the island's political parties are, according to one high-ranking U.S. official there, "in various stages of disorder." When they will be strong enough to participate in elections is anybody's guess; U.S. officials do not expect voting to take place for at least a year.

The handful of parties that formed in the 1970s to oppose the despotic rule of Sir Eric Gairy were gathered together in the New Jewel Movement after its Marxist leader, Maurice Bishop, took power in 1979. By and large, the N.J.M. followed Bishop to the grave in October. The only existing political group on the island is the Grenadian National Party, which has fewer than two dozen members and whose leader lies crippled by arthritis on the sister island of Carriacou. Many Grenadians, moreover, are leery of a return to democratic institutions that were a mixed blessing even before Gairy and Bishop emasculated them. "Having elections and more politics, we'll have more corruption again," frets Farmer Lloyd Bridgeman.

The U.S. military last week took new steps to boost Grenadian confidence. To root out lingering Marxist elements on the island, the Army offered rewards for guns and information. The 82nd Airborne, meantime, conducted target practice for the 396-man Caribbean Peace-Keeping Force that will soon be in charge of Grenada's security.

Efforts were also under way to rebuild Grenada's shattered police force, which has only 100 men, one-fifth of the number before Bishop took power. Noted regional Police Adviser Michael Baugh: "They are in a hell of a state." While U.S. soldiers repainted police stations abandoned after the 1979 revolution, the British government offered Grenada $1 million toward training and equipping policemen and dispatched advisers from Britain to Belize to rally the Grenadian department. Next month, 50 Grenadians will go to Barbados to study police procedure. "In three years we hope to build the force up again to 500 men," Baugh says. By then, it is hoped, the local police will have taken over from the Caribbean peace keepers.

Steering Grenada back to stability is a delicate task. Says U.S. Ambassador Charles Anthony Gillespie: "There is a commitment to the ideal of democratic government, but it would be a mistake for us to try to direct that process." Yet sometimes it is difficult to relinquish the tiller. U.S. diplomats publicly dismiss fears of a leftist resurgence, but in private they are less sanguine. Says one U.S. Army officer: "There is a lot of concern that once things get rolling here again, these people will go out and elect another Bishop." ■

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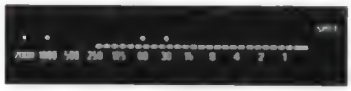

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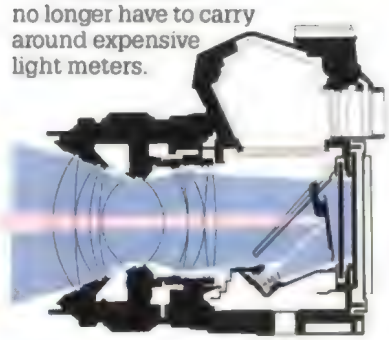

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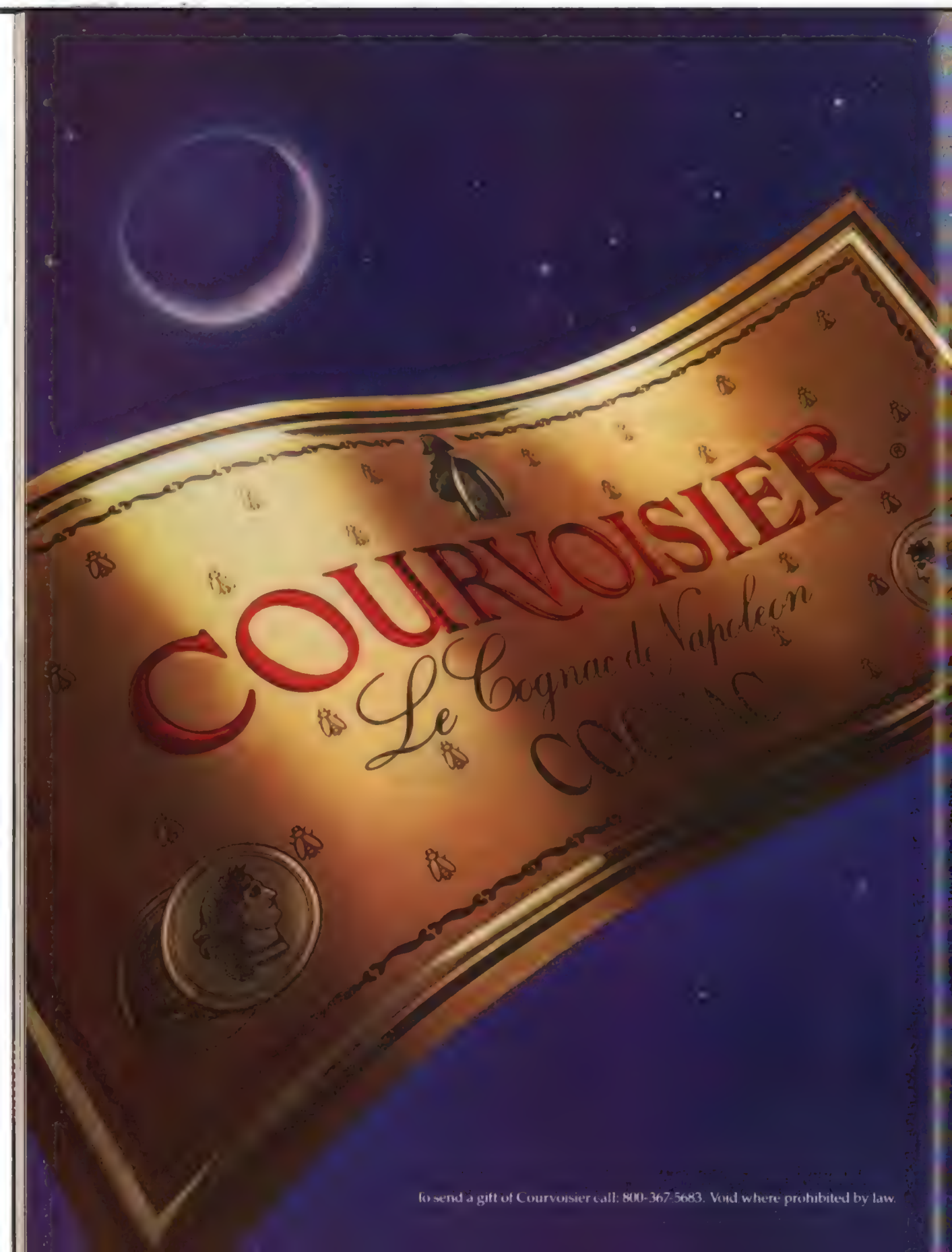

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The former EPA official leaves court

Costly Lies

Lavelle is convicted of perjury

For months the charges of influence peddling, political favoritism and conflicts of interest ricocheted around Congress. By the time the scandal subsided, more than 20 Reagan Administration appointees at the Environmental Protection Agency had resigned under pressure. Last week one was found guilty in court: Rita Lavelle, former head of the agency's $1.6 billion Superfund to clean up toxic wastes, was convicted of perjury and obstructing a congressional investigation

Those charges grew out of allegations that Lavelle had participated in EPA decisions involving her former employer, Aerojet-General Corp. In a signed statement sent to a congressional committee a year ago, Lavelle testified that she had removed herself from any dealings with Aerojet on June 18, 1982, the day after she learned the company had dumped wastes at the Stringfellow Acid Pits near Riverside, Calif. But other EPA officials testified that Lavelle had known about her old firm's involvement three weeks earlier and had even warned the company that the EPA was looking into the matter.

The jury acquitted Lavelle of a more far-reaching charge: lying about using her post to help Republicans get re-elected Despite evidence that she had a special "election track" for cleaning up certain dump sites in key congressional races, the jury believed her assertion that politics, while discussed in her office, did not affect her decisions. At the eight-day trial, Lavelle insisted that she had simply followed Administration policy by negotiating with polluters instead of engaging in lengthy court battles. The Administration, her lawyers charged, had made her a "scapegoat." After the verdict, Lavelle quietly wept. Said she: "I am very, very disappointed." She faces a maximum fine of $19,000 and up to 20 years in jail. ■

Little Shop of Horrors?

Low-cost California crematories are charged with cutting corners

The business is gruesome enough: an assembly-line crematorium that makes up in volume what it cuts in price. But Harbor Lawn Mount Olive Mortuary, Cemetery and Crematory in Costa Mesa, Calif., is accused of even grislier practices. To handle its backlog of bodies, former employees claim, the mortuary crammed corpses five at a time into gas ovens built for one. The jumbled ashes were allegedly dumped into 30-gal. trash cans. Then, says Bob Kilburn, a funeral refrigeration-supply manufacturer who installed a cooler at Harbor Lawn three years ago, "they'd scoop up ashes with a pail and fill ten cardboard boxes, type up ten labels and proceed to make ten people." In other words, the remains of Aunt Felicia might be liberally sprinkled with the ashes of someone else's Cousin Harold or Uncle Fred. Says Kilburn: "I guess that's called genetic engineering."

Relatives of the deceased are not amused. Charging fraud, some 300 outraged customers are each seeking $3 million in damages from Harbor Lawn. Its chief supplier of corpses, the Neptune Society, a sea-burial service, is also named in the suits, along with more than ten local mortuaries that contracted out to Harbor Lawn.

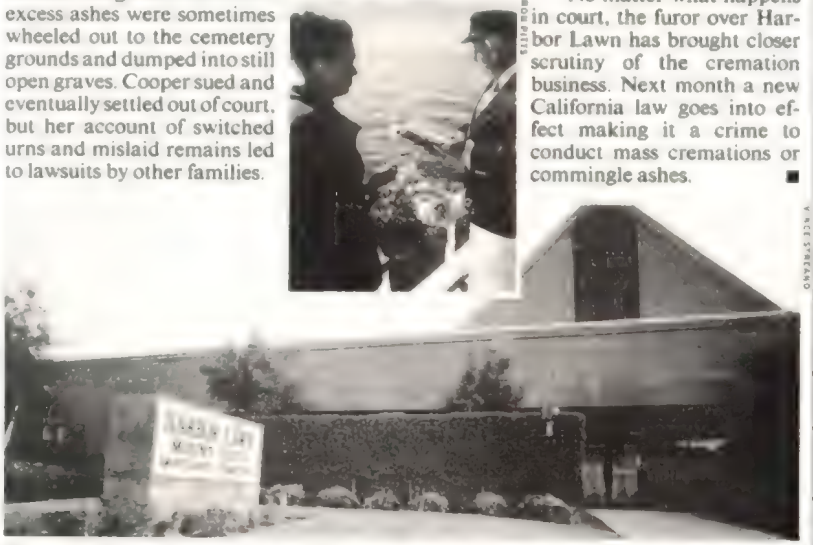
The first complaints about Harbor Lawn came three years ago, when Audrey Cooper, 72, received a burial urn containing what she thought was the ashes of her husband William. A family friend named Jerry Read, who had once worked for Harbor Lawn but quit in disgust, told the widow that the remains were not her husband's. Says Read: "Bodies were doubled up on shelves in the refrigerator. When they got full, they'd stack the bodies on the garage floor and leave them there for days." Read and other former employees further charge that bins full of excess ashes were sometimes wheeled out to the cemetery grounds and dumped into still open graves. Cooper sued and eventually settled out of court, but her account of switched urns and mislaid remains led to lawsuits by other families.

The lawsuits tackle two of California's wealthiest and most prolific body-disposal entrepreneurs. John Dillan Flanagan, 67, whose Harbor Lawn charnel house handled almost one-half of Orange County cremations in 1981, and Charles Denning, 53, founder of the Neptune Society. Flanagan's lawyer claims that his client is an absentee owner who "wouldn't know how to operate a mortuary." Yet Millionaire Flanagan seemed to know plenty about the business's bottom line. In 1961 he was convicted of grossly overcharging the Veterans Administration for frill-free funerals. He was sentenced to two years in jail and served seven months.

Denning insists that the lawsuits are part of a "smear campaign" led by funeral directors jealous of his low-cost, high-volume business (last year the Neptune Society accounted for almost one-quarter of all California cremations). "I'm taking money from undertakers' pockets and putting it in the pockets of the living," says Denning, whose white goatee, folksiness, and success have earned him the irreverent nickname "Colonel Cinders." For less than $400, Denning promises that ashes of the departed will be taken out to sea on an elegant yacht, then scattered across the Pacific under flags at half-mast while a crewman reads appropriate poetry like Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*.

Betty McMullen and Melvin Belli, the plaintiffs' principal attorneys, urged their clients to form a Dignity After Death Society; the group's tearful demonstrations outside Harbor Lawn have generated morbid interest. The two lawyers also placed ads in the Santa Ana *Register* in Orange County, looking for others with loved ones who were cremated at Harbor Lawn.

No matter what happens in court, the furor over Harbor Lawn has brought closer scrutiny of the cremation business. Next month a new California law goes into effect making it a crime to conduct mass cremations or commingle ashes. ■



Flanagan's high-volume mortuary, and Neptune Society's Denning with Aide Barbara Todd

CENTRAL AMERICA

Trouble on Two Fronts

El Salvador's guerrillas make progress as right-wing violence increases

Every day at dusk, a scruffy knot of rebels gather before the gutted cathedral in the Salvadoran town of Jucuarán. All carry automatic weapons, but little else about them bespeaks military discipline. They fidget and giggle like schoolboys, snapping to attention only at the sight of their bearded commander. "For the people of this town, you are the revolution," he warned them one evening last week. "Be polite. Ask permission before entering a house." But as soon as the leader departed for his camp deep in the nearby hills, the youths slung their M-16s over their shoulders and hauled out a tape deck. "The best beaches have just been liberated," exulted a young guerrilla while strutting to a Billy Joel tune. "There won't be a problem about where to spend this weekend."

Consolidating gains: a group of guerrillas march through the captured town of Jucuarán

Grateful rebels now refer to their rifles as "gifts from Reagan."

For the 500 people left in Jucuarán, 80 miles southeast of the capital, the face of El Salvador's revolution belongs to an armed teen-ager with a weakness for American pop. Yet, difficult as it may be to believe, 8,000 guerrillas, many of them just boys, continue to confound the country's U.S.-trained army of 25,500. Since September, when they began their latest offensive, the insurgents have attacked 128 towns and come to dominate six of the nation's 14 provinces. Though the country is in no imminent danger of falling, the momentum is with the guerrillas. Says a dismayed State Department official: "They've done good things, and the army has not."

Washington's worries have been compounded by another ominous development: rising violence by rightist death squads. For the past month the Reagan Administration has stepped up pressure on the Salvadoran government to clamp down on the murderous crews, but last week's signals were confusing at best. First the State Department denied a U.S. visa to Roberto d'Aubuisson, president of El Salvador's Constituent Assembly and head of the right-wing ARENA Party, some of whose members have been linked to the killings. The next day, however, President Reagan vetoed a bill that would have extended a provision under which U.S. military aid can flow to El Salvador only if the Administration assures Congress every six months that the country is improving its human rights record. The White House move drew angry denunciations from Capitol Hill. Said Democratic Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island: "We will not stand by to see U.S. military assistance poured into a nation that has not demonstrated a will to undertake basic reforms."

The guerrillas have strengthened their grip mainly in the eastern provinces. They control a strategic 62-mile stretch of Pacific beach and can roam freely through most of the countryside. To the north, the insurgents have streamed down from Chalatenango and the mountain redoubt of Guazapa to infiltrate the province of Cabañas and the fertile strip of northern Cuscatlán *(see map)*. Though command of the villages seesaws between rebel and government forces, the guerrillas have held on to about 50 towns. For the first time in the four-year civil war, the forces of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.), an umbrella organization for five guerrilla groups, are consolidating their power in towns, not just isolated hamlets.

The results are mixed. When the rebels took over Jucuarán last September, 80% of the 30,000 people living in and around the city fled. Save for banning liquor, the guerrillas altered little; the public school remained open, and local officials stayed in office. Yet promises to fix the water system and provide a paramedic have gone unfulfilled, and residents are bitter about the destruction of a bridge that linked the town to the coastal highway.

The F.M.L.N.'s skills on the battlefield have been overshadowed by the deterioration of El Salvador's army. Perpetually plagued by inept commanders and a "9-to-5" fighting mentality, the military improved over the summer but faltered once the rebel offensive began. The poor performance has prompted Defense Minister Carlos Eugenio Vides Casanova to shuffle his corps of colonels, but the troops suffer from battle fatigue as much as bad orders. Says a State Department analyst: "The

Photographs for TIME by Bob Nickelsberg

army did not so much go back to their barracks as just run out of steam."

U.S. military officials are especially disappointed that their training has had little effect. On paper, the programs appear successful. Since the arrival of American advisers in 1980, close to 10,000 Salvadoran soldiers have been taught combat basics. The reality is less encouraging. At the regional army headquarters in San Vicente, for example, a dozen U.S. advisers must turn recruits into jungle fighters in five weeks. Courses cover marksmanship, explosives and ambush prevention, but the lessons are not easily understood. More than half the enlistees are illiterate, and many of the others can barely write their names.

But the army suffers from an even more serious ailment: lack of enthusiasm. Since 1981, roughly half the troops trained by Americans have left the army at the end of their two-year tour. Only 15% of the 1,800 Salvadorans trained in the U.S. have re-enlisted. In rural provinces, teen-agers as young as 15 must be forcibly conscripted to meet manpower quotas.

Since September, 300 government soldiers have been killed or seriously wounded while some 450 have been taken prisoner. One humiliating incident occurred two weeks ago in the southern town of Anamorós when, after a brief firefight, an army company of 135 men surrendered. Though the rebels announced that they would return the soldiers through the International Red Cross, they pointedly added that they would keep an arsenal that included 153 assault rifles, four M-79 grenade launchers, a 90-mm cannon and 50,000 rounds of ammunition.

The incident underscored the little-publicized fact that for the past year the rebels have relied almost totally upon captured U.S. weapons to meet their military needs, not upon arms smuggled in from Nicaragua, Cuba or the Soviet Union. The guerrillas received supplies from Nicaragua during the early stages of the civil war, but by last spring some U.S. officials in the region were admitting that the flow had slowed to a "trickle." Nonetheless, the Administration has justified its support of rebels fighting Nicaragua's Marxist-led government largely on the ground that their actions are necessary to stop the stream of arms and the "export of revolution" from Nicaragua to El Salvador.

Nicaragua did not necessarily cut the arms pipeline because of U.S. pressure. According to the rebels, they have been so successful in seizing weapons that additional aid would be superfluous. Though F.M.L.N. claims that 90% of its arms have come from the U.S.-trained Salvadoran army may be inflated, there is little doubt that the guerrillas have all they need. The insurgents claim that during the first five months of 1983, they seized 1,700 assault rifles, 27 mortars, 20 grenade launchers and 37 machine guns. Rebels refer to their rifles as "my gift from Reagan."

Despite their recent progress, the rebels do not control any of the country's 14 provincial capitals and retain little sway around San Salvador or the western half of the nation. Like most tropical wars, the conflict is cyclical. During the fall harvest, guerrillas make gains while the army pulls back to guard the cotton and coffee crops. By the end of January, the rebels retreat as the military swings to the offensive. Says a Western diplomat in San Salvador: "Washington's summer euphoria fades each November and returns around Christmas."

Meanwhile, the Administration is voicing increasing alarm about El Salvador's notorious death squads, which, according to El Salvador's Human Rights Commission, have killed an estimated 40,000 people during the past four years. In a speech to a group of Salvadoran business leaders two weeks ago, U.S. Ambassador Thomas Pickering warned bluntly that U.S. aid would be halted if the Salvadoran government did not make a greater effort to stop the killing. When Pickering's predecessor in San Salvador, Deane Hinton, delivered a similar speech in October 1982, he was reprimanded by the White House. Addressing a conference of Latin American buiness and political leaders in Miami last week, Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth W. Dam charged that right-wing repression only fosters the kind of revolution that rightists want to avoid. Said he: "The death squads are enemies of democracy every bit as much as the guerrillas."

One reason for Washington's heightened concern is that, after declining for two years, the death toll has begun to climb again. The renewed killing appears to reflect an attempt to stall reforms, including land redistribution, that are being considered by the Constituent Assembly. The rightists also oppose the Salvadoran Peace Commission, which President Alvaro Magaña named in August 1982 to explore the possibility of negotiating with the rebels. The State Department has assembled two lists of suspected death-squad leaders, complete with institutional ties and chains of command. One tally pinpoints the killers in El Salvador; the other names the exiles working from Miami. Though the identities have not been made public, the top suspects include officers in the National Guard and treasury police.

Some progress has been made.

Defending turf: Salvadoran soldiers patrol a street in Tejutepeque

Rolling through in an armored personnel carrier

U.S. adviser puts Salvadoran charges through target practice

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turns out to be a hero.

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In announcing his military shake-up two weeks ago, Defense Minister Vides Casanova transferred several men suspected by the U.S. of being tied to the death squads. Among them are Major José Ricardo Pozo, intelligence chief for the treasury police, and Lieut. Colonel Aristedes Alfonso Márquez, head of intelligence for the national police. But the Salvadoran government has done nothing about another man whom U.S. officials have mentioned in connection with the killings: Héctor Antonio Regalado, a D'Aubuisson crony who is security chief for the Constituent Assembly. Meanwhile, U.S. officials are investigating reports that a trio of wealthy Salvadoran exiles living in the Miami area are funding some of the death squads and even fingering victims. By refusing to allow D'Aubuisson to travel to the U.S., Washington was serving notice that he could no longer, as a State Department official put it, "prance around with his rich supporters in Miami."

D'Aubuisson

Some State Department aides argued last week that the Reagan veto of the human rights certification bill would actually make it easier for the White House to press El Salvador to crack down on the death squads. According to these officials, the congressional requirement led the Salvadoran government to view human rights solely as a concern of Capitol Hill, not of the Reagan Administration. Thus Salvadoran officials did not treat U.S. concern as seriously as they should have. The rise in right-wing violence had convinced Secretary of State George Shultz he might not be able to certify in January that progress had been made. The White House decided that its goals in El Salvador would suffer more if certification was not granted than if the process was scrapped.

President Reagan only muddied matters when, in a meeting with high school students at the White House, he voiced his suspicion that the squads had been penetrated by leftists to besmirch the rightists. Said he: "I wonder if those guerrilla forces have not realized that they can get away with these violent acts and the right wing will be blamed for it." His aides quickly downplayed the statement. Said a top official: "Ninety-nine percent of the thugs are right-wing guys."

Caught between a violent left and a violent right, the U.S. might wonder anew about the prospects for El Salvador. The presidential elections scheduled for next March already have been touched by the bloody conflict. The guerrillas have seized the voter registration lists in hundreds of towns, making an orderly election very difficult. Four years after the civil war began, democracy in El Salvador seems as elusive as ever. *—By James Kelly. Reported by David DeVoss/San Salvador and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

Public Relations

An amnesty and a rebuff

The ceremony in downtown Managua's Non-Aligned Plaza was designed to herald the delivery of portentous news. As Nicaragua's political and religious leaders looked on, Sandinista Commander William Ramirez announced that the government would extend a general amnesty to all Miskito Indians accused of supporting anti-Sandinista guerrillas over the past two years. The plan will free between 300 and 700 Indians who are currently in jails, and allow the return of more than 13,000 who have fled the country. Said Junta Member Rafael Córdova Rivas: "This is yet another demonstration of our government's search for national reconciliation."

The announcement was the latest in a series of gestures aimed at placating foreign and domestic critics who see the Nicaraguan regime as drifting to the totalitarian left. Last month the Sandinistas bade farewell to 2,000 Cuban teachers, doctors, cultural and military advisers who had discreetly decided to return home. The government has also eased its censorship of *La Prensa*, the only opposition newspaper. But the case of the Miskitos was particularly sensitive. Human rights organizations have accused the Sandinistas of, among other things, unnecessarily expropriating traditional Miskito lands, forcing thousands of the Indians to relocate or to rebel at their treatment.

In Panama City, a very different reconciliation plan had been announced by U.S. Special Envoy Richard Stone after meetings with leaders of five of the anti-Sandinista groups, many of them CIA-backed, collectively known as *contras*. Stone declared that the rebels, including some Miskitos, were prepared to discuss ending their guerrilla war against Nicaragua's Marxist-led regime. But cessation of hostilities, said Stone, would come only "in return for complete, proper and full democratization in Nicaragua."

The Sandinistas speedily rejected Stone's offer. Said Foreign Minister Miguel D'Escoto Brockmann: "We don't speak to mercenaries at the service of foreign powers who are killing our people every day." U.S. officials in turn had earlier dismissed out of hand the conciliatory Sandinista signals as "smoke with no fire." As if to emphasize that the U.S. was not about to be taken in by empty gestures, Washington had also rejected an application by Nicaraguan Interior Minister Tomás Borge Martínez to travel on a speaking tour to the U.S. Washington, said an Administration official, did not want to give Borge a "propaganda platform."

The gestures by the Sandinistas and Stone were part of an increasingly active public relations battle between the Nicaraguan regime and the Reagan Administration. Both sides seemed to be acting for the benefit of four Latin American nations (Mexico, Venezuela, Colombia and Panama) that are striving to persuade Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras and Nicaragua to achieve a negotiated solution to the region's problems. Stone has been trying to emphasize the U.S. view that further internal democratization of the Sandinista regime is a precondition to any agreement. Said a U.S. official: "Nicaragua's neighbors are not going to feel secure until Nicaragua has made some irreversible changes to a more democratic political system."

As the maneuvering continues, additional conciliatory announcements can be expected. But the view of the Reagan Administration remains that only a combination of U.S. political and military muscle flexing can produce real concessions. Says a Washington official: "Pressure on the Sandinistas must be maintained, not moderated." ■

Miskito Indian refugees in a camp on the Nicaragua-Honduras border

EAST-WEST

Letters from the Kremlin

Moscow keeps up the pressure, even as its own allies worry

Having failed to prevent the NATO alliance from deploying new nuclear missiles in Western Europe, Moscow has wasted no time in showing that it will not concede diplomatic defeat. On the heels of the Soviet walkout from the Geneva talks on Intermediate-range Nuclear Forces (INF), Soviet envoys fanned out in West European capitals with letters bearing the signature of Leader Yuri Andropov. The messages were the first salvos in a renewed campaign to persuade the West Europeans to change their minds. Their central theme: "The Soviet Union does not wish to regard the existing situation as irreversible."

The new gambit emerged as the Soviet leadership was setting a deadline for dealing with a major internal issue: the fact that Andropov, 69, has not been seen in public since Aug. 18. Last week, the official news agency TASS announced that the country's rubber-stamp parliament, the Supreme Soviet, would hold its semiannual meeting on Dec. 28. The Communist Party's Central Committee will probably hold a closed-door session one or two days earlier. Both are gatherings that Andropov would normally chair. Deepening the mystery, the Kremlin disclosed that Soviet Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov, 75, would visit Bulgaria this month, a trip that Andropov had postponed last October. The news was bound to increase speculation that if Andropov is unable to continue in office, Ustinov might replace him either as Communist Party leader or as President.

There was little mystery, however, to the Andropov correspondence. It was essentially a restatement of Moscow's longstanding refusal to accept a single new U.S. missile in Western Europe to counter the 243 Soviet SS-20 missiles targeted on Western Europe. While offering no new concessions, the letters pointedly referred to the missile issue as affecting "our continent." Equally pointed was Moscow's failure to include Washington in the letter-writing campaign, even though the U.S. was the Soviet Union's partner at the ruptured talks. The exclusion was consistent with earlier Soviet attempts to sow division between the U.S. and its European allies.

Italian Prime Minister Bettino Craxi fired back a missive to the Kremlin stating that his government's aim was "a suitable peace for all in a context of security for everyone." It was the Soviets, said Craxi, who had created "a [missile] disequilibrium which we find unacceptable." Danish Prime Minister Poul Schlüter, whose country has declined to accept nuclear missiles on its soil, responded that the Soviet leader's letter "gave me cause for disappointment and concern." British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher declared that she was "not greatly impressed."

The most optimistic gloss on the letter's words came from West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl. The Soviet message, he said, included an "expression in principle of a preparedness to reconsider and revise the one-sided breaking off" of the negotiations. As proof, Kohl cited the continuation last week in Geneva of U.S.-Soviet Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START), which deal not with European-based weapons but with the intercontinental arsenals that the superpowers have trained on each other.

Kohl's upbeat attitude echoed the hopes of many West Europeans that the Soviets might eventually return to the bargaining table through a possible merger of the INF talks with the START negotiations. At week's end, the Soviet party daily *Pravda* labeled that interpretation a "shameless deception." If the NATO countries wanted the resumption of the INF talks, the newspaper added, they "should restore the old state of things, when there were no American missiles in Europe."

Moscow's rejoinder was unnecessary. After considerable White House debate, the Reagan Administration has decided to oppose the idea of an INF-START merger. Keeping the two sets of talks separate is seen in Washington as a way to pressure the Soviets into modifying their position. West Europeans, however, hope that U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz will attend a Jan. 17 meeting in Stockholm of the 35-nation Conference on Confidence and Security-Building Measures and Disarmament in Europe. If Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko also shows up, the meeting could offer an opportunity to renew the superpower dialogue on European-based missiles.

Even as NATO closed ranks over the Andropov correspondence, small but increasing ripples of nuclear unease were visible in Eastern Europe. In East Germany, the official party newspaper *Neues Deutschland* published an open letter to Party Leader Erich Honecker last October, deploring both the NATO deployment and the threatened "retaliatory" deployment of new Soviet short-range missiles in East Germany and Czechoslovakia. In the letter, Lutheran clergy and parishioners from a suburb of Dresden declared themselves "horrified by the very thought" of the dual deployment, and urged Honecker to support a Scandinavian call for a European nuclear-free zone. Open criticism of both sides in the missile dispute has become a regular feature of local and district meetings of Protestant churches in East Germany, provoking fitful government repression.

In Czechoslovakia, the official newspaper *Rudé Právo* has also published letters expressing anxiety over the missile deployments, and local Communist Party groups have staged meetings to quell some of the fears. Church groups, however, have remained securely muzzled, as have the country's few remaining political dissidents. Last month a document from Czechoslovakia's Charter 77 underground dissident group emerged in the West, noting that about 20 members of the tiny organization had been picked up by police and warned to watch their words on the missile issue. Any expressions of opinion about the impending Soviet missile deployment, the dissidents were told, would result in prosecution for "undermining national defense capability." ***—By George Russell. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/Moscow and Roland Flamini/Bonn, with other bureaus***

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WEST GERMANY

Count Down

A Minister is accused

As if the nuclear missile issue were not worrisome enough for West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, he faced the possibility last week of losing one of his key ministers as the result of a long-simmering financial scandal. After two years of investigation, Bonn Public Prosecutor Franzbruno Eulencamp announced that his office planned to indict Economics Minister Count Otto Lambsdorff on charges of bribery and corruption. Also accused were former Economics Minister Hans Friderichs, now chairman of West Germany's second-ranking Dresdner Bank, and three other officials. Eulencamp asked the Bundestag to lift the immunity Lambsdorff enjoys as a member of parliament. Despite strong expressions of support for Lambsdorff from Kohl and his Cabinet, the Bundestag did just that, making a formal presentation of the charges possible.

Eulencamp's announcement, though expected, struck Bonn with explosive force. At issue is Lambsdorff's political survival, and with it the ability of the Kohl government to retain public confidence. The investigators charged that from 1975 to 1981 Friderichs and Lambsdorff had accepted nearly $200,000 from West Germany's largest privately owned industrial concern, the Düsseldorf-based Friedrich Flick Industrieverwaltung, in exchange for granting the firm generous tax exemptions. Lambsdorff, 56, is a respected member of the Free Democratic Party, the minority partner in Kohl's Christian Democrat–dominated government, and an architect of Bonn's plans for economic recovery. He promptly denied any wrongdoing, protesting, "I never received, requested or negotiated a single mark from Flick while minister."

Lambsdorff

Pending a decision by the investigating judge to send the case to trial, the F.D.P. leadership decided last week that Lambsdorff should stay on as Economics Minister. But the opposition Social Democrats called for his resignation. Said Party Floor Leader Hans-Jochen Vogel: "An ordinary government employee would be suspended until the end of the proceedings." One of Kohl's concerns is that Lambsdorff's resignation would encourage hard-line Conservative Franz Josef Strauss, the maverick leader of the Christian Democrats' Bavarian-based sister party, to make a play for the Economics Minister's portfolio. Kohl will resist such a move. But if Strauss were to succeed, Bonn's centrist policies could begin to slant to the right. ■

The lost tycoon: Heineken after his release

THE NETHERLANDS

One for the Hare

A kidnaped beer baron is freed

The police were just about to give up their search of the lonely Amsterdam warehouse. Then, by chance, one of them spotted a lock on the corrugated-tin wall at the back of the building. The opening led to a false wall, complete with a secret door. As they burst through the hardboard front, members of the 70-man police unit suddenly came upon two soundproof and unheated concrete cells. Inside each one a man, clad only in filthy pajamas, lay shivering on a mattress and manacled to the walls. Three weeks after Beer Tycoon Alfred (Freddie) Heineken, 60, and his chauffeur, Ab Doderer, 57, were spirited into a van by five masked men, one of the largest manhunts in Dutch history had stumbled upon a happy ending.

From the beginning, the case had twisted and turned like the raciest of thrillers. On the evening of the abduction, the criminals left a message on the doorstep of a police station in The Hague giving the Heineken family three days to rustle up a total of about $10 million worth of U.S., French, West German and Dutch currencies. The kidnapers used the code word "eagle" for themselves and "hare" for the policeman who would bring them the booty. Three days later the Amsterdam police placed an ad in a national newspaper declaring their readiness to pay the ransom ("The pasture is green for the hare") and demanding further contact. In reply the kidnapers phoned in a taped message announcing that directions would be left in plastic cups scattered through towns surrounding the inland sea of Ijsselmeer.

After that initial overture fell through because the police lacked proof that the captives were still alive, the cat-and-mouse game grew even more elaborate. One anonymous letter leaked the names of three likely suspects, which led the police to keep watch over a carpenters' yard in a bleak Amsterdam industrial park. While pursuing that lead the authorities agreed to turn over the ransom. They stuffed an estimated $10 million into postal bags and placed the cash inside a van. Then a lone driver, communicating with the kidnapers over a walkie-talkie, followed their directions through a 120-mile journey that zigzagged across the country. Finally, the eagle told the hare to drop the money bags from an overpass down to a waiting car.

Meanwhile, after spotting a suspect bringing two takeout Chinese dinners to the desolate carpenters' yard, the police became virtually positive that the captives were being held there. That feeling was buttressed as the police followed one man from the hideout to Utrecht, where they saw him place another note inside a plastic cup. The cops were reluctant, however, to endanger the victims' lives by storming the building. When the missing men had failed to appear two days after the ransom's delivery, the authorities finally resolved to seize the suspects and raid the unguarded warehouse.

Still following their anonymous tip, the police made a first arrest even before they began the warehouse rescue operation. Then they launched a three-city sweep in which they quickly recovered some of the ransom money and arrested 25 suspects and subsequently detained eleven, most of them members of a single family.

Throughout their ordeal the genial Heineken (whose value is estimated at more than $500 million) and his loyal employee of 40 years remained surprisingly healthy. They were nonetheless kept constantly on edge. In a brief statement distributed after their release, Heineken wrote, "I always saved one slice of bread for the night, because you could never be sure that there would be bread the following morning," while Doderer wryly noted that the Chinese food he was served by the kidnapers "didn't taste as good as that of my usual Chinese place." As soon as their chains were cut, the relieved victims were given clean clothes and driven to the millionaire's luxurious villa in the seaside resort of Noordwijk. For the first time in three weeks the family flag fluttered above the heavily guarded mansion. ■

Room without a view: the millionaire's cell

An elaborate game of cat and mouse

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Seaga announces the snap vote at a rally: behind shrewd politics, grave economic ills

JAMAICA

Cashing In

Seaga wins in advance

Even some of Prime Minister Edward P.G. Seaga's closest associates were predicting that he would comfortably wait out the remaining two years of his term. After all, he enjoyed strong U.S. support, and his capitalist Jamaica Labor Party had 51 of the 60 seats in the country's Parliament. Nonetheless, Seaga last week became the first Caribbean leader to cash in on a wave of popular support for his nation's participation in the U.S.-led invasion of Grenada. After polls showed his popularity rising above 50% for the first time since he was elected, Seaga called a snap election for Dec. 15.

The decision brought an unusual response from Seaga's principal opposition, the socialist People's National Party (P.N.P.), led by former Prime Minister Michael N. Manley. Charging that Seaga had broken a promise not to hold new elections until voter rolls were updated and new registration procedures, including thumbprinting and photographs, were in place, Manley declared the first election boycott in Jamaica's 21 years of independence. The vote, he said, would amount to "a rape of democracy." By refusing to participate in the elections, the P.N.P. has ensured that Seaga will control almost all of the Parliament's seats, resulting in virtual one-party rule.

Seaga defeated Manley in 1980 partly because voters had become disenchanted with Manley's growing ties to Cuba and to Jamaica's extreme left. By emphasizing the role of his country's 175 troops in the Caribbean Peace Force, Seaga did his best to exploit lingering fears of the left. Said Carl Stone, Jamaica's leading political pollster: "People see that what happened to [Grenada's assassinated Prime Minister] Maurice Bishop could have happened to Manley: a popular leader encircled, controlled and then eliminated by the radical left."

Manley: outraged

Seaga may have disposed of his parliamentary opposition for the time being, but he has not solved Jamaica's economic ills. He promised a surge in exports and a flood of foreign investments as a result of free-market policies like lowered trade barriers, but neither has materialized. The U.S. is partly to blame. Key trade concessions contained in the Reagan Administration's Caribbean Basin Initiative have been held up for almost two years in Congress, while the U.S. recession reduced demand for Jamaican exports like bauxite, which is used to produce aluminum. From 12 million tons in 1980, Jamaica's bauxite exports fell to 7 million tons this year.

According to the U.S. embassy in Jamaica, Washington is currently pumping some $200 million annually into the economy. But instead of being funneled into long-term development projects, the money has fueled an inflationary buying binge in Jamaica's unstable economy. "Where we had been fighting over a chicken on market days, we are now importing video cassettes," says Jamaican Management Consultant Brian Young. Inflation has doubled in recent months, to more than 13%; unemployment stands at 26%.

Two days before he called elections, Seaga devalued the Jamaican dollar by 44%. He also admitted that the government had failed to impose the economic controls required to win an extension of International Monetary Fund loans totaling $680 million. Instead, Seaga hastily arranged $180 million in lower-rated "stand-by credit."

Not surprisingly, Jamaica's restive poor have begun to wonder whether Seaga's version of capitalism is going to pay off. Says a U.S. official: "He really hasn't attacked the basic social needs of the country." The next question is whether Seaga will take advantage of his parliamentary monopoly to undertake the necessary reforms. ■

BRAZIL

Heist Fever

Business is booming at banks

Inflation, devaluation and near economic collapse have reduced the buying power of Brazil's cruzeiro by 26.4% over the past six months. But in São Paulo (pop. 12 million), the country's financial capital, the currency has gained in popularity with a certain class of entrepreneurs: stickup men, who are carrying cruzeiros away in record amounts. Bank offices in São Paulo have been held up more than 700 times so far this year, nearly double the 1982 pace. Though bankers are reluctant to disclose their losses, one government estimate puts the 1983 haul at about $6 million.

The epidemic has turned Brazilian banks into virtual shooting galleries. Dozens of innocent bystanders have been killed in the gunplay. Authorities say that in one notorious incident, Franklin Pedro da Silva was holding up a São Paulo bank when he was distracted by a crying baby. "Shut it up or I'll kill it!" he reportedly shouted, then summarily executed the eight-month-old infant and its mother with a pistol.

The public outcry prompted São Paulo Governor Andre Franco Montoro to declare a "permanent war against crime." One of his first moves was to authorize the purchase of 262 new police cars to help catch more criminals in the act. Some financial institutions now have as many as 100 armed guards on the payroll. Bank lobbies feature turret-like booths with small slots for keeping rifles trained on potential thieves. According to Geraldo Vidigal, a lawyer for the Federation of Brazilian Bank Associations, these armored guardhouses initially provided "a certain psychological deterrent," but ultimately proved useless. Once a robbery is under way, says Roberto Salgado, director of the Brazilian Association of Guard and Security Companies, "most banks instruct the guards not to shoot where there's a chance of losing a customer or a teller." Perhaps as a result, guards often find themselves forced at gunpoint to turn over their arms to the robbers, who have harvested hundreds of weapons so far this year.

The rash of robberies is especially disruptive in a nation like Brazil, where few people use credit cards, and utility bills and taxes cannot be paid by mail. Frustrated law-enforcement officials blame the courts for not keeping bank robbers behind bars. At the same time, however, many officials agree that the problem is rooted in São Paulo's rampant unemployment and the low wages that are symptoms of Brazil's ailing economy. "We've had an awesome demographic explosion, with people flooding into the big cities looking for gold in the streets," said Jorge Miguel, a São Paulo police official. "When they don't find it, crime goes up." ■

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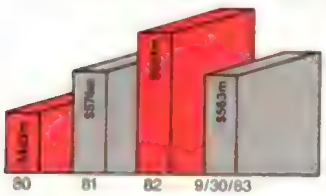

Our net income has gone from $483 million in 1980 to $631 million in 1982. The increase from '81 to '82 alone was 10 percent—at a time when the profits of many American companies were relatively flat.

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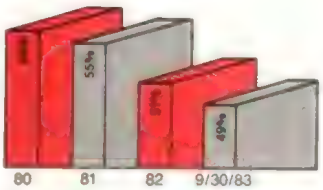
Another important financial indicator is debt ratio—the percentage of a company's capital structure that represents debt. Here, you see a steady positive trend.



In 1980, our debt ratio was 58 percent. By the end of '81, it stood at 55 percent. And at year-end 1982, it had dropped to 51 percent.

And by the end of the first nine months of 1983, it had fallen to less than 49 percent. By the time Pacific Telesis Group is divested from AT&T, the figure will be below 47 percent.

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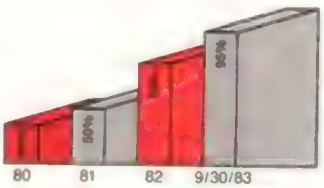

Another significant financial indicator is the percentage of a company's capital that's generated internally—that doesn't have to be borrowed from outside sources. Here, too, our results are remarkable.

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PACIFIC TELESIS

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JAPAN

Goodbye Kimono

Opportunities in foreign firms

Sanae Suzuki graduated in the class of '82 from Tokyo University's faculty of law and, diploma in hand, passed the senior civil service test. One government ministry indicated that a job was waiting. But Suzuki, 23, like many other career-minded Japanese women, decided that most Japanese employers would expect her to serve tea, even to male colleagues from the same class, and perform clerical duties that offered little chance of advancement. So she joined the Tokyo office of the Boston Consulting Group, an American company that specializes in international marketing and other services. Few Japanese corporations promote the cause of equal rights for women, according to Suzuki, and that made her angry. "We were never discriminated against as women until we began looking for jobs," she says. "We competed with men and passed entrance examinations to high schools and colleges. And at the last minute, bang! That's where foreign companies come to everyone's mind."

The new breed of Japanese women graduates from leading universities are shunning traditional, largely clerical roles in Japanese companies for foreign firms that acknowledge their ability and offer more pay and promotion hopes. "The educated women of Japan are still an unused resource in the professions," says Owen Erickson, senior vice president and general manager of Bank of America in Tokyo, which hires about 25 female college graduates a year.

An estimated 80% of 1,118 major Japanese companies will not hire any women graduates this year, according to a survey by Nippon Recruit Center, a private research and publishing firm. The women they hire will be coming straight from high school. Moreover, once employed, women face discrimination in, or outright exclusion from, most training programs and are rarely in a position to receive such benefits as transportation, housing and family allowances, which are available to heads of households. Except in a few jobs like nursing, they are also excluded by law from working between 10 p.m. and 5 a.m. and are thus deprived of extra money from overtime or night shifts. Overall, Japanese women make up 39% of the work force but earn, on average, only 53% as much as their male counterparts (the U.S. figure: 59%).

Japanese employers claim that most women leave their careers for marriage, but the Nippon Recruit Center's survey shows that among female college graduates, one in three wants to work until retirement and nearly half hope to return to work after childbearing. "It's a vicious circle," complains Yoko Kirino, 25, a graduate of Tokyo University's faculty of law who works for the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. "Women want to quit because the circumstances aren't that great and they're under a lot of pressure from their husbands. Meanwhile, the fact that women quit is widely used as an excuse not to improve conditions."

Despite the prevailing Japanese view that foreign firms hire female graduates because they cannot attract topnotch men, many U.S. banking offices employ these women precisely for their talents and their performance. Says one American banker: "Men are spoiled from the start in this culture. What the women get in terms of recognition or success they really have to earn."

Yet even in the foreign firms, the job scope remains restricted. Most women work in operations, credit analysis or personnel. Very few are in marketing, where the real power and money lie; Japanese firms are simply not accustomed to dealing with women on this level. Marketing in Japan requires a cultivation of trust, often with elaborate entertaining in bars, where a woman executive might not feel welcome. American banks are still unwilling to push their powerful clients to that point, but foreign firms are increasingly bringing their female officers to intercorporate functions like parties and receptions. "The first time it happens, the Japanese think it is exotic," explains one banker. "But the next time they bring along one of their own trusted women."

Most often, professional commitment means sacrifice and frustration. Marriages fall victim to the male ethos. The government is far more progressive than the private sector in hiring women, but its record is less than exemplary. Although women make up 21% of Japan's civil servants (in contrast with 37% in the U.S.), they hold a mere 1.7% of managerial positions (against the U.S.'s 17.8%). Of 2,767 judges and assistant judges in 1982, only 79 were women. In the Diet, only 27 seats of 748 are occupied by women (in the U.S. House and Senate, women hold 24 of the 535 seats). Foreign firms may end up showing Japanese employers what they are missing. Says John Johnson, a vice president at Bankers Trust: "These women are the cream of the crop, and Japan is giving them away." —*By Louisa Wright. Reported by Neil Gross and Yurinori Ishikawa/Tokyo*

Sugino, Abe, Nakanishi: Sophia University grads hired by U.S. banks in Tokyo

They may become saucy, but even in foreign firms their opportunities remain restricted.

CHINA

Dog Days

Purging man's best friend

Of all the recent crackdowns in China, the one that began last week was probably the strangest. Virtually any dog found trotting through Peking may now be legally drowned, electrocuted, strangled or clubbed to death. Those who do not get rid of their pets before the last week of December will be subject to fines of up to $25, three weeks' wages for an average urban worker. In anticipation of the purge, 200,000 dogs, or half of the city's total, have been slaughtered or exiled to areas outside the city. Some owners have sold their four-legged friends to the state for meat; others have simply eaten their pets.

Peking's authorities have long frowned on dog owning. But over the past decade, says a resident, "the bored children of high officials started the dog craze, and slowly it became trendy." Less slowly, perhaps, dogs began defiling the capital's streets and unsettling its residents. "Dogs run about wildly, causing difficulties for municipal sanitation," complained a health official. "There are even instances of hooligans training their pets to chase women, children and old people." Only circus troupes, scientific experimenters, police units and foreign residents, all of whom must pay $5 for vaccination and registration, will be permitted to keep their dogs. ■

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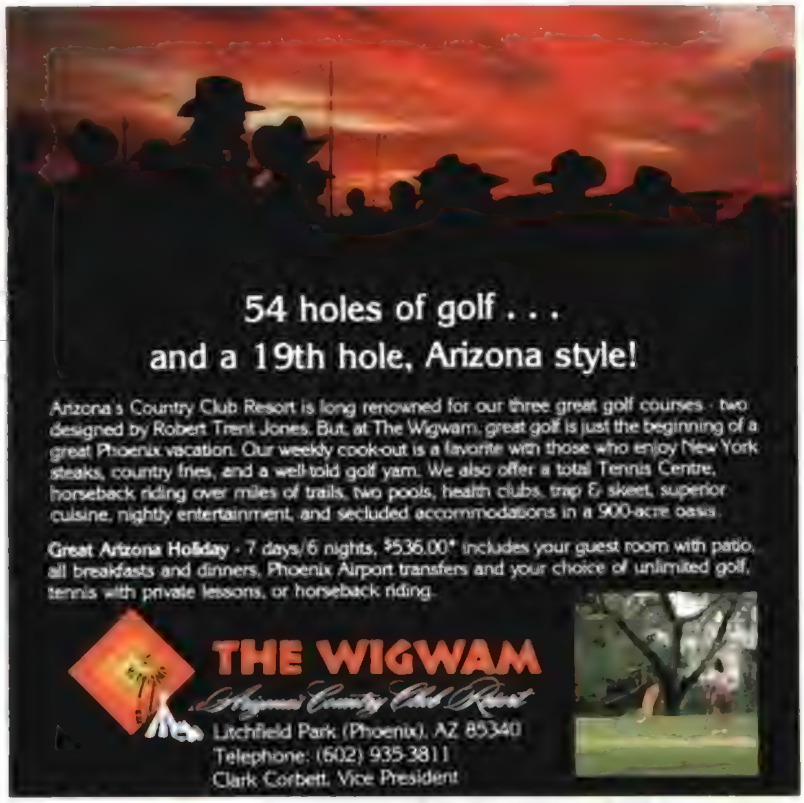

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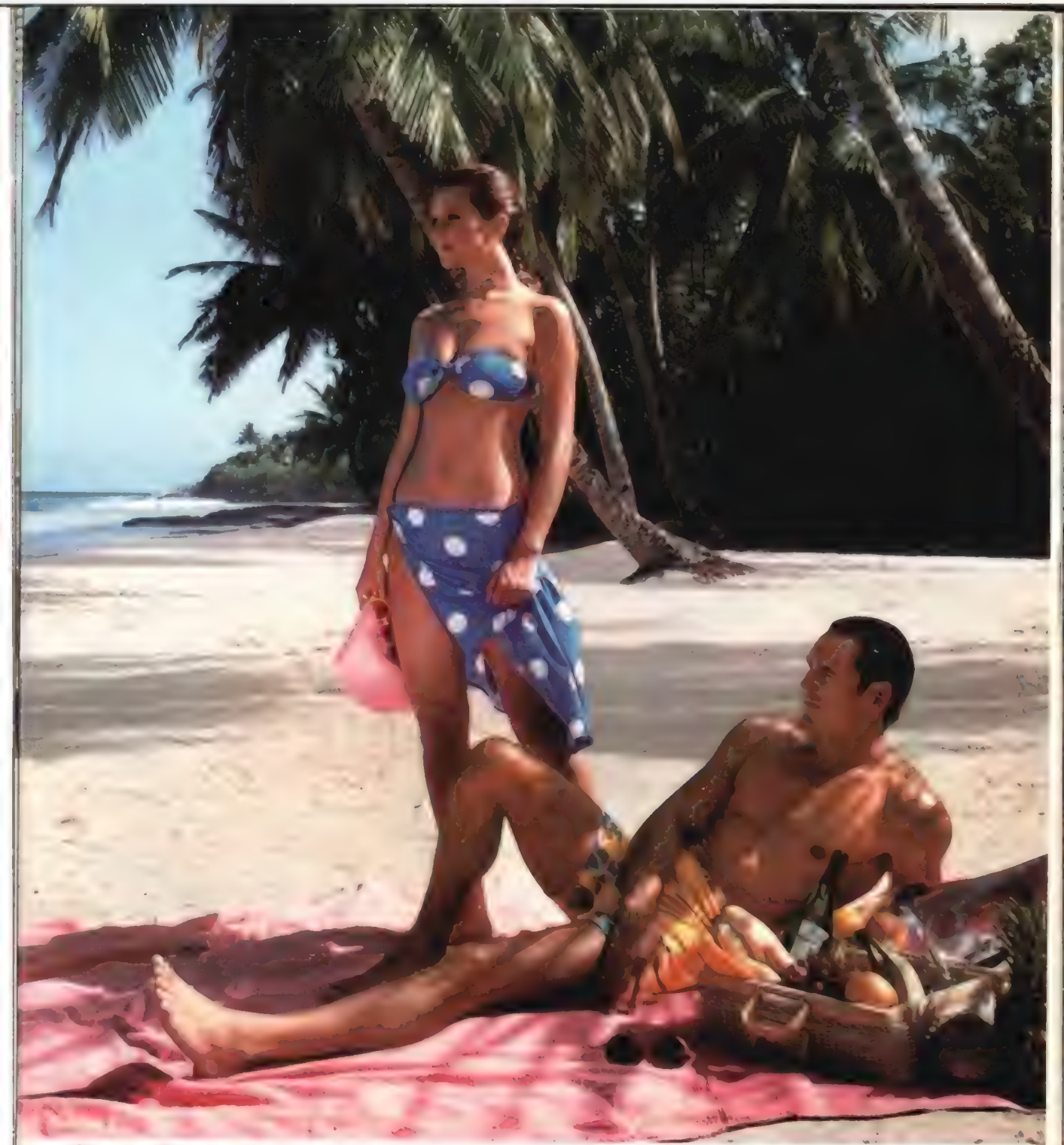

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CHC/2

Half a Dozen Guinea Pigs in Orbit

Despite glitches, Spacelab is off to a flying start

In the inimitable NASA phrase, everything seemed to be going A-O.K. As *Columbia* circled the earth for the third time, with no problem in view, Astronaut Owen Garriott and his West German sidekick Ulf Merbold floated gracefully toward the rear of the main cabin. They reached out and tugged at a hatch that would lead them to the shuttle's cargo bay. To their surprise, despite several minutes of huffing and pulling, the door refused to budge. Not until the muscle power of the entire six-man crew, the largest group ever to fly in space, was applied to the balky hatch did it finally swing open, permitting the astronauts to enter their $1 billion orbital laboratory.

This chaotic beginning last week seemed to set the tone for the debut flight of the European-built Spacelab 1. Following an almost unblemished Florida launch, the astronauts quickly started to activate the 72 experiments both inside the 23-ft.-long module and on its external pallet, where some instruments are exposed directly to space. They also commenced tests on the most complex machinery aboard the shuttle: themselves. But even though this long-awaited venture in international cooperation appeared headed toward a major success, it was accompanied by annoying glitches that turned the mission into as much a test of human patience as of space-age technology.

Electronic equipment failed, causing the loss of precious experimental data. Computers mysteriously broke down, and a larder of food inexplicably spoiled (although there were enough fresh provisions on board to keep the spacemen fed). Communications links, already occasionally garbled because of a satellite problem, were hopelessly overtaxed. A major difficulty was the zeal of the ground scientists, about 200 researchers from Europe, the U.S., Canada and Japan, who have worked up to five years or more on their experiments. As they bombarded the astronauts with commands, often in unfamiliar accents and at times absentmindedly reversing earlier instructions, the irritation of the spacemen rose. Snapped Mission Specialist Bob Parker: "I think you might be quiet until we get one or the other [experiment] done."

Because the early hours in orbit are critical in judging human reaction to weightlessness, the scientist-astronauts got a fast start on their biomedical program. They took blood samples from one another (Payload Specialist Byron Lichtenberg, as the chief bloodletter, became known as "the vampire"), underwent eye tests, lifted steel balls, were flung around in a sledlike contraption called a body-restraint system, and even endured electric shocks. Not surprisingly, the orbital guinea pigs complained that the tests were making them ill, although the torture had a medical purpose: to learn more about the nausea, headaches and general lethargy, known as space-adaptation syndrome, that afflict about half of all astronauts in their first day or two of weightlessness.

NASA

Spacelab's topsy-turvy crew gives straight answers at press conference

They were shocked, flung and bled, all in the interests of science.

The troubles with communications led to the loss of some experimental data. They also curtailed TV pictures and disrupted a ground-to-air press conference by cutting off reporters in Europe, where the flight has been big news. The major culprit was NASA's tracking and data-relay satellite, which can relay an encyclopedic 300 megabits per second. Although designed as Spacelab's main link with the ground, it still has not fully recovered from a faulty launch last April and is now capable of sending only a fraction of its ground-to-orbit capacity. These difficulties were compounded by the brief blackout of a tracking station in White Sands, N. Mex., and the failure of an electronic relay on the shuttle. The device was supposed to collect data from the pallet experiments and pipe them into Spacelab's computers.

Despite the rash of mishaps and irritations, the scientist-astronauts seemed pleased with the gleaming celestial laboratory. Said Lichtenberg, a biomedical engineer from M.I.T.: "It's just an amazing vehicle. Spacelab lives up to all its expectations." In one experiment involving a pallet instrument called a spectrophotometer, the scientists succeeded in making the first measurements of deuterium, a heavy form of hydrogen, in the upper atmosphere. By such observations, scientists can study weather patterns on earth. They can also explore the history of distant worlds, since the presence of large quantities of deuterium is a sign that a planet may once have held water, which is essential for life. Scanning the skies, Spacelab's telescopes sighted at least two puzzling sources of X rays. These could not be observed under the earth's obscuring atmosphere. In a bit of zero-g alchemy, the astronauts succeeded in creating an entirely new alloy. Under the benevolent influence of microgravity, they were able to form a mix of aluminum and zinc, two metals that cannot easily be combined on earth. Extremely strong yet lightweight, the alloy, if it could be produced in mass quantities in space, might be useful for superstructures of airplanes or spacecraft.

On the other hand, seven experiments, including a highly touted West German photographic survey of the earth's surface, performed poorly. All of these will have to be reflown on future missions. There were also problems with the effort to create artificial auroras, a simulation of the northern lights. Still, at least some scientific data were salvaged by an impromptu orbital repair. Under detailed guidance from Mission Control, Parker managed to free a jammed tape recorder used to store the results of experiments. His tool: a 69¢ Phillips screwdriver.

For the Europeans, Spacelab's performance was a welcome change after years of delays. Some Europeans talked of joining the U.S. in creating a permanent orbital station. NASA Chief James Beggs promoted that project last week at a meeting with President Reagan and his Cabinet, with no immediate results. Nothing, however, dampened NASA's cheer. At week's end it was so pleased with Spacelab that it decided to extend the shuttle's record-breaking nine-day mission by 24 hours. —***By Frederic Golden. Reported by Jerry Hannifin and Geoffrey Leavenworth/Houston***

Pitching in: America West's Carynn Alberts assists at the operations center . . .

. . . in jumpsuit and earphones directs a passenger

Economy & Business

Small Birds in a Big Sky

Upstart airlines, no-frills or all-frills, fill the gaps left by the majors

Dallas' Muse Air promotes itself as the only nonsmoking airline and turns away passengers who want to light up. At no-frills Sunworld International, based in Las Vegas, pilots make sales calls, work in the back office and can sometimes be seen carrying out the garbage after a flight. On all-frills Regent Air, passengers are stuffed with French wines, Beluga caviar and Maine lobster.

New carriers like these are changing the face of U.S. air travel. A few years ago, most airlines offered identical fares and service; once passengers were inside a plane, they could be forgiven for forgetting which line they were flying. Today's travelers have a bewildering abundance of choices about when and where to fly, what service is available en route and how much to pay.

Clearing the runway for these airlines was the industry deregulation in the late '70s. By giving all carriers more freedom in setting their routes and rates, deregulation made it possible and profitable for upstart outfits to search for gaps in the service provided by major trunk lines. Since 1978, at least 16 jet-flying passenger airlines have been launched, in contrast with none in the previous 20 years.

Deregulation has also made it possible for small carriers to use larger planes on longer routes, allowing them to expand and grow more profitable. Says Lehman Brothers Analyst Robert Joedicke: "An airline involves mobile assets, and if you're not making money moving people from *A* to *B*, then you can try it from *A* to *C*. This is what the small airlines have done rather effectively."

These children of deregulation are making life difficult for their larger competitors. The nine major airlines, those with annual revenues of more than $1 billion,* have seen their domestic market share slip from 95% to 87% during the past four years. Continental, TWA and Eastern are staggering under heavy losses and have launched risky strategies to trim costs. Braniff, which was pushed into Chapter 11 bankruptcy in May 1982, will probably not begin flying again under its new owner, Hyatt Corp., until March 1.

The upstart airlines are succeeding by finding markets either overlooked or ignored by the big trunk carriers. One such newcomer is Hawaiian Pacific, a new Los Angeles–based airline that has begun advertising nonstop service to Honolulu. Founded by a former TV game-show producer, Hawaiian Pacific plans to serve 15 mainland cities as far east as New York City, where nonstop flights to Hawaii have mostly been unavailable. Still awaiting the resolution of questions about its financing and Civil Aeronautics Board certification, the new airline hopes to begin service on Feb. 15 with five leased 747s. After only two weeks of promotion, the airline claims it has already booked $12.8 million worth of tickets.

Perhaps the biggest weapon in the arsenal of the upstarts is price. Hawaiian Pacific will charge only $338 for a round-trip ticket between Honolulu and Denver, *vs.* the usual fare of $700. The leader in bargain-basement flying is three-year-old People Express. It jolted the industry last summer by offering flights from Newark to London for only $149, *vs.* $275 for most regular coach fares.

On People Express, the price of the ticket covers little more than the actual seat the passenger occupies. It costs $3 to check a bag and 50¢ for a soft drink or coffee served on board. The à la carte formula has proved profitable. Third-quarter revenues more than doubled from a year ago, to $81.8 million; profits have rose 64.7%. Explains Harvard Professor John Meyer, an author of the forthcoming industry study *Airline Deregulation: The New Entrepreneurs:* "Pleasure travelers and even lower-echelon business travelers are sensitive to price and will buy from those who offer lower fares."

Such aggressive pricing has forced the bigger lines into following suit, even though their profits have suffered. During the second three months of this year, 86% of all passengers flew on discount fares. Five years ago, just 24% did. Discount fares are now available on 88% of all U.S. flights, in contrast with only 59% in 1978.

The new airlines can charge less because they are holding down costs. Few are unionized, and wage scales are well below industry standards. Flight attendants make as little as $10,800 a year; starting pay at major carriers is about

*United, American, Delta, Eastern, TWA, Republic, USAir, Northwest and Continental

Jet at Sky Harbor Airport in Phoenix . . .

. . . and unloads baggage. Workers must be able to type 30 words a minute and lift 70 lbs.

$13,500. Most pilots earn a maximum of $32,500; a senior captain for a big carrier earns more than $100,000.

Despite the paltry pay, it is not unusual to see flight attendants for small lines working as reservation and ticket clerks, baggage loaders and plane cleaners. Pilots often double up in dispatching or sales. They all hope to cash in later on. Nevada-based Sunworld pays most of its workers only $10,800 a year in salary, but gives them 100 shares of stock and promises to pay out 20% of the line's gross operating profit when it makes any. Says Marketing Vice President Raymond Haley: "We're all betting on the future."

Barely four months old, America West Airlines in Tempe, Ariz., is prototypical. All the employees are nonunion. Since most have to handle several jobs, they are put through an intensive eight-week training program and must be able to type 30 words a minute as well as lift 70 lbs. Baggage handlers sometimes find themselves working alongside Chairman and Founder Edward Beauvais.

America West is equally innovative in its operations. To attract business travelers, it added extra-large 5-ft.-long overhead baggage compartments to eliminate luggage closets, and installed expensive seats that are hinged in a way that provides an additional two inches of knee room. On board, passengers are pampered with Danish pastries during breakfast flights, croissants for snacks and unlimited free drinks in flight. Tight scheduling also allows America West to keep its planes flying ten hours a day, *vs.* an industry average of eight hours. That helps keep costs down to less than 5¢ a seat-mile, *vs.* 9¢ or more for big carriers.

So far the strategy seems to be working. America West is running 36 daily flights out of Phoenix and is on the verge of turning a profit. This month it has added 36 more flights and increased its fleet of Boeing 737s from six to ten.

A few new carriers are making a special pitch for the luxury market. St. Louis–based Air One provides all passengers with first-class service at coach prices. To date it has been a losing proposition. Air One has lost $14.3 million this year. But its passenger count picked up this fall, and it confidently plans to triple its fleet of planes as well as expand service to as

Living Without Shackles

Airlines are not the only businesses buffeted by deregulation. From bus lines to banking, industries are learning to live without the shackles—or the safety net—of Government rules. And in all cases, stiff price competition has developed where once hardly any existed.

TRUCKING. Since passage in 1980 of legislation that made it easier to get into the trucking business, the number of interstate carriers has jumped 70%, to 30,717. Because of the new competition, the average price of shipping a truckload of freight is 25% to 30% lower than it was four years ago. The price squeeze has been tough on unionized carriers, which have laid off one-third of the Teamsters members employed in the industry. Meanwhile, low-cost nonunion trucking operations are mushrooming. Overnite Transportation, a nonunion company based in Richmond, has expanded its network from 21 states to 31 since deregulation. Its revenues rose by 25% between 1979 and 1982, despite the recession.

BUS LINES. After being hurt by the rise of cut-rate airlines, intercity bus companies were given new freedom last year to raise or lower fares. That helped trigger price wars between the two big carriers, Greyhound and Trailways. To trim costs, Greyhound asked that unionized drivers take a 9.5% pay cut and thereby provoked a strike that is now in its second month. Employees rejected a new wage offer last week, and Greyhound said it would continue its effort, started three weeks ago, to rebuild service with nonunion drivers.

BANKING. The phasing out of Government-mandated interest-rate ceilings has turned banking from a clubby business into a boisterous free-for-all. Institutions that once paid only 5% for their deposits now need to offer rates of 8% or more on a large portion of their savings accounts. That is one reason why 45 banks—a post-Depression record—have failed this year. Hit hardest in the turmoil are savings banks and savings and loan associations. The number of these thrift institutions has dwindled from about 4,500 to 3,600 since 1980. The strongest survivors, like Buffalo-based Goldome, are rapidly expanding by absorbing their weaker competitors.

TELECOMMUNICATIONS. Deregulation has hatched a gaggle of new players in this industry, once the undisputed domain of A T & T. More than 100 companies now compete with A T & T's Western Electric in manufacturing a vast new array of telephones, from the basic black model to designer styles and gimmicks like the Pac-Man special. Opportunities for growth—and disaster—abound. Technicom International, a young Darien, Conn., company that sells residential phones and small-business communications systems, captured revenues of $43 million in its first full year. Wall Streeters predict, however, that newcomers to the telecommunications competition will have a high mortality rate.

About the only sure winner in all the battles generated by deregulation, in fact, will be consumers. They should benefit from cheaper and more innovative products and services from companies that are leaner and hungrier.

many as twelve cities, possibly including Houston and New Orleans.

Flying on Los Angeles–based Regent Air is like staying in the high-roller suite at a Las Vegas hotel. The airline, which made its inaugural New York–Los Angeles flight in October, was founded by three former Caesars Palace executives. Regent Air chauffeurs passengers to and from the airport in limousines, furnishes in-flight secretaries and hair stylists, and even provides private lounges and staterooms. Just before takeoff, the cabin attendant purrs, "The sky is no longer the limit." The price for all that opulence: $1,620 to $4,320 for a one-way cross-country ticket (ordinary first-class fare: $650). Regent claims rising sales for its flights and insists that its fares really are a bargain compared with the $2,000-an-hour cost of flying by executive jet.

With the upstarts grabbing more and more business, major carriers are adopting new strategies. The parent company of Denver-based Frontier Airlines has created a nonunion subsidiary called Frontier Horizon, which is expected to chop per-passenger operating costs down to about two-thirds those of its corporate brother when it begins operating Jan. 9. Though Frontier officials claim that they are not antiunion, the airline's offices in three cities have been picketed.

If labor costs are trimmed, Harvard's Meyer expects the big carriers to compete more forcefully. Says he: "They have both economies of scale and experience in running reservations services, dealing with travel agents and operating terminals and marketing operations."

Despite their energy and eagerness, tiny carriers can face tough battles if they go head to head with established competitors. After a line named Mid Pacific began making inroads in the Hawaii market, Hawaiian Airlines started pointing out in its advertising that the average age of Mid Pacific's planes is 17 years. So far it is too soon to tell whether the advertising will cut into Mid Pacific's business; in nearly three years of operation, the airline has a near perfect safety record.

What the new carriers lack in experience, they often make up in hustle. The key to success for the lilliputian lines seems to be to stay small and keep their special character. Says Muse Air Chairman M. Lamar Muse: "We have to be different. When we banned smoking, it wasn't a moral crusade or anything, it was our perception of the marketplace." Muse is doing well. It turned its first profit, $780,000, in the third quarter of this year. Says Vice President John Puskarich of Sunworld: "We've all learned from Braniff's mistakes. Around here we follow the KISS method: 'Keep it simple, stupid.'" So far the formula is paying off. —*By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Richard Woodbury/Los Angeles and Adam Zagorin/New York*

Welcome Back

The small investor returns

The "little guy" is back in the stock market in a big way and, as it turns out, is not so likely to be a guy. Women have rushed to buy stocks during the past two years, more than men. They constitute 57% of all new shareholders. The typical newcomer to ownership of stocks, in fact, is a 34-year-old woman with a portfolio worth $2,200.

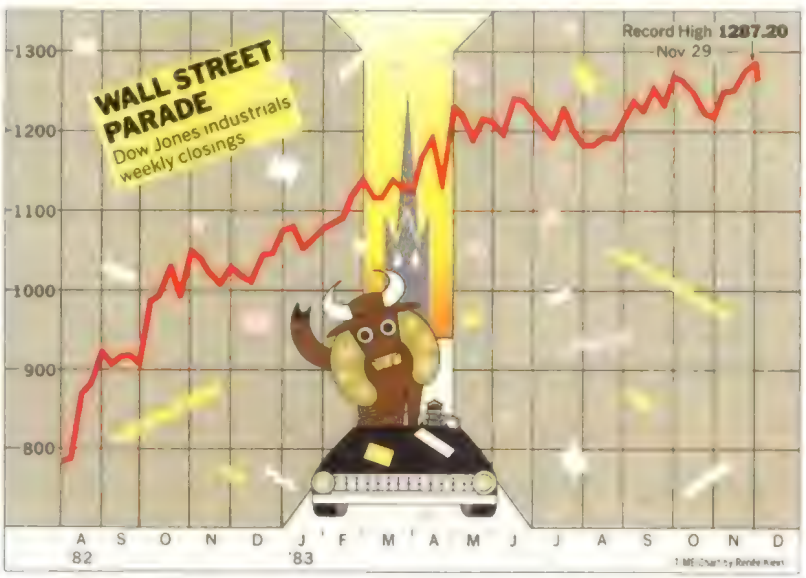
Those were among the findings of a New York Stock Exchange survey made public last week. The study showed for the first time, with statistical conclusiveness, just how alluring the great bull market that began 16 months ago has been to typical investors. A record 42.4 million Americans now own individual stocks or shares of stock mutual funds, up a stunning 10.1 million from only two years ago. Nearly 75% of the newcomers had never owned stock. From July 1982 (a month before the bull began running) to June of this year, almost 5 million people became shareowners for the first time, *vs.* only 2.4 million during the twelve months before that. A record 18.1% of the populace is now in the market, compared with 14.4% in 1981 and a mere 11.9% in 1975.

Both new and old investors have had reason to cheer in recent weeks. The market's latest surge carried the Dow Jones industrial average from 1214.84 on Nov. 7 to a peak of 1287.20 last Tuesday, putting the widely watched indicator within a whisker of 1300. Profit taking caused the Dow to sag, however, and it finished the week at 1265.24.

Much of the market's continuing strength reflects the vitality of the economy. Last week brought still more good news. The Government reported that U.S. civilian unemployment dropped to 8.4% (or 9.4 million people) in November, a sharp decline from 8.8% the previous month and the lowest level since November 1981. The Commerce Department reported that its index of leading economic indicators grew a healthy .8% in October to record its 14th consecutive monthly gain. Moreover, major retailers reported such strong November sales that the current holiday shopping season could prove the best in five years. Says Edward Yardeni, chief economist for Prudential-Bache Securities: "There is plenty of justification in the economic news for the stock market's showing."

The imminent breakup of American Telephone & Telegraph into eight new companies has also bolstered trading. "It's an additional cause of increased enthusiasm," said William M. LeFevre, market strategist for the Wall Street brokerage firm of Purcell, Graham & Co. Indeed, gigantic swaps of A T & T stock set back-to-back records last week. On Thursday the sale of 5 million shares of "old" A T & T for $323.75 million surpassed the previous day's exchange of 4.7 million shares of the same stock. That added up to Wall Street's alltime richest dollar trade of a single issue.

The holiday season has been helping to boost investors' spirits. "There has been a rally of sorts every year at this time since World War II," notes LeFevre. Optimistic observers like Eric Miller, chief investment officer for Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette, are now predicting that the current upswing will push the Dow average far above 1300 and even past 1400 by the middle of the coming year. But the market's normal orneriness provides a note of warning. In 1966, the Dow hit 995. It did not close at over 1000 for nearly seven years. ■



WATCHES: Number One Holiday Wrap-Up.

Watches have become a prime gift choice in the last decade.

In the fifteenth century, when the first watch was presented to his or her royal highness—who else rated such a marvel?—it may have been in the shape of a skull, or a cross, or a pear. Most certainly it was ornate, had a metal cage guarding its face, and weighed heavily upon the wearer. Heavy or not, it was a rare treasure.

It's a far cry from that first ponderous invention to today's watches. The enthusiasm for giving and receiving watches has increased with every wave of innovation.

The introduction of machine-made parts around 1850 lowered the cost and raised the accuracy and accessibility of watches. When Seiko led the world into the quartz era more than a century later, watch design took off like a rocket. The vast explosion of fashions and functions made watches the universally coveted, affordable gift.

All gifts to all people.

The watch your grandfather left you was probably the only watch he wore. Today, boys and girls learn to tell time on their own wrists, graduating to more and more sophisticated watches as they grow. Men and women wear elegant dress watches for one kind of occasion and racy sports watches for another.

This holiday, delighted enthusiasts of all sorts will unwrap specialized watches with extraordinary capabilities, from training runners to recording messages. A lucky few will even watch TV on their TV watches. These watches are part of a totally new category, called Seiko Sport•Tech. This category responds to a new facet of modern life, the passion for sports and fitness, as well as the preoccupation with technological refinements in our computer age.

But far and away the super sellers of all are the phenomenally thin quartz watches. Seiko alone offers more than four hundred extraordinary designs for every shade of preference.

Why to buy from authorized dealers.

An important caveat for our times is: let the buyer be aware of the differences between authorized and unauthorized sources for watch purchases, differences that outweigh the most alluring price.

Most major watch manufacturers distribute through a system of authorized dealers, retailers who meet high standards of professionalism and stand behind their merchandise. But, inevitably, the enormous interest in watches has spawned a variety of unauthorized sellers, a problem for manufacturers, retailers and the public.

Watches from authorized dealers come with valid factory warranties backed by expert service. Shoppers at unauthorized sources can get taken in a variety of ways: obsolete models, models not made for U.S. distribution, forgeries that cash in on popular brand names, even movements tampered with to meet U.S. Customs regulations. If a watch has been tampered with the factory warranty becomes invalid.

Authorized sources are experienced in explaining the functions of today's sophisticated watches. They will also fit bracelets to the wrist. When a gift originates at an unauthorized source the recipient who comes looking for such service is generally in for a frustrating experience.

Fortunately, authorized dealers are easily identified. Plaques and signs are prominently displayed in windows or within the stores. Seiko, for instance, supplies a plaque with the words 'Authorized Seiko Dealer' and the store name and identification number, and further protects the consumer by repeating the words on a string tag on each watch.

With authorized sources accessible almost everywhere, shoppers should have a field day this season exploring the boundless choice of coveted timekeeping gifts.

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Lights Kings Box 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Lights Kings & 100's 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine—Kings Box 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine—Kings & 100's & 100's Box 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette FTC Report Mar. '83—Menthol 16 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine by FTC method

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Tara Sheridan, 8, of Downington, Pa., found two of the creatures

One was enough for her next-door neighbor, Kate Rowan

The Strange Cabbage Patch Craze

Troubled Coleco is cashing in big on the year's hottest toy

So what are we to think about the great Cabbage Patch Kids madness of 1983? What are we to think of a homely, vinyl-faced cloth doll that has become such an object of desire to so many people that 5,000 of them staged a near riot last week at Hills Department Store in Charleston, W. Va.? Manager Scott Belcher could provide no explanation. He could only describe a Christmas crowd becoming a Christmas mob: "They knocked over the display table. People were grabbing at each other, pushing and shoving. It got ugly."

What are we to think of a woman's suffering a broken leg when another crowd of 1,000 turned violent after waiting eight hours to get into a Zayre store in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.? Departmental Manager William Shigo could provide no explanation either. He armed himself with a baseball bat to defend his position behind the counter. Said he: "Get back, you're breaking my legs."

Perhaps America can survive only so long without losing its head over a new fad, and then something or other has to be seized upon, advertised, yearned for, bought and sold. Coleco Industries' surprised president, Arnold C. Greenberg, who manufactures the Cabbage Patch Kids, does not have much of an explanation for his stunning success either. His version: "The fact that the child can literally have a unique, loving, bonding experience separates it from other dolls." But Greenberg, who has been criticized for his extreme optimism, also likes to say: "We really create the market. We create the demand itself."

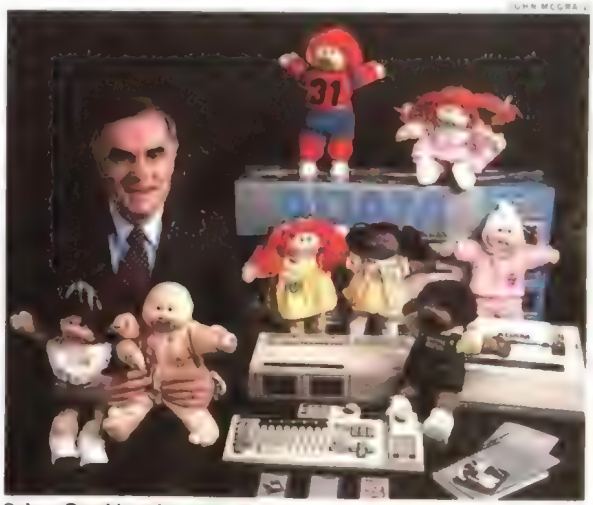
Quite a creation. Coleco, which introduced the Cabbage Patch Kids last February, expects to sell 2.5 million of them this year, which would be a record for any doll in its first year. Nobody knows how many more Coleco could have sold had it not been caught unprepared by its own success. The company says it is chartering planes to bring in 200,000 more dolls a week from factories in Hong Kong. And faced with a false-advertising charge by the consumer affairs department of New York's Nassau County, which accuses Coleco of "harassing" children by advertising dolls that are not available, the manufacturer has temporarily suspended its advertising.

The dolls have actually been around for years. Back in 1977 a Georgia artist named Xavier Roberts, now 28, began to turn out handmade cloth models that he insisted on calling "little people," each different from all others. Roberts invented a syrupy ritual for selling the dolls. They were not made but "delivered" and "adopted" at a former medical clinic in Cleveland, Ga. His employees had to wear nurse's white uniforms, and each prospective "parent" had to raise a right hand and vow undying love. Roberts has sold 250,000 dolls, many to adults for themselves, at prices ranging from $125 to $1,000. But the national madness began only when Roberts' Original Appalachian Artworks Inc. negotiated a licensing agreement with Coleco. The Coleco computers began churning out $25 models in Asian plants, giving each a slightly different face. Says Roberts: "I'm just amazed. Sometimes I just stand there watching, and no one knows that I'm the one who started it all."

Actually, the $25 price is just for openers. Like Ken and Barbie of an earlier mania, the Cabbage Patch Kids are mannequins waiting to be outfitted with all the costumes and accouterments that Daddy can afford. There is a Cabbage Patch folding stroller for $14, a Snuggle-Close Carrier for $10 and an array of wardrobes that include School Days, Nightie-Night, Country Kid, Winter Warmer and so on, at about $9 apiece. Still ahead lie Cabbage Patch T shirts, shoes, games and who knows what else from other licensees. All of it, according to one perhaps rosy estimate on Wall Street, should earn Coleco $150 million by the end of 1984.

Not a minute too soon. While Coleco has been reveling in the profits and publicity growing out of its cabbage patch, it has also been afflicted by delays and criticisms of its promising Adam home computer. There have been rumors (hotly denied by Greenberg) that the cost of launching Adam has left the company grievously short of cash.

Riding a roller coaster is a Coleco tradition. Maurice Greenberg, a Russian immigrant, started the Connecticut Leather Co. in Hartford in 1932 to sell supplies to shoemakers, but his sons Arnold and Leonard began conglomerating in the 1960s. They shifted from leather into plastics and soon became the world's largest manufacturer of above-ground swimming pools. That was a seasonal business, so they bought a snowmobile manufacturer and suffered



Coleco President Arnold C. Greenberg touts his wares

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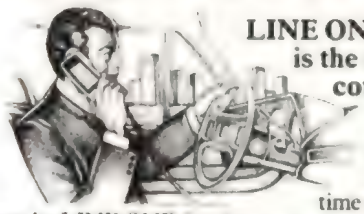

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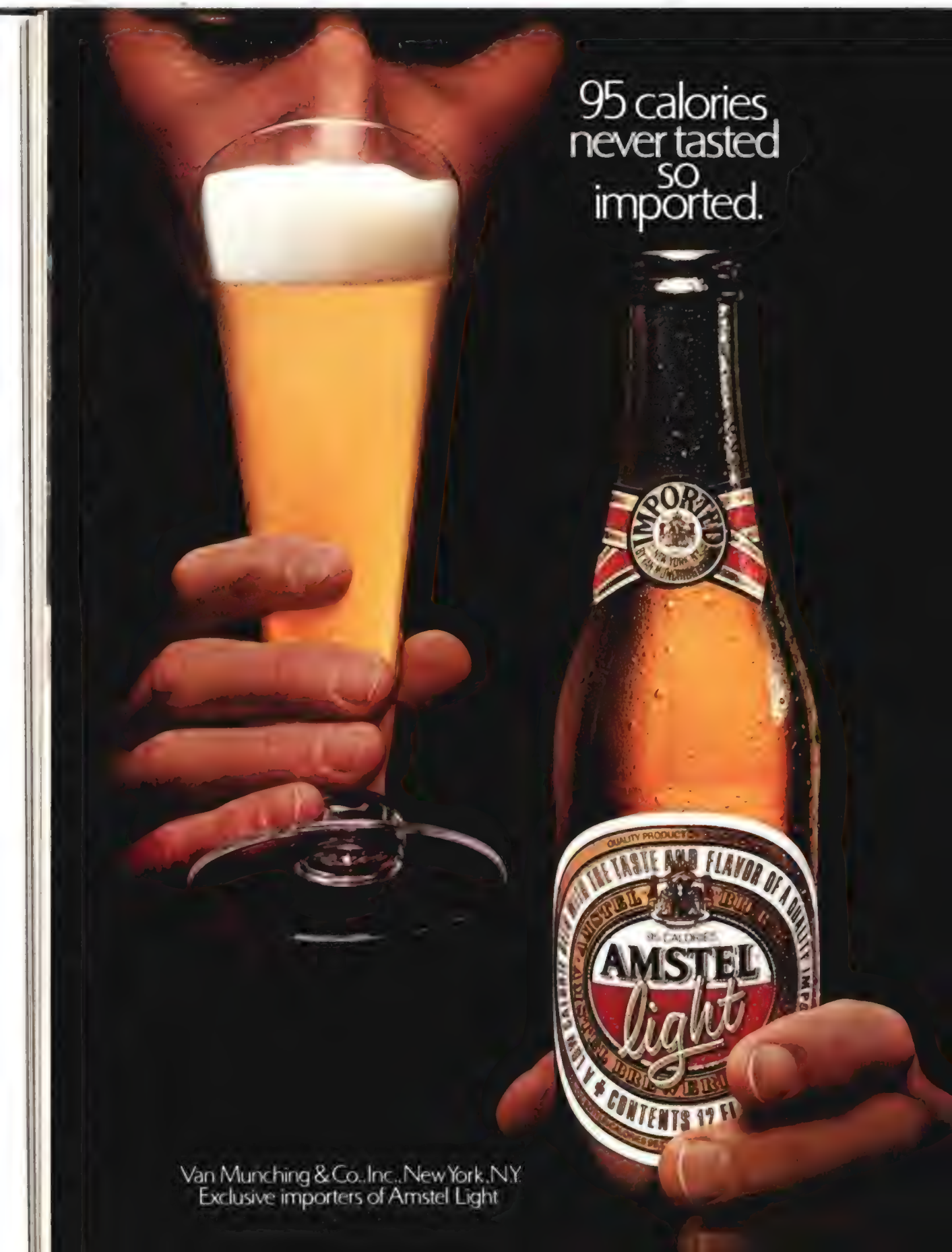
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heavy losses during the mild winter that followed. They admired Atari's pioneering home video game, Pong, and they made a fortune on an imitation named Telstar. But they overinvested in that, lost $22 million in 1978 and nearly went bankrupt. Then they gambled heavily on ColecoVision, which could play both Atari and Mattel games. It is still selling well (1.9 million units so far) at $175.

Coleco was the best performer on the New York Stock Exchange in 1982, up from $6.87 to $36.75 a share. This year the Greenbergs put most of their chips on their Adam computer, to retail for less than $700, the first complete home system to sell for less than $1,000. They promised to deliver 500,000 units by Christmas, but all summer there were delays and reports of faulty equipment. Most experts think the Adam will live up to its promise, however, and by last week Coleco said belated deliveries were running at 2,000 a day. And the stock, which had sunk in pre-doll times, gained 5⅛ points in two days, in large part because of the mysterious Cabbage Patch mania.

What is there about these creatures that makes so many people wait in line for hours for a chance to push and shove and generally go bonkers? Two disc jockeys in Milwaukee wisecracked that a load of the dolls would be dropped from a B-29 bomber to people who held up catcher's mitts and American Express cards; two dozen believers actually turned up at County Stadium, braving a wind-chill factor of −2° F, in the vain hope of manna.

Psychologists offer their usual blizzard of explanations. One theory is that the very homeliness of the dolls is appealing. "It is comforting," wrote Dr. Joyce Brothers, "to feel the Cabbage Patch doll can be loved with all your might—even though it isn't pretty." Still another theory emphasizes the doll's adoption ritual. The computers have given each doll a mellifluous name like Cornela Lenora or Clarissa Sadie, and each comes with its own birth certificate and adoption papers, ready to be signed. "Most children between the ages of six and twelve fantasize that they were really adopted," says Dr. Bruce Axelrod, director of Comprehensive Mental Health Services in Milwaukee. "A child who adopts a Cabbage Patch Kid can act out that fantasy."

Maybe such psychological explanations are mainly pseudo explanations. Maybe children want Cabbage Patch Kids because other children want them or because television says other children want them. Maybe they do not want them as much as parents want them. Or perhaps there are other reasons. A New York *Times* reporter in New Jersey saw five-year-old Eileen Napoli clutching a Cabbage Patch doll named Laura and dutifully asked the girl why she liked her doll. Said Eileen: "She has a real belly button." —*By Otto Friedrich. Reported by Robert Carney/New York*

Pickens' Charge

First skirmish in the Gulf war

In the civil war among the shareholders of Gulf Oil, the leaders of the opposing camps both speak with Southern accents, but there the similarities end. The challenger, Chairman T. Boone Pickens Jr., 55, of Mesa Petroleum in Amarillo, is a dashing, salty Texas oilman who delights in telling earthy jokes. The defender, Gulf Chairman James E. Lee, 61, is a bald, straitlaced native of Mississippi who sometimes leads prayers before gatherings of his board of directors. While Lee has spent his whole career plodding through Gulf's corporate ranks, Pickens is a free-spirited dealmaker whose company has bought and sold stakes in three other oil firms in the past two years, earning more than $100 million along the way. At a special meeting of Gulf shareholders last week, the two men squared off for the first skirmish in what may be a long struggle.

Pickens provoked the confrontation in October, when he and a band of partners announced that they were buying Gulf stock. So far, they have spent $850 million for more than 12% of the company's shares. Pickens planned to lead a drive that would force Gulf to transfer ownership of some 50% of the company's U.S. oil and gas reserves to the shareholders in the form of a royalty trust. Such a move, he contended, would boost the market value of Gulf shares, now priced at about $45, by as much as 45%.

Nonsense, said Gulf's management, which argued that a royalty trust would increase individual stockholders' tax liabilities and could even depress the market value of the shares. Warned Chairman Lee: "[The Pickens group] is out to gut this corporation."

Pickens was content to wait for Gulf's annual shareholders' meeting in May to push the trust plan, but Lee decided to beat the Texan to the draw. The Gulf chairman devised a strategy to reincorporate the Pittsburgh-based company in Delaware, instead of Pennsylvania. Under Delaware law, Pickens would have to muster a majority of stockholder votes to gain a seat on the Gulf board or to force any structural changes in the company. Pennsylvania rules would allow the Pickens group, with its 12%-plus voting bloc, to grab a spot on the 13-member Gulf board.

Lee called a special shareholders' session to vote on the reincorporation plan, and Pickens quickly denounced the scheme. Campaigning almost like presidential candidates, the two antagonists crisscrossed the U.S. to woo shareholders, particularly the big institutional investors that control a third of Gulf's stock. Money managers would see Pickens coming around one day and Lee the next. The two sides courted individual investors with full-page newspaper ads, topped by big headlines like YOUR CHOICE, YOUR VOICE, YOUR VOTE.

The challenger wants to spin off half of the company's U.S. oil and gas reserves to shareholders

A handshake, a smile and a showdown before 3,000 at Pittsburgh's new convention center.

Some 3,000 Gulf shareholders gathered at Pittsburgh's new convention center for the showdown vote last week, and many thousands more sent in their ballots by proxy. Before the meeting, Pickens greeted Lee with a handshake and a smile, but when the session started, the talk was tough. In a speech, Lee ridiculed Pickens' royalty-trust plan as "silly." From the floor, Pickens responded that Gulf needed "fresh ideas."

The ballot count will not be finished for perhaps three weeks, but both sides were confident. "There's going to be a big vote against management," said Pickens. The Texan hinted that even if he fell a bit short in this vote, he would marshal his forces for another charge at Gulf's regular meeting in May. ■

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Hard Times at Black Colleges

Big debts and reduced aid mean fiscal trouble for one of the best

When Fisk University opened its doors, in a Union Army barracks in Nashville in 1866, it was dedicated to "the education and training of young men and women, irrespective of color." But Tennessee's segregation laws ensured that whites went to other colleges, leaving Fisk with little financial support for its student body of freed slaves. Over the years, the money problems have hardly become easier: Fisk's present endowment is a mere $3.1 million, in contrast with about $250 million for its rich neighbor, Vanderbilt University. Even so, Fisk has built a distinguished record. It was the first black college to be endorsed by the Association of American Universities, and its alumni include Philosopher W.E.B. Du Bois and Historian John Hope Franklin.

Despite that proud heritage, Fisk today is in a humbled state. It began the current school year $2.8 million in debt, and this fall Nashville Gas Co. refused to turn on the heat unless a $177,000 gas bill was paid. The bill was settled only after a community fund-raising effort that saw Fisk students in front of the gas company's offices appealing for donations. At the same time, Fisk officials were negotiating with the Internal Revenue Service about how the university could pay $500,000 in back taxes. Two weeks ago came another blow: President Walter Leonard, who was recruited from Harvard in 1977, announced his resignation. "I simply cannot beg any longer," he said.

Fisk's fiscal malaise, the result of rising costs and declining enrollment, is symptomatic of the hard times facing all of the nation's 105 historically black colleges, both private and public. The National Association for Equal Opportunity in Higher Education estimates that at least five schools are in the same financial straits as Fisk. Even Howard University in Washington, D.C., perhaps the most prestigious of the black colleges, ended its latest fiscal year with an $8.9 million deficit. Public black colleges are somewhat better off since they can count on state revenues. But even many of these colleges have been hard hit by reduced aid. Says Norman Francis, president of Xavier University of Louisiana in New Orleans: "Black colleges face the same societal and economic conditions that black families face. When times are tough, we suffer the most."

While tuition fees provide on average about 55% of revenues for the nation's private colleges, they account for only 34% at the 42 privately funded black colleges. These institutions must depend on the Federal Government, which distributed about $83.4 million in 1981, and the United Negro College Fund, which this year expects to raise $28 million, *vs.* $25.8 million last year. The revenues are not enough. Says Clinton Marsh, president of Knoxville College in Tennessee, which has a $4 million annual budget and an endowment of only $300,000: "Our financial status is borderline. Unexpected emergencies such as utility rate hikes are still cause for concern."

PIERRE DIXON

Students at Fisk: they begged "to keep the patient alive"; inset, Leonard

Officials at other black colleges, both private and state-funded, complain of decrepit buildings. John Potts, acting president of Voorhees College in Denmark, S.C., describes dormitories with missing windows and bathrooms with leaking pipes. "We're in trouble, no question, but I think we will survive," he says. At Savannah State College in Georgia, President Wendell Rayburn complains that in its oldest building "the classrooms are small, the lighting is poor and pigeons are everywhere."

Officials of black colleges also make a vital point: they teach 20% of the nation's nearly 1 million black undergraduates, but grant 40% of all degrees earned by blacks. Says Billye Aaron, a director for the United Negro College Fund: "These colleges represent the last and best hope for many young people of a way to get out of a bad situation and into the mainstream of society." Indeed, 85% to 90% of students at the black schools are first-generation college students. Black colleges are important to black society, says Benjamin Payton, president of Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, "because they allow a minority not always to have to play the role of the minority." The achievements are increasingly obvious: Atlanta's Morehouse College sent 46 students out of a class of 237 to medical and dental schools last spring; Tougaloo College in Mississippi sent 26 out of 96 graduates last year to professional and Ph.D. programs.

Fisk's contributions have been equally notable, but its financial management has been less successful. Says outgoing President Leonard: "Fisk had had a heart attack when I took it over. We were able to keep the patient alive, but it has not completely recovered." At the peak of its financial health in 1968, Fisk had an endowment of $14.6 million, but in order to attract more male students, the college began offering athletic scholarships and more academic programs. Result: a string of deficits in the '70s that could be met only by digging into endowment funds.

Despite the new programs, enrollment has been steadily declining, from 1,600 in 1972 to 695 at present. Leonard explains that scholarships are attracting more black students to traditionally white colleges, "but Fisk has received no such funds to attract white students." At the same time an increasing number of black families have been unable to afford Fisk's tuition, which this year is $3,650. In addition, the Federal Government in 1980 ruled that Fisk was ineligible for National Direct Student Loans because of its failure to enforce repayment by students. Leonard estimates that the college lost $110,000 to $120,000 in funding in each of the past three years.

Trustees are in the midst of setting up a development program that they hope will raise the endowment to at least $20 million. It is not the first time that the college has had to meet a challenge: its first academic building was constructed in 1876 with proceeds from concerts by a touring Fisk chorus called the Jubilee Singers. Says Leonard: "I just ask that our institution be recognized as the asset to Nashville that it is." —***By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Leslie Cauley/Atlanta and Fred Travis/Nashville***

Castration or Incarceration?

Three rapists face what critics call a cruel and useless punishment

The crime had been nightmarishly brutal: a six-hour gang rape in an Anderson, S.C., motel room by three men, after which the 80-lb. woman victim required four pints of blood and five days of hospitalization. The rapists had pleaded guilty in the hope that as first offenders, they would receive a lenient sentence from Judge C. Victor Pyle. "The defendants," intoned Pyle, "shall be confined to the custody of the South Carolina department of corrections for a period of 30 years." That was the maximum. The real jolt came when the judge added that he would suspend the sentence "upon the defendants' voluntary agreement to be castrated and the successful completion of that surgical procedure."

Judge Pyle

"It was like someone had hit me over the head with an iron pipe," said one defense attorney, Theo Mitchell. "The sentence shocked everyone in the courtroom—the clerk, the solicitor, the sheriff, even the victim." As for Defendants Roscoe James Brown, 27, Mark Vaughn, 21, and Michael Braxton, 19, "they really didn't understand the import at first," said Glenn W. Thomason, another defense lawyer. "They thought he meant sterilization. I explained that he meant cutting their testicles off. That put them in a state of shock, to put it mildly." Nevertheless, the three are so terrified of a long prison term that they are seriously considering the judge's proposed alternative even as their lawyers are appealing the sentences.

Many Anderson citizens were grimly pleased by the severity of the judge's either-or decision. But few legal, medical and corrections experts endorse the castration alternative. As a punitive response, it evokes images of both Nazi Germany and pre–Civil War America, where male slaves were emasculated if they were even suspected of sexual intimacy with a white woman. (In the Anderson case, the rapists and their victim are black.) Says University of Chicago Law Professor Norval Morris: "It's in the same spirit as lopping off arms of shoplifters or tongues of libelists." Yale Kamisar, a professor of criminal law at the University of Michigan, argues that castration would obviously violate the Constitution's prohibition of cruel and unusual punishment. But he acknowledges that it may be no less cruel to be sent to prison, "where you can be gang-raped or God knows what else."

As far as the safety of the community is concerned, freeing a castrated rapist may also be unwise. "I know a lot of rape victims approve, but I'm afraid to have men like this out on the street," says Joy Bennett, executive director of the Rape Crisis Council of Greenville, S.C. A. Nicholas Groth, author of *Men Who Rape* and director of a program for sex offenders at a Connecticut prison, notes that "rape is the sexual expression of aggression, and not an aggressive expression of sexuality." Furthermore, Groth points out, even after castration, some men are capable of having intercourse. And if they cannot, the male hormone testosterone, produced naturally by the testes, is readily available in artificial form by pill or injection to restore both libido and potency.

The stark alternatives of surgical castration and incarceration ignore some other programs for treating sex offenders. One newly popular approach, sometimes dubbed chemical castration, uses a drug called Depo-Provera,* which sharply diminishes sex drive in men by reducing their production of testosterone. The drug gained national attention last summer when a Texas jury sentenced Rapist Joseph Frank Smith to ten years' probation instead of prison after he volunteered to undergo Depo-Provera therapy. Smith entered the nation's largest program at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. The program has 150 patients, 80% of them on parole and probation; nearly half are taking Depo-Provera. Dr. Fred Berlin, a co-director of the program, emphasizes that Depo-Provera is only one part of the therapy. The drug temporarily controls the men's sexual appetite while intensive psychotherapy seeks to change their behavior patterns. Berlin claims that during the program's 3½ years of operation, only 15% of the offenders have committed new offenses, compared with a rate that Berlin says can be as high as 85% for sex offenders who are only imprisoned.

Other Depo-Provera programs are under way in at least six locations. A program at the Oregon State Hospital in Salem also includes "aversion therapy," in which sex offenders are shown sexually enticing slides and are subjected to foul odors or mild electric shocks if they become aroused because of deviant feelings. Not all specialists in the field are impressed by these experiments. Richard Seely, who runs a highly regarded psychotherapeutic program for rapists and child molesters in Minnesota, considers Depo-Provera dangerous. He cites two men who became so depressed while taking it that they committed suicide. And in a 1972 experiment he conducted, the drug's effects seemed more psychological than real. "As the next step up from the vindictive barbarism of castration, Depo-Provera leaves me with little hope," says Seely, who believes that what hope there is for treating violent sex offenders lies in years of confinement and therapy.

Rapists Brown, Vaughn and Braxton are likely to wind up with the years of confinement even if they opt for the surgery, which is known as a bilateral orchidectomy. The last time emasculation was seriously discussed in the U.S. as an alternative to prison was in 1975, when two child molesters told a San Diego judge that they would submit to castration in return for probation. The judge was willing, but it was impossible to find a doctor in California who would do the operation. Surgeons demurred then—as they probably would today—for fear their patients might change their minds after the operation and sue, and because it seemed unethical to perform a procedure whose only medical purpose was to mutilate. ***—By Michael S. Serrill. Reported by B.J. Phillips/Atlanta and Richard Zacks/Chicago***

*Used by women in 83 countries as a long-term birth control agent, Depo-Provera has not been approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration for contraception because tests suggest that it causes cancer in female dogs and monkeys. But doctors may prescribe the drug for other purposes, including treatment of sex offenders who volunteer with full knowledge of the risks involved

Convicted Sex Offenders Brown, Vaughn and Braxton in custody

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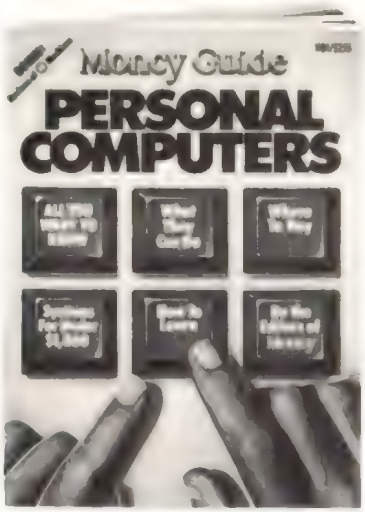

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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY

Diabetics' New Gospel of Control

Frequent blood tests can help sufferers lead a normal life

It is the first day of class. Five students sit expectantly around a table that nearly fills the small, brightly lit room. They are an attractive group: educated, well-dressed, ranging in age from 27 to 35 and seemingly healthy. Yet most of their lives they have been suffering from a life-threatening ailment: diabetes, which ranks behind only heart disease and cancer as a cause of death in the U.S. Some of those in the class have begun to experience the terrible complications associated with the condition. Jim, a diabetic for 20 of his 27 years, has begun to lose his eyesight and kidney function and has early signs of heart disease. Bob, 35, has had so much laser surgery to preserve his failing eyesight that he worries about losing his peripheral vision.

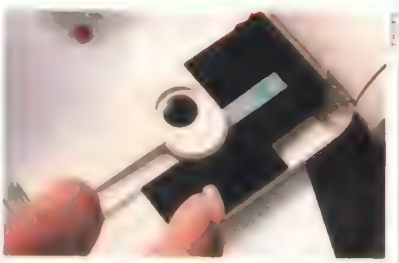
The diabetics have enrolled in a five-day course at Manhattan's Diabetes Self-Care Program (D.S.C.P.) to learn how to manage their disease better. Two of the women have another goal: they hope to become pregnant and would like to improve their chances of bearing healthy children. What they are about to learn will radically alter the way they live. Says Dr. Lois Jovanovic, their instructor: "We're going to revamp you, soup to nuts."

Over the past ten years, the treatment of insulin-dependent, or Type I,* diabetes has undergone a quiet revolution. D.S.C.P. is one of several programs that have sprung up around the country to spread the gospel of this movement. Its watchword is tight control, or keeping a close rein on the disease so that the body can function as normally as possible at all times. In practice, this means a lot of hard work.

Like most Type I diabetics, the students entering the self-care program are accustomed to giving themselves one or two daily shots of insulin, the hormone that their pancreas is unable to produce naturally. Insulin is essential for the metabolism of glucose, the simple sugar that serves as the body's principal fuel. Without an adequate supply of insulin, glucose literally goes to waste, passing out of the body in the urine so that the individual slowly wastes away.

Diabetics have traditionally assessed their need for insulin by testing the amount of sugar in their urine, using a simple chemical test. Unfortunately, this test is unreliable, and Type I diabetics generally suffer from abnormally high and often wildly fluctuating levels of glucose in their bodies. It is suspected that many of the complications of the disease—blindness, kidney failure, narrowing of the arteries and gangrene leading to amputation of limbs—are caused by the buildup of sugar.

The tight-control movement aims to avoid these problems by keeping sugar levels within normal bounds. The only way to do this is by constantly monitoring the level of glucose in the blood. At programs like D.S.C.P., diabetics learn to perform the procedure at home, using special strips of chemically treated paper. When a drop of blood is placed on the strip, the paper changes color. The shade indicates how much glucose is present in the blood, and can be interpreted by either matching it to a color chart or feeding the strip into a small electronic device.



To test sugar levels, a drop of blood is placed on a chemically treated strip, top. It can be interpreted by a color chart, center, or machine

Students are taught to test their blood four or five times a day. Their goal: to remain within the "gray zone," the normal range of readings between 50 and 150 mg of glucose per 0.1 liter of blood. The adjustment is uncomfortable for those whose bodies are used to higher sugar levels. "I usually feel more energetic at around 200," says Angela, 28, but she is happy to make the change because studies show that this discipline will improve her chances of having a normal child.

Less certain is whether tight control can prevent or arrest the life-threatening complications of diabetes. But, says Dr. Charles Peterson, director of D.S.C.P., "we believe there's enough evidence to tell patients it will give them the best chance of maintaining good health."

To stay in the gray zone, Angela and her classmates will have to increase their injections of insulin from two a day to three, and in some cases four, usually taken before meals and at bedtime. By far the most difficult part of the tight-control regimen is learning how much insulin to give. Most diabetics are accustomed to simply following doctors' orders when it comes to their dosages. Not so under tight control. Students in the self-care program must learn how to adjust their insulin dosage based on their last blood-glucose reading, what and how much they plan to eat, how much they are exercising and whether they are under stress. Regular aerobic exercise, they learn, can lower the need for insulin. Stress, on the other hand, "can raise blood sugars higher than an ice cream sundae," says Dr. Jovanovic, who is herself a diabetic.

Barbara Turro, a nutritionist, teaches the students how to manipulate their blood sugar by varying their diet. Food rich in protein, she points out, causes blood sugar to peak about three hours after it is eaten; carbohydrates produce a much swifter rise. When blood-sugar levels are too low, producing a weak and dizzy state called hypoglycemia, Turro recommends drinking milk, which contains carbohydrates to produce a quick rise and protein to sustain it.

By week's end all of the members of the class have successfully entered the gray zone. Two have achieved and maintained this state with the help of an insulin pump, a still-experimental device that mechanically injects a maintenance dose of insulin into the body throughout the day. For all the demands and nuisance of the tight-control regimen, most graduates say it has given them greater freedom. Instead of being told they must never eat ice cream or alter their meal times, they can be more flexible and occasionally enjoy forbidden foods, as long as they adjust their insulin accordingly. Says Bob: "I now have the tools to live the life I want to lead." ***—By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Mary Carpenter/New York***

*Type II diabetes is associated with obesity and can often be controlled by diet alone

Drawing for TIME by David Suter

Press

COVER STORY

Journalism Under Fire

A growing perception of arrogance threatens the American press

"It may well be that the public reacted cumulatively with a judgment that the press had it coming."

—Robert McCloskey, former Washington *Post* ombudsman

They are rude and accusatory, cynical and almost unpatriotic. They twist facts to suit their not-so-hidden liberal agenda. They meddle in politics, harass business, invade people's privacy, and then walk off without regard to the pain and chaos they leave behind. They are arrogant and self-righteous, brushing aside most criticism as the uninformed carping of cranks and ideologues. To top it off, they claim that their behavior is sanctioned, indeed sanctified, by the U.S. Constitution.

"J'accuse!" The rallying cry of crusading reporters has been taken up in reply by a citizenry that seems more mistrustful than ever before. Public respect for journalism has fallen dramatically in recent years, threatening one of the foundations of the country's democratic system. The National Opinion Research Center, which found in 1976 that 29% of the population had "a great deal of confidence in the press," reports that this year that figure fell to a new low of 13.7%. The most vivid indication of the souring attitude toward the press came when the Reagan Administration invaded Grenada and excluded reporters from the scene. Journalists argued impassionedly that the press's freedom and the public's "right to know" were at stake. But to many of their countrymen, the lack of coverage seemed inconsequential—even gratifying—as if laryngitis had silenced a chronic complainer.

NBC Commentator John Chancellor, in a *Nightly News* broadcast, voiced the press vision of what was happening: "The American Government is doing whatever it wants to, without any representative of the American public watching what it is doing." But many in Chancellor's audience rejected his premise that journalists stand in for the people: in 500 letters and phone calls to NBC, viewers supported the press ban in Grenada 5 to 1. ABC Anchor Peter Jennings said that "99%" of his mail from viewers on the issue supported Reagan. Newspapers also protested the exclusion, and evoked the same sort of response: the trade publication *Editor and Publisher* found, in an informal survey of about a dozen dailies, that letters to the editor were running 3 to 1 in favor of the Reagan Administration's exclusion of the press. TIME's 225 letters on the issue ran almost 8 to 1 against the press.

The support for excluding the media was far from universal, but much of it was expressed in gleeful, even vengeful terms. Further, many of the more thoughtful respondents seemed to reach beyond the battlefield issue to reflect deep, far-ranging resentment of the press. Linda Warren of West Hollywood, Calif., wrote to the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner:* "Journalists are so out of touch with majority values, such as honor, duty and service to country, that they are alienated from the very society that they purport to serve." Duane Bloom of Golden, Colo., argued in a letter to the Denver *Post:* "The media have frequently misused sensitive and explosive events as opportunities for personal glory and financial gain." Conceded New York *Times* Editorial Page Editor Max Frankel: "The most astounding thing about the Grenada situation was the quick, facile assumption by some of the public that the press wanted to get in, not to witness the invasion on behalf of the people, but to sabotage it."

The dispute over Grenada seemed to uncork a pent-up public hostility. It reinforced a perception that journalists regard themselves as utterly detached from, and perhaps even hostile to, the Government of their country. Another factor in provoking distrust is the suspicion that journalists care little about accuracy. When the Washington *Post*, New York *Times* and New York *Daily News* all discovered, during 1981 and 1982, that they had printed stories that reporters had embellished or invented, much of the public took these extreme cases as typical of journalism and expressed delight that major news organizations had been humiliated.

The mistrust has been heightened by several celebrated libel suits, particularly by General William Westmoreland and

Los Angeles Physician Carl Galloway against CBS and by Mobil Corp. President William Tavoulareas against the Washington *Post*. Each raised worrisome doubts about the objectivity of prominent journalists, and called into question the techniques used to shape a story.

Indeed, libel verdicts have become a telling measure of public eagerness to punish the press. According to Stanford University Law Professor Marc Franklin, since 1976 nearly 85% of 106 major libel verdicts by juries have been defeats for journalist defendants, and almost two dozen involved damage awards of more than $1 million. "Juries are the American people," says Eugene Patterson, editor of the St. Petersburg *Times*. "They want to punish us." The Supreme Court may share some of the mistrust. Since 1972, it has ruled against journalist defendants in all four libel appeals it has heard.

The failings of journalists have been compounded in the public's mind by the perception that as their power has increased, so has their presumption of self-importance. Says William Woo, editorial page editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*: "Arrogance, insensitivity, sensationalism, the sounding of First Amendment alarms at every provocation—these have all lost the press sympathy." Such attitudes are particularly grating to a large segment of the public that has come to see the press as primarily interested in its own profits and renown. "There is no longer a prevailing feeling that the press is fighting to right a wrong," says Chicago Attorney Don Reuben. "The sense is that the press is venal, out to make a buck."

This decline of respect has been evident in popular culture: the image of journalism has shifted in movies from the diligent crusading in *All the President's Men* to the reckless destruction of people's lives in *Absence of Malice*, the corrupting collaboration with Nicaraguan revolutionaries in *Under Fire* and the intrusive buffoonery in *The Right Stuff*.

The press's unpopularity has political implications that the White House has been quick to grasp. "I think resentment toward the press has been stepped up by the public relations genius of the Reagan Administration," says Boston *Globe* Editor Thomas Winship. For all its affability, and its candor on issues it hopes to publicize, the Administration has been as vigorous as any other in recent years in its attempts to control the flow of information and thereby define the nature of public debate. At various times, the President has proposed strict rules on contact between officials and reporters, used the FBI to track down embarrassing leaks, and moved to reduce the scope of the Freedom of Information Act and to impose lifetime Government censorship on tens of thousands of officials who have had access to classified information.

When the U.S. military decided to exclude the press from Grenada, the White House was receptive. According to some sources, the inspiration was the British government's restriction, but not outright ban, of the British press during the Falklands war. There was little fear that the President and military would lose the battle for public opinion if the operation went smoothly. Says White House Communications Director David Gergen, who has tried to temper the Administration's anti-media sentiment: "Unfortunately, kicking the press is a sure-fire applause line with almost any audience."

Nonetheless, the Joint Chiefs of Staff have asked Winant Sidle, a former public affairs officer at the Pentagon, to help develop guidelines for press access to future military actions. Contrary to some public suspicions, secrecy is not the problem; the press has always been willing to respect agreed-upon security strictures. Nor are logistics necessarily an obstacle; a small group of reporters can act as a "pool" for the rest of the press. Although Sidle has not completed his proposals, his main worry seems to be that the press is too negative. Says he: "They are always looking for somebody to hit over the head."

The press, by its nature, is rarely beloved—nor should that be its aim. Too often it must be the bearer of bad tidings. Since World War II, journalists have covered the turmoil of the civil rights movement, conveyed vivid scenes of domestic protest and battlefield gore during the Viet Nam War, and participated in the collapse of a presidency. Within the past two years, the press chronicled the pain of 10% unemployment. Increasingly, this bad news has been brought by the emotional medium of TV, which can seem rudely intrusive at both ends of its electronic linkage: at the scene of suffering and in the privacy of the viewer's living room.

Moreover, the time-honored image of the reporter—sketched in *The Front Page* as a low-paid but high-spirited regular fellow drinking beer with the police as the city edition is put to bed—has given way to a persona shaped by television: the anchorman or anchorwoman, cool, comely, and paid far more than the President.

Print journalists contend that when television became an accepted part of the news business, its you-are-there intrusiveness and emphasis on conflict tarnished the reputation of the entire profession. Says Washington *Post* Executive Editor Ben Bradlee: "Television has changed the public's vision of the reporter into someone who is petty and disagreeable, who has taken cynicism an unnecessary extra step." Robert Maynard, editor of the Oakland *Tribune*, agrees: "When people see a TV person shoving a mike in front of a grieving relative, all of us in the press appear to be boorish and ghoulish." TV executives reply that print can get away with more aggressive behavior because it is gray and abstract rather than immediate. "The printed press does not show the reporter asking the question," says NBC News President Reuven Frank. "What is peculiar to television is that the intrusiveness is part of the story."

As the power of the press has shifted from local newspapers to national networks, the public seemingly has added the news business to the list of remote institutions that it mistrusts simply because of their size. Says Chicago *Tribune* Editor James Squires: "The press used to be something accessible, owned by the fellow

UNWELCOME INTRUDERS

WHEN U.S. FORCES BARRED REPORTERS FROM GRENADA AND TURNED BACK THIS ABC CREW AND OTHERS, THE CONTROVERSY SEEMED TO UNCORK RESENTMENT THAT HAD BEEN BUILDING IN THE PUBLIC

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down the street. There is no access now. It is too big and far away." The growth of the press as a business has led to consolidation, so that most cities now have one pre-eminent newspaper, often owned by a large chain. In many cases this has given papers the resources necessary to do their job better, but has also reduced the chance for readers to find editorial voices suited to their tastes. In addition, today's young journalists, often moving from city to city to climb the career ladder, tend to lack loyalty and sensitivity to the communities they cover, further aggravating the public's alienation.

The roster of complaints against the press is diverse, even contradictory, but there is an instructive consistency to the questions that the public asks most often: Are reporters scrupulously accurate, or will they reshape a quote, ignore a fact, even concoct an anonymous "source" in order to make a point? Are they fair and objective? Why are there so many leaks, and do reporters care about threats to national security? What value should reporters place on a person's right to privacy? What purpose is served by the preoccupation with "investigative" reporting?

The most fundamental of these questions is: Can you believe what you read or see? The credibility of all journalists was damaged in 1981 when Washington *Post* Reporter Janet Cooke was forced to return a Pulitzer Prize after admitting that she had invented the title character of "Jimmy's World," a portrait of an eight-year-old heroin addict. A month later, New York *Daily News* Columnist Michael Daly admitted that he had made up the name of a British soldier who, he reported, had shot a juvenile in Belfast, Northern Ireland; the story was proved to contain other factual errors. Daly acknowledged that he had changed details in a number of other columns, but contended, in classic "New Journalism" fashion, that altering the facts had not impaired his rendition of the truth. The rash of fraud infected the New York *Times* seven months later, when its Sunday magazine published a report from Cambodia by Freelancer Christopher Jones. In fact, Jones had written the story while at his home in Spain and for part of it had plagiarized a 1930 novel, André Malraux's *La Voie Royale*.

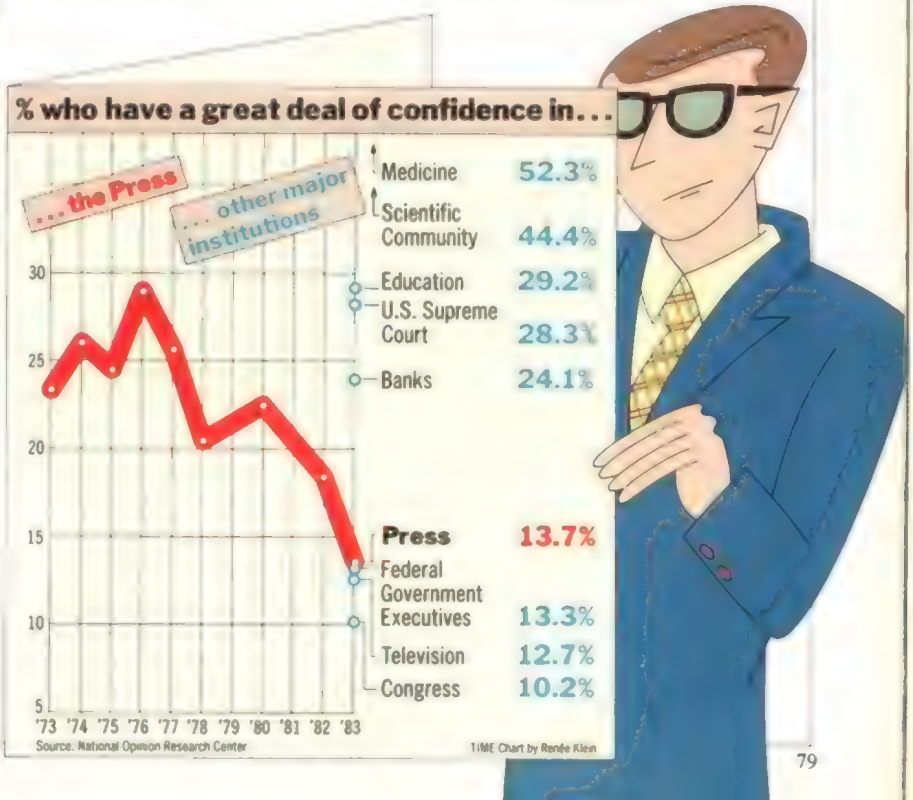
Journalists rightly pointed out that these deceptions were oddities—most stories of consequence are covered by a variety of news organizations, and the pressure of competition makes it all but impossible to fake a story from, say, the White House. Indeed, the fabrications of Cooke, Daly and Jones were quickly exposed, partly as a result of probing questions from other news organizations. Cooke and Daly were fired, and Jones was dropped from the *Times's* freelance roster. But the spate of trickery underscored a fundamental vulnerability of the press: editors rely almost absolutely on the honesty of their reporters.

Much more common than willful inventions are errors that result from overaggressive reporting and inadequate checking. Says Robert MacNeil of PBS's *MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour:* "More and more people have had the experience of being interviewed or being at an event that has been covered, and they know what they see on the screen is not the way it was." The Kansas City *Times* alleged, during a series on athletic recruitment practices, that the mother of a Wichita State University basketball player had received a new automobile and a house as a payoff for her son's success with the team. After another paper, the Wichita *Eagle-Beacon*, looked into the story, the record was corrected: the money for the purchases came from the settlement of a medical malpractice suit.

The Atlanta *Journal-Constitution* published a long front-page retraction in August of a 1982 series of front-page stories alleging that people who worked at, or lived near, a plutonium plant in Aiken, S.C., were suffering in disproportionate numbers from a rare blood disease. "We discovered that our reporters obviously had confused statistics and scientific data," wrote Editor Jim Minter. "We did not ask enough questions as the series was being prepared." One key cause of this kind of error: a tendency among young reporters to believe the worst, to see a potential Watergate, hence their fame and fortune, in almost every story. Says Editor Rosann Doran of the Broomfield (Colo.) *Enterprise* (circ. 18,200): "Every kid I get out of journalism school wants to have some major exposé under his byline. Sometimes they cannot accept the fact that something is not crooked."

The "investigative" impulse worries many news executives. Says Editor Maynard of the Oakland *Tribune:* "We are too hungry for blood—it sometimes seems to readers that we will not do the story unless we can do someone in." The suspicious attitude among reporters leads to negativism in news coverage. The outlook of today's generation of journalists was formed during Watergate and Viet Nam, when figures of authority seemed so often to be the proper adversary. Many citizens regard this hypercritical approach as a form of bias. Says Mobil's top public relations executive, Herbert Schmertz: "There has developed a premise in journalism that it seems to succeed when it systematically undermines public confidence in institutions and leaders. I don't think the public likes that."

On television, the posture of perennial mistrust has been promoted by the success of CBS's often excellent *60 Minutes*, which has been among the nation's most popular programs for the past six years. In its edited form, the show has elements of high melodrama: most of its investigative pieces are playlets in which a Lone Ranger journalist corners a villain, not with a gun but with an interview. Real life, however, is not so neat, and the confrontations are rarely so conclusive. This was seen during a libel suit in May brought by Los Angeles Physician Carl Galloway, who was accused by *60 Minutes* of complicity in insurance fraud. Galloway lost his case, but won the consolation



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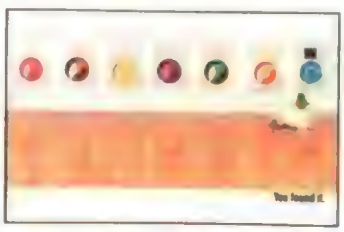

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of making *60 Minutes* look silly: film edited out of the report showed the CBS team rehearsing interviews, or repeating them until they got the answers they wanted. In an attempt to force an impromptu interview just outside the clinic featured in the expose, CBS Anchor Dan Rather chased a man, whose identity he did not know, around a parking lot.

Tone, even more than the facts, was at issue in the suit against the Washington *Post* by Mobil Executive Tavoulareas. U.S. District Judge Oliver Gasch, who tried the case, ruled that Tavoulareas had not met the legal standards for proof of libel, and overturned the jury verdict. But he added, "The article falls far short of being a model of fair, unbiased journalism."

INACCURACY AND FABRICATION

JANET COOKE'S FICTIONALIZED REPORT ON AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD HEROIN ADDICT WAS AN EXTREME CASE OF FORSAKING TRUTH IN PURSUIT OF A STORY. BUT MANY SAW IT AS TYPICAL OF THE MEDIA'S CARELESS TREATMENT OF FACTS

The distorting effect of the confrontational style was also evident in a 1982 CBS documentary, *The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception*, which alleged that General William Westmoreland, when commander of U.S. forces in South Viet Nam, was part of a "conspiracy" to mislead the public and perhaps President Johnson about the strength of enemy forces. Correspondent Mike Wallace, the most feared questioner on *60 Minutes*, challenged Westmoreland on events more than 15 years old and reduced the general to flustered confusion. But after an internal investigation, CBS concluded that the charge of conspiracy was "inappropriate," material supportive of Westmoreland's position had been minimized, and network rules had been violated to give unfair advantage to Westmoreland's accusers. CBS News will defend the program in a $120 million libel suit by Westmoreland scheduled for trial next year.

Journalists contend that very few factual errors arise from the kind of ideological or political bias that critics, especially conservatives, often allege. Says Mark Ethridge Jr., a professor of journalism at the University of South Carolina and the former editor of the Detroit *Free Press*: "I find it particularly objectionable that none of our critics will give us credit for stupidity. To them it is always a deliberate distortion." Indeed, even with the best of ability and intentions, reporters find it difficult to ensure that a story is totally sound. Nonetheless, conservative critics argue that almost beyond debate there is a discernible liberal bent among reporters and editors at the major national news organizations. ABC Interviewer Barbara Walters concedes, "The news media in general are liberal. If you want to be a reporter, you are going to see poverty and misery, and you have to be involved in the human condition."

In a 1979-80 survey of 240 editors and reporters at the commercial networks, PBS, the New York *Times*, the Washington *Post*, the *Wall Street Journal*, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News & World Report* and TIME, Political Scientists Stanley Rothman of Smith College and S. Robert Lichter of George Washington University found that 48% believed that the Government should guarantee jobs, 68% argued that the Government should narrow the income gap between rich and poor, and 88% held that the U.S. legal system favors the wealthy. On social issues, 90% believed that women should have a right to an abortion, and only 25% considered homosexuality morally wrong.

Journalists who admit that they are liberals—or conservatives—deny that their personal values show up in their reporting. Conservative critics reply that a newspaper's political leanings are evident in the choice and treatment of stories. Certainly there is often an edge to news reporting in the Washington *Post*, as in this skeptical lead from a Page One piece on Nov. 8: "President Reagan yesterday celebrated the 'heroic rescue' of American medical students from Grenada in a ceremony climaxing a White House effort to put the best political face on the invasion of the Caribbean island and the terrorist bombing in Lebanon that killed at least 230 U.S. servicemen."

Perhaps the most sensitive allegations of bias are those that cropped up during the Grenada controversy: that journalists are not patriotic enough. "You feel sometimes like they are not on your side in a war," says John Lane, a former commissioner of Chaffee County, Colo., who served in Viet Nam. Fred Barnes, national political reporter for the Baltimore *Sun*, asserts in the December issue of the conservative monthly *American Spectator*, "The coverage of Central America in recent months points up one of the ugly truths about the American press: the better the news, the less of it you get. As the war began to turn against the Communist guerrillas in El Salvador, there was a palpable dip in the attention paid to it." Shirley Christian, who won a 1981 Pulitzer Prize for her reporting from Latin America for the Miami *Herald*, argued in the March 1982 issue of the *Washington Journalism Review* that much of the American press corps during Nicaragua's Sandinista revolution was "on a guilt trip" about past U.S. support of the repressive Somoza regime, and thus overlooked warning signals of doctrinaire Marxism among the Sandinistas.

Most journalists insist that they stay detached from news sources. But many admit to a hazardous exception. They readily cooperate with prosecutors, obtaining inside details about impending arrests and indictments in exchange for providing publicity at an opportune moment. Initial publicity can virtually convict an accused person in the public's

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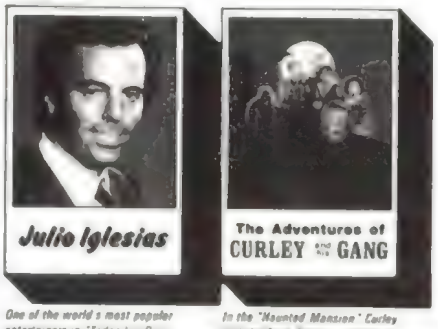

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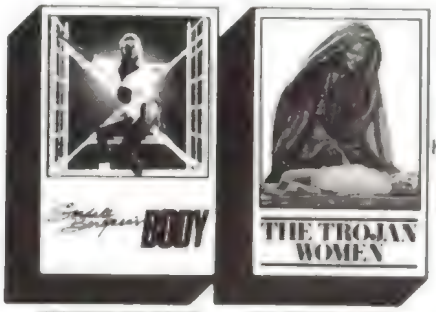

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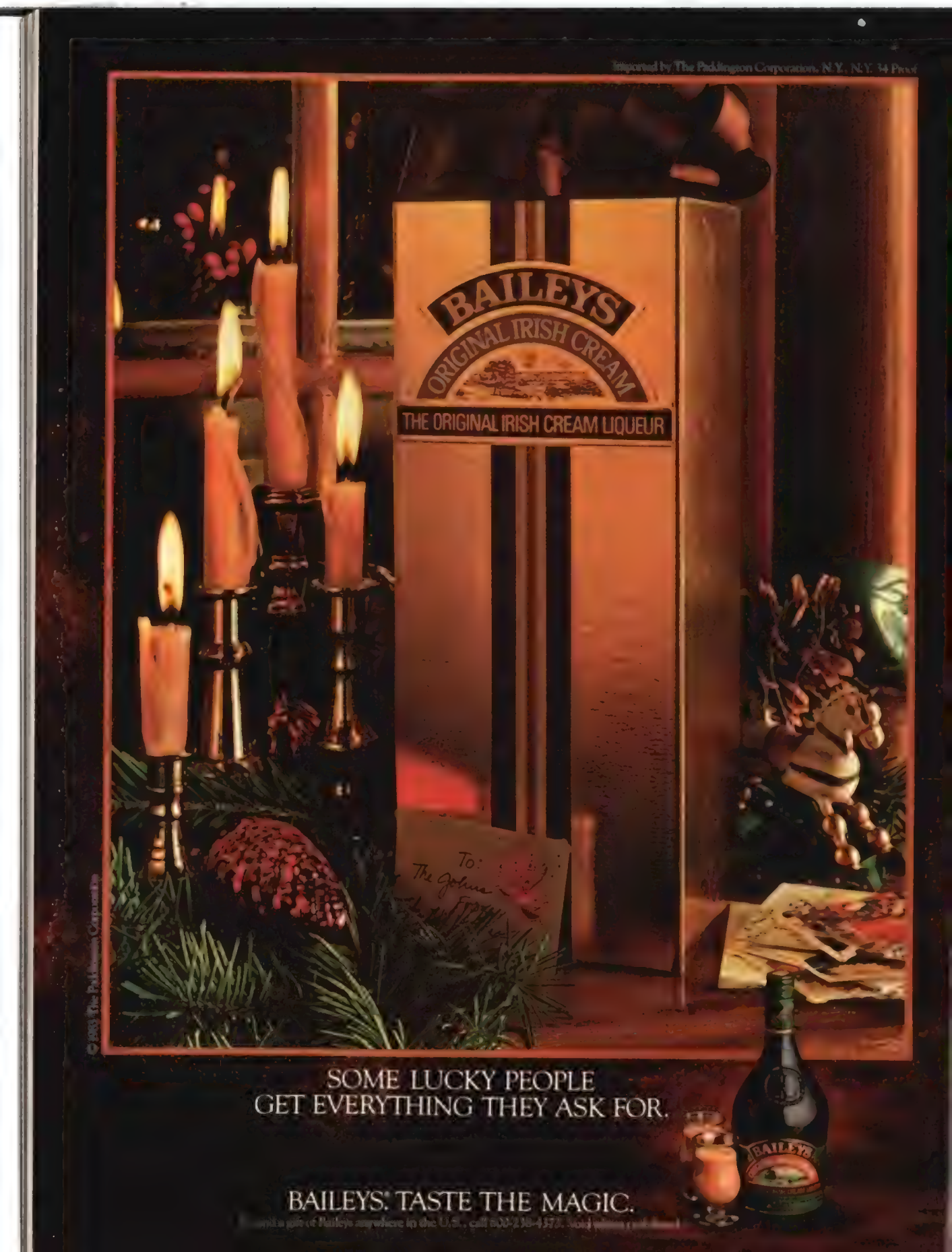
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mind. When Feminist Ginny Foat, then president of the California chapter of the National Organization for Women, was about to be arrested for a murder that happened 18 years ago, news organizations were tipped off. Pictures of the arrest appeared on all three networks and in dozens, perhaps hundreds, of newspapers. Foat, who was acquitted after less than two hours of jury deliberation, claims with some justice that from the moment of her arrest, the press wrote about her as though she were guilty. Says she: "They believed what a lot of people believe, that if you are arrested, you must be guilty."

Often, the mere disclosure that someone is "under investigation" is enough to derail the target's career or wreck his personal life. Last year, every major Boston news organization reported that the Massachusetts attorney general was pursuing charges of corruption within the state department of revenue. The allegations came from an ex-convict, employed by the department, who was caught extorting a bribe and who offered to testify against his superiors. One of the three men whom he accused—but only after a prosecutor put the name forward—was a longtime close friend of then Governor Edward King. The scandal ended whatever chance King had of winning a second term. For King's friend John Coady, the consequences were far more grave: while the inquiry was under way, Coady was found hanged in the attic of his home, and his death was widely reported as a virtual admission of guilt. Then the two other accused employees were tried and acquitted. That turnabout last month prompted the weekly Boston *Phoenix* (circ. 83,650) to attack the city's news organs, including itself; it placed special blame on the dominant daily *Globe* (circ. 515,000). Said *Phoenix* Publisher Stephen Mindich: "It is a clear example of irresponsibility, and it creates distrust among the public." *Globe* Editor Winship replies, "It was an important, live story. We were evenhanded then, and we are re-examining it now."

Many complaints about the press have less to do with the accuracy or fairness of stories than with the techniques used to get them, which have gone so far as breaking and entering, electronic bugging, impersonation, entrapment. Says Walter Jacobson, anchor of CBS's WBBM-TV in Chicago: "I do not believe there should be any restrictions. I have had to use all sorts of ruses to get information, but I do not feel I have to be honest with public officials who are never honest with us." New Orleans Television Reporter Pierre DeGruy posed as the owner of a film production company in order to obtain interviews with young male prostitutes, then aired footage in which the youths' faces and voices were recognizable. He has some regrets: "We scammed them to get them to tell us the most intimate details of their lives. Now that I have done it, I have serious problems with it." Undercover reporting was once widely accepted in print journalism, and is still praised by many editors as the only way to get certain kinds of stories, many of which serve the public well.* But standards are changing: the Pulitzer Prize board denied awards to the Chicago *Sun-Times* in 1979 and to the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* in 1982, at least partly because their reporters used false identities. The *Sun-Times* set up a saloon business and paid bribes to city officials; a *Herald-Examiner* reporter claimed to be an illegal alien and took a job in a garment-industry sweatshop.

Another controversial technique is the use of unnamed sources. At best, reporters may subject themselves to manipulation by a person who passes on information for his own motives; at worst, readers suspect that the anonymous source may not exist. In some cases, reporters seem to feel that using a "deep throat" lends a touch of glamour—a signal that they are in the know. Relying on unnamed sources is often necessary. Most major publications, including TIME, get background information at official briefings or through interviews of behind-the-scenes participants. In such cases, the source justifiably insists on anonymity. "The alternative is not to do a lot of stories the public ought to see," says *Wall Street Journal* Executive Editor Fred Taylor. But editors have become more aware that anonymous information must be used carefully. Michael Carlin, producer in charge of investigative stories at Atlanta's WAGA-TV, says, "The more I use anonymous sources, the less I like it. The more critical you are of someone, the greater the demand for a public accuser."

Some of the most controversial actions of journalists come when their desire for a good story causes them to collide with an individual's right to privacy. When 239 U.S. servicemen were killed in a terrorist attack in Beirut, the homes of the victims were surrounded by reporters and camera crews seeking to record the families' grief. When word came over the wires that Private First Class Michael Devlin of Westwood, Mass., was the first confirmed casualty from that state, reporters besieged his mother. Recalls Christine Devlin: "They are on top of you before you have a chance to get the family together. Why should people have to know how you look or feel under those circumstances?" At Camp Lejeune, N.C., a TV crew reportedly paid children to go door to door in areas closed to the press to find out which families were awaiting word of a potential death in the Beirut ex-

CONFRONTATIONAL INVESTIGATIONS

FAIRNESS CAN BE SACRIFICED WHEN REPORTERS GO INTO A STORY WITH A PRECONCEIVED THESIS. CBS'S MIKE WALLACE CONFRONTED GENERAL WESTMORELAND ABOUT ALLEGEDLY MISLEADING MILITARY REPORTS FROM THE VIET NAM WAR

*Nellie Bly, perhaps the most celebrated turn-of-the-century journalist, got herself imprisoned in order to expose jail conditions for the New York *World*. Feminist Gloria Steinem became a Playboy Bunny to research a 1963 report for *Show* magazine.

plosion. Said an outraged Marine officer: "You people will stop at nothing. Everywhere you go, you leave a smell."

In perhaps the most tasteless single snippet of this deathwatch footage, a CBS *News* crew taped the actual moment when Marine officials arrived to report to his family that Corporal Timothy Giblin of North Providence, R.I., had been killed. First shown on the CBS *Morning News*, the sequence was replayed that evening on, among others, the CBS-owned station in Chicago. As the tape finished, Anchor Jacobson apologized: "I am sorry, that film should not have been shown. It was inappropriate." NBC chose not to air similar footage its crew shot at a Marine's home in California. Said Anchor Tom Brokaw: "We looked at it and said, 'That is a blatant intrusion,' and we did not put it on." Nevertheless, the footage had been shot. Indeed, nearly every local TV station in America airs comparably intrusive interviews with the survivors of fires, auto accidents and other calamities that may have claimed family members. Newspaper and newsmagazine reporters and photographers can be equally intrusive when covering personal tragedy.

Restraint does not come naturally to most journalists. Indeed, some of them argue that the best way to avoid accusations of bias is to go anywhere they can and publish absolutely anything they believe is newsworthy. CBS was accused of following this damn-the-consequences policy in October when it aired videotapes of the arrest of Automaker John De Lorean on cocaine trafficking charges, even at the risk of imperiling the chance of finding an impartial jury. The tapes were of dubiously lawful origin—CBS acquired them from

Your Story, but My Life

Perhaps the strongest opinions, fair or unfair, about journalism are held by people who have been thrust into the news by their jobs or by extraordinary circumstances. Some of their views:

Richard Allen resigned as President Reagan's National Security Adviser in January 1982, following allegations that he had improperly accepted gifts from Japanese journalists and businessmen. He was cleared of wrongdoing.

We were held captive in our house by the media from roughly mid-November to early January. This was all day, every day. Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, wedding anniversary, birthdays. They would begin to come at about 5:30 in the morning. I would be forced to respond at 6:30 a.m. upon leaving the house. When I had nothing to say, they tried other ways to get a story. A CBS reporter tried to question my six-year-old daughter Kimberly, on her way to kindergarten: "Is your daddy home?" My kids were afraid to go out. Another CBS correspondent tried to find out whether Japanese businessmen were paying my bill at my favorite *sushi* shop He gave the man who runs the shop the impression he was from the Government, and the man produced the bills, which I had paid myself. That was absolutely unforgivable.

The problem is that the process feeds on itself. The Washington *Post* would run a story outlining new and anonymous innuendos directed against me and the network news directors would all feel driven by competitive pressure to try to get a response. The remedy is self-restraint.

Mary Cunningham is co-owner, with her husband William Agee, of Semper Enterprises Inc., a venture capital and consulting firm. She formed many of her opinions about the press three years ago after reading numerous stories about her relationship with Agee, then her boss at Bendix Corp.

I am a big believer in First Amendment freedoms, the fundamental right of the freedom of speech and the right to express one's views. But I feel just as strongly that these do not give editors the right to take license with other people's freedoms. A line should be drawn between the public's right and need to know, and something that would be interesting or titillating to know. I'm not saying there are not good, responsible journalists. But the power of the press to change lives and sway opinion is awesome and the public, for good reason, is fearful of this power. The media must realize that the First Amendment rights do not necessarily take priority over the individual's right to life, liberty, privacy and the pursuit of happiness.

Richard Hatcher is serving his fifth term as mayor of Gary, Ind.

I've always felt the national press has been reasonably fair with me. It has been just the opposite with the local media, which have been about as inaccurate, biased and unfair as any that you could find in the country. I was the first black mayor of this city, and they've not quite forgiven me for that. There has been a real effort to distort, in a negative sense, what the city is about, what's going on within the city, its problems and its progress. I was just re-elected with 90% of the vote. After the election, the *Post-Tribune* wrote in an editorial: "There is no consensus on his leadership among the people of Gary." I don't know what kind of consensus you need to be elected mayor of Gary five times and to win every race you've run in the past 20 years. When the University of Chicago released a study last October showing how 62 cities were governed with regard to fiscal policy and Gary came out No. 1, they never even wrote the story. Anything that reflects something in a positive sense, they're not much interested in. The national media seem to be more professional.

I think the media have not been fair to minorities in this country. It's not what they say, it's what they don't say. About the only time you really see blacks giving their opinions, or given any serious space, is when it relates to minorities or civil rights. That seems to be the only time the media feel we are competent enough to express opinions.

Eppie Lederer, 65, is better known as Syndicated Advice Columnist Ann Landers.

When I was getting divorced in 1975, reporters and camera crews were camped out for days in my lobby and on the sidewalk outside. They came from all over the country. Foreign reporters too. It was terrible. My neighbors could barely get in and out of the building. One reporter, who had been a friend of mine, got up to my apartment after conning the doorman into believing that she was there on a personal visit. I wouldn't let her in. She just wanted to talk, she said. I was certain that she had a camera and wanted a picture of me looking depressed or anguished. I just couldn't believe this attempt to invade my privacy. TV is the worst. TV reporters present themselves as having the perfect right to be anywhere, to ask any question. It doesn't matter how personal the matter may be.

People don't trust the press the way they used to. Stories are sensationalized. Some papers print things that simply are not true. In many papers, if a correction runs, it's usually buried back with the pimple creams and truss ads. I've received hundreds of letters from people asking me how do you know what's true in the press these days. I find it difficult to respond sometimes. I tell them that there are good newspapers and serious, responsible

Hustler Publisher Larry Flynt, who bought them from a clerk at a law firm that had briefly represented De Lorean—and they did not break news that would otherwise have gone unreported: the actual footage was scheduled to be introduced into evidence at the trial. The network's rationale, according to CBS News President Edward Joyce: "It was newsworthy because this was the first time we actually saw the Government making an arrest in this type of case."

This lack of restraint sometimes even extends to cases involving children. When it turned out that a previously identified kidnap victim in Chicago, an eleven-year-old girl, had also been raped, the *Sun-Times* published the girl's photograph with the word "rape" next to it. The St. Paul (Minn.) *Pioneer Press* published the names of parents who had been charged with child sex abuse, identifying their children as among the victims. Says Managing Editor Deborah Howell: "We felt readers had a legitimate interest in knowing if their children had associated with the accused parents, but it was hard. I know what this does to little kids."

Often, news executives who might otherwise be restrained rush the news into print to avoid being scooped. The Oakland *Tribune*, however, chose to run that risk when it learned that Mass Murderer Juan Corona had wanted to enter a guilty plea at his long and costly ($5 million) retrial, but was dissuaded by his attorneys. Editor Maynard kept the story secret until the trial was complete. He explained: "There was no doubt in my mind that if we had printed the story, it would have caused a mistrial, which could have forced yet another trial and the expenditure of still more millions."

A special set of ethical questions concerns the elite of American reporters, the Washington press corps. Indeed, much of the journalistic behavior that the public says it finds objectionable is seen chiefly

and honest reporters. Don't judge all of us by the standards of the bad ones. Unless the guys at the top crack down—the editors and the news directors—pretty soon no one is going to believe anything they read in the papers or see on television news.

DIANA WALKER

Frank Mankiewicz was George McGovern's political director in 1972 and until last June was president of financially troubled National Public Radio, which faced a deficit of almost $8 million when he resigned.

Sooner or later everybody will know the dirty little secret of American journalism, that the reports are wrong. Because sooner or later everybody will have been involved in something that is reported. Whenever you see a news story you were part of, it is always wrong. It may be a rather unimportant error, but it can also be an important one. Without exception, the reporting about the financial crisis at National Public Radio earlier this year was wrong. For the most part it was written by people who did not want to take the trouble to look into what was essentially a business story, rather than treat it as a show-biz story.

When McGovern announced recently that he was running for President, every reporter I encountered was intent on portraying him as a loser, as the Harold Stassen of his party. I told them, on the record, that McGovern still ranked third in the polls, that he had scored an upset victory in winning the nomination in 1972, and that he was running for President for only the second time. To my knowledge, I was not quoted by any of them, and they all went out and wrote "Loser McGovern" stories. The press does do some things well. It is very good at spotting incipient candidacies in the early months of a presidential campaign. The resolution of the two great issues in our time, Watergate and Viet Nam, were made possible only by an alert and accurate press.

Joan Kennedy's divorce from Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts became final this week. She now lives in Boston.

After being in the public eye for 25 years, I have discovered that what helps the press helps me. There are a lot of things that are very private about my life that I wouldn't discuss with anybody. My divorce may have been overblown by some accounts, but Ted and I never said anything to anyone. The media knew we wouldn't talk and they respected that. There are some things that are better dealt with in a direct, straightforward manner. For instance, my alcoholism. It was a leap of faith that I took in 1979 when I decided to talk to reporters about how my problem developed and how I solved it—a leap of faith that I would be treated fairly. I was. I know the press is just trying to do its job when they ask questions. They can ask, and I can choose whether to answer.

WINTER—PICTURE GROUP

Letha Kimm, 66, of Atlantic, Iowa, lost her son Edward, 33, a Marine, in the Beirut bombing two months ago.

The reporters were all kind and considerate. I can't complain at all. Before Ed's death, my experience with the press had just been watching news conferences with the President. But the ones who talked to me didn't behave at all the way they do at those news conferences. They all just sort of took their turn. One person asked a question, and the others just listened. They were kind the way they talked to me, and they were sympathetic. They were not pushy. In some ways I was surprised that I was quoted accurately. I know that sometimes reporters change around things you say, but I don't think they did with me. They were real polite. They were so gentle with my two little granddaughters. Even the television people didn't use as many lights as I had expected, and the cameras weren't a problem.

The only time I got annoyed was when a photographer took my picture while I was crying on the telephone. I wasn't able to tell him to stop or go away, I was so busy crying. But I just figured they wanted a picture of me breaking down. They did put that picture in the paper. That was the only thing that made me a little put out. I was able to keep my cool up until then.

They couldn't figure out why I wasn't bitter. I guess the reporters ran into some people who were. But there was nothing to be bitter about. That was my boy's life. He was fighting for our freedom. If he hadn't been, we wouldn't be able to talk to the press in this country. I surely wouldn't like to live the way they do in some other countries.

Gerry Spence of Jackson, Wyo., is an attorney who specializes in defending clients wronged by large institutions. He usually wins.

The press is in the business of selling, and good deeds don't sell. What does sell is gloom and fear and crime and deceit. The press can poison a jury fast. Often, there is a rush to find guilt. Along the way, they deprive defendants of any presumption of innocence. There's a conscious effort to go after anyone big. The only place John De Lorean could get a fair trial would be in a monastery with twelve deaf-mute monks. There's a tendency to overexpose our leaders. Anybody who wants to be a public figure these days is crazy. It's open season on all of them. There's a need for heroes and leaders, but we cut them down too readily. What you really need is more stories on the goodness of people. The press doesn't report neighbor helping neighbor. There's a great market to tell people that they're good. They hunger for that. The bottom line is that the press is both a blessing and a detriment to our system. It's a great guardian to be able to run to with abuses. I need it to protect my clients. A free society has to have a free press.

in telecasts from Washington: rudeness to high officials, prosecutorial shouting of questions at press conferences, overt attempts to trap an interview subject with trick questions, "instant analysis" of speeches that viewers have just seen for themselves. Another blow to the image of all journalists was struck in Washington last Friday when White House Spokesman Larry Speakes announced that he had trapped two reporters purloining internal White House memos. To prove that some writers on the White House beat were snooping, Speakes said, he prepared a "scam": fake messages, one about the timing of President Reagan's re-election announcement, were left out to see who would pick them up and pursue the stories. Said Speakes: "They both bit like snakes."

Apart from manner and attitude, there are other grounds for criticism: reporting from Washington tends, inevitably, to be highly speculative and to rely heavily on anonymous sources and undocumented assertions. Critics also fault the capital's press corps for preoccupation with politics and frequent failure to delve into the performance of government agencies, which spend the bulk of the nation's budget.

Perhaps the most troubling issue for Washington reporters is the growing use of leaks by Government sources. The term leak implies a breach of security and calls to mind the image of a disgruntled lower-level employee seeking to embarrass his boss. In fact, in almost every modern Administration, the majority of "leaks" have come from top-rank presidential aides, Cabinet members and other senior officials who want to get information or a point of view across to the public. Last week, for example, Reagan's top aides indicated their displeasure with Martin Feldstein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, through a leak by "a senior White House official" to Knight-Ridder newspaper reporters. The purpose of leaks is often manipulative: to pretest public reaction to a plan, outflank a colleague or sabotage a rival policy proposal. There is an added appeal: journalists are so accustomed to treating the closed-door side of Washington as the "real" one that they tend to report unattributed information with less skepticism than they bring to public pronouncements.

For all its faults, and all the public outcry over them, the press has many claims to make in its defense. To former Vice President Spiro Agnew's much repeated charge that journalists are "elected by no one," editors have two valid responses. The first is that some institutions in a democratic society must be able to stand apart from the electoral process so that they can risk making unpopular decisions. Federal Appeals Court Judge Irving Kaufman of New York has likened the press to the judiciary in that respect. Said he: "Both sustain democracy, not because they are responsible to any branch of government, but precisely because, except in the most extreme cases, they are not accountable at all. Thus they are able to check the irresponsibility of those in power." The second argument is that journalists are elected by their readers and viewers every day. During the past decade, in response to public demand, the number of broadcast hours devoted to network and local news increased sharply and Ted Turner's Cable News Network provided the first 24-hour news service. The average American now spends about four hours a week watching newscasts. The newspaper industry has been shaken by failures and mergers that have stilled dozens of "second" voices in cities, but the 1,700 U.S. dailies still command an estimated readership of at least 110 million people a day. Moreover, consumers have some choice: there may be only local-monopoly newspapers covering their communities, and local TV stations may simply follow the papers' lead, but there are numerous ways to get national and international news.

INVASION OF PRIVACY

INTRUSIVENESS OF THE MEDIA WAS TYPIFIED WHEN THEY HARASSED THOSE WHO LOST RELATIVES IN THE BEIRUT BOMBING (BELOW, MR. AND MRS. JOAO RELVAS OF PHILADELPHIA)

The competitive urge among these multiple sources of information leads to excesses, but it also contributes to a self-correcting process. When one news outlet reports a story badly, rival organizations can score a coup as well as honor their craft by setting the record straight. Indeed, most irate critics of bias in the press cite stories from other parts of the press to prove their case. For readers of almost any ideological stripe, the perceived or actual bias of some publication can be offset by the availability of others. In soliciting subscriptions from new readers, the conservative weekly *Human Events*, for example, cites the "distortions of the major networks and your daily newspaper" and offers as an antidote its own pages.

Sophisticated readers know that by comparison with the highly ideological press in Western Europe—or, for that matter, the noisy, brawling, relentlessly partisan and even corrupt papers that were the norm when the First Amendment was written—the modern U.S. press is distinctively balanced. By the standards of the late 19th and early 20th century era of "yellow journalism," the American reporter today is a model of responsibility and restraint.

Most important, U.S. journalism is generally good. Reporters and editors are better educated than their predecessors and are readier to take on difficult topics. Partly as a result of the influence of television, which has made the world seem smaller, many local newspapers now publish considerably more international news, and not all of it is revolutions and earthquakes. Social trends, which newspapers long overlooked because they were not events that happened the day before, are now covered thoughtfully. In recent years, the press has learned to report about economics, education, medicine, science and the computer revolution as fully and discerningly as it follows crime and politics. Says Washington *Post* Editor Bradlee: "It is strange that so much criticism is coming now, because I honestly believe that the quality of the American press is better than ever. When we set out to do something ambitious and relevant to a problem, we do a helluva job."

Despite the criticisms and controversies the press provokes, it successfully produces hundreds of substantive stories, large-scale and small, that hold government to account and bring the public important information. Perhaps the best overall performance during the past year was the persistent probing, by several news organizations, into improprieties at the federal Environmental Protection Agency, including alleged favoritism to business interests and, at best, lax enforcement of regulations. Despite the Reagan Administration's seeming determination to dismiss the evidence of pervasive EPA wrongdoing as a press vendetta, the reporting eventually led to top-level resignations, the appointment of a capable new administrator and, last week, the perjury conviction of former EPA Official Rita Lavelle.

The public interest has been served by a steady spotlight throughout the year on waste and mismanagement at the Pentagon, another branch of Government that fiercely resists scrutiny. Stories, ranging from cost overruns on weapons systems to price gouging by contractors,

AL PACINO SCARFACE

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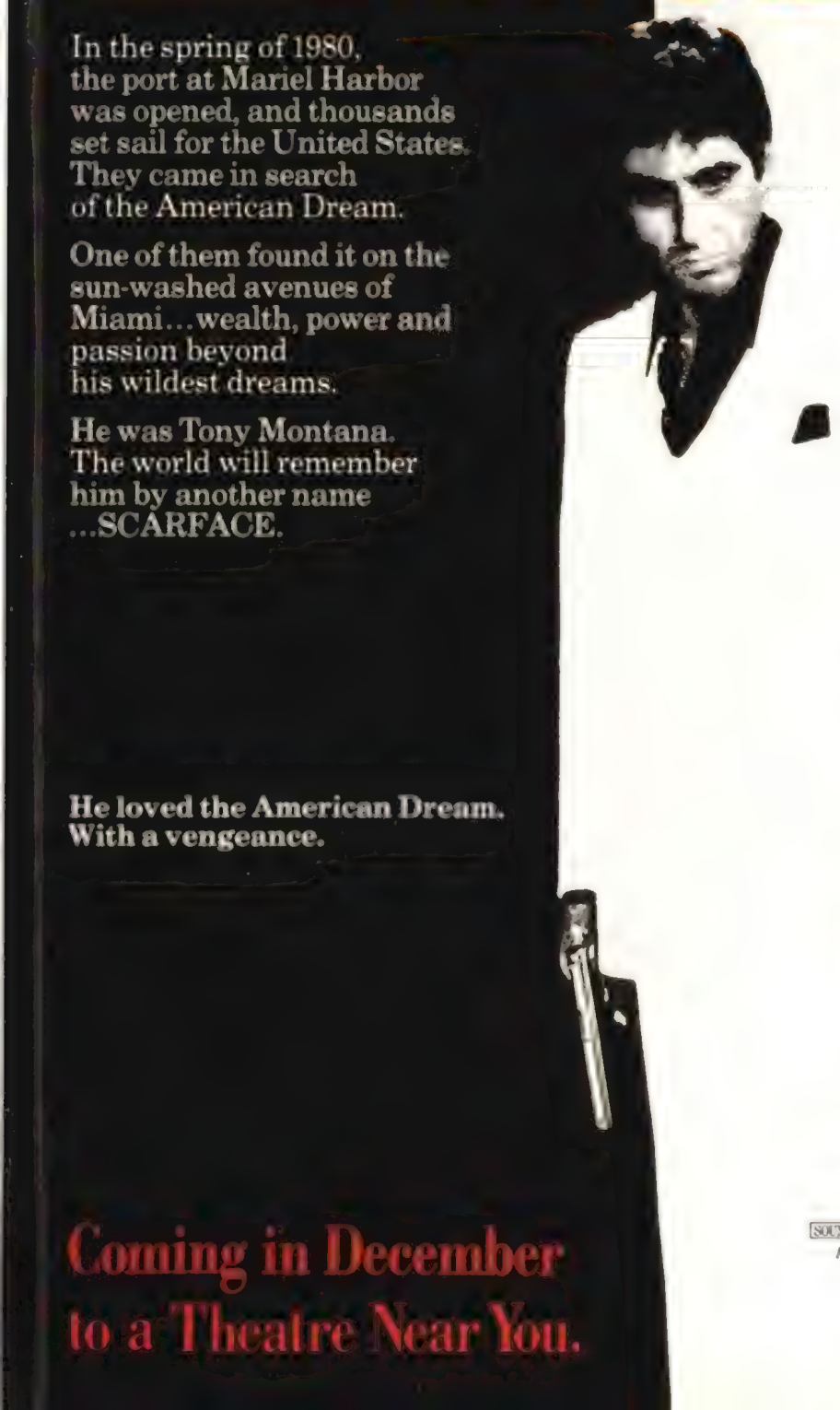

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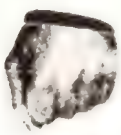

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The new 190 Class: the quickest reflexes Mercedes-Benz has ever built into a sedan.

THE ADVENT of the new 190 Class marks the advent of an automotive phenomenon.

This $24,000* Mercedes-Benz sedan–in gasoline-powered 190E 2.3 and 190D 2.2 diesel versions alike–is as supremely civilized an automobile as any that has ever borne the name. Yet its over-the-road performance is fully as exhilarating as any sports car or so-called sports sedan sold today.

REVELATIONS ON A WINDING ROAD

Its 104.9-inch wheelbase, its 14½-foot length and its under 2,700 lb. weight help define the 190 Class as a new equation of space and mass and energy–the trimmest and lightest Mercedes-Benz sedan of the modern era.

Its new multilink independent rear suspension meanwhile defines the term "breakthrough." Each rear wheel is precisely located by five individual links, positioned according to the principles of *spatial kinematics* and meant to maintain each wheel constantly in an ideal relationship to the road.

Rear wheel "steering" tendencies are thus eliminated. "That means the back goes where *you* want it to go," explains one automotive journalist, "instead of where *it* wants to go. That, in turn, means better handling at no sacrifice in ride."

Small wonder that *Road & Track* has ventured the opinion that the new 190 Class "will challenge some of the finest sports sedans in the world on just about any road you choose."

The praise might be taken further yet. Of all the superbly roadworthy production cars Mercedes-Benz has ever built, this may be the most superbly roadworthy of all. As one quick run down a stretch of winding road can prove, far more eloquently than words.

ALMOST A RACING ENGINE

With its cross-flow cylinder head, hemispherical combustion chambers and overhead camshaft, the 190E's new 2.3-liter four-cylinder gasoline engine might almost be taken for a pure racing design. Nothing about its smoothness or torque suggests the typical four–nor does its test-track maximum of 115 mph-plus. Controlling it is an innovative fuel injection system *combining* the wizardry of electronics with the simplicity of a mechanical operation; Mercedes-Benz steals a march on the industry again.

The 190D 2.2 Sedan not only introduces a brand-new four-cylinder diesel engine, but places it in new surroundings: *encapsulated* within sound-deadening paneling, even underneath. Factory tests reveal a drop in noise emissions of five decibels.

You can choose between five-speed manual and four-speed automatic versions of either model. Both are designed for quick shifting and spirited driving. The new hydraulically controlled torque-converter automatic, with its tunnel-mounted lever, can be flicked through the gears in manual fashion whenever you choose.

One of the key functional advances of the new 190 Class is its shape. It emerged not from a styling salon but from nine cumulative

*Approximate suggested advertised delivered price at port of entry. ©1983 Mercedes-Benz of N.A., Inc., Montvale, NJ

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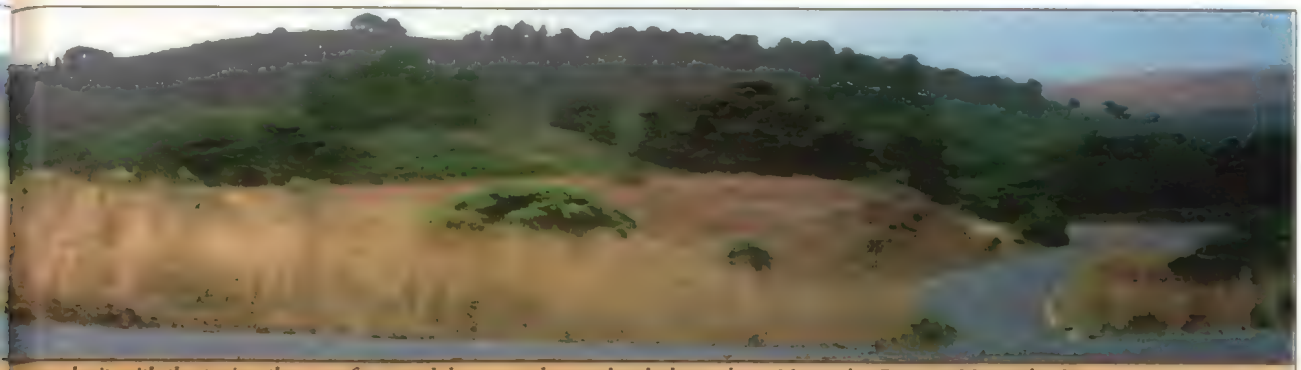
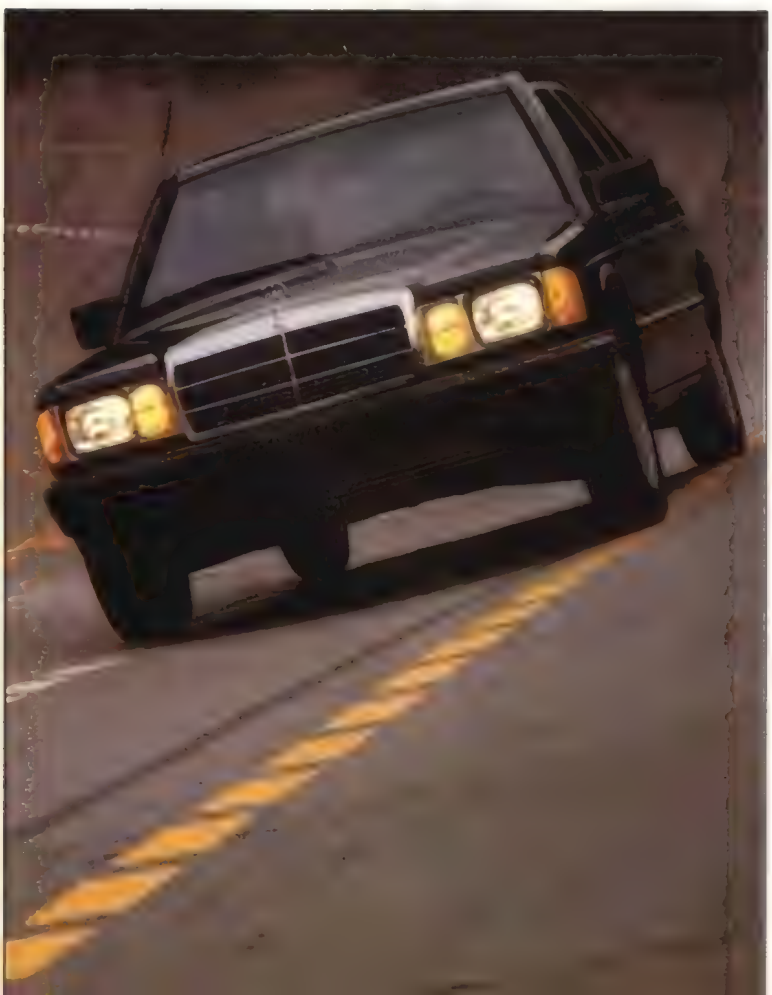


to do it with the poise, the comfort and the smoothness that help make a Mercedes-Benz a Mercedes-Benz.

months of wind tunnel tuning, and emerged with a 0.35 coefficient of aerodynamic drag–for comparison, within .01 of the sleek new two-seater Chevrolet Corvette. Even the forged light-alloy wheels play their aerodynamic part. They are flat, smooth, wind-cheating discs.

The 190 Class performs with all the brio of what is called a sports sedan, but, in truth, it is too versatile and practical a design to be one. Into that 14½-foot wedge have been cut four wide-opening doors. Inside is provided passenger space for five. There is even a large (i.e., 11.7 cubic foot) trunk. Inducements enough for the sports sedan aficionado to graduate at last to a Mercedes-Benz.



"GOOD SEATS. STRONG SEATS. MERCEDES SEATS." –*Autoweek*

Interior design and layout are pure Mercedes-Benz–from steel-sprung, deeply padded front bucket seats, to almost three and a half feet of front legroom, to fillets of hand-finished wood trim.

Your $24,000 brings you, among other things, an exhaustive list of amenities and conveniences as standard equipment. Even the electric sliding roof is a non-extra-cost option in the 190 Class.

Wind noise is suppressed to near silence at highway speeds by aerodynamic design and by scrupulous fitting of every door and window. A *second* firewall between the engine and passenger compartment serves to help muffle engine noise. Rattling and squeaking sounds are obviated by welding of the body and chassis into a rigid, single structural unit. Road rumble from beneath is soaked up by a 39-lb. blanket of plasticized undercoat.

The new 190 Class represents the most extensive research and development effort in the history of Mercedes-Benz. What has resulted from that decade of technological exploration and refinement ranks as one of the most remarkable automobiles in the history of Mercedes-Benz.

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forced the military to step up its own investigations. As always, journalists provided community services that are too easily taken for granted: when river flooding knocked out telephone service in Louisiana in April, most radio and TV stations managed to stay on the air to broadcast safety information. There have been innumerable enterprising individual efforts. Samples:

▶ Associated Press Reporter Bill Vogerin's series, investigating claims that water theft by farmers was drying up the Arkansas River, prompted state and federal officials to review irrigation and conservation practices.

▶ The Los Angeles *Times*, in a 21-part series, explored the economic, social and political diversity of its region's 3 million Hispanics.

▶ Pam Zekman of WBBM-TV in Chicago discovered that the city's police had for years underreported crime statistics for political reasons.

▶ The Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* last week ran a vivid but not alarmist six-part series on Los Angeles County's youth gangs (estimated membership: 40,000), which are believed responsible for 1,000 murders over the past four years.

▶ ABC News devoted 52 hours in February and March to crime topics. Notable among the segments was a hardheaded yet optimistic *Nightline* report on the relative success that Patuxent Institution, a state prison in Jessup, Md., has achieved in rehabilitating inmates through education and psychotherapy.

▶ Washington *Post* Reporter Neil Henry demonstrated the kind of useful purpose that undercover reporting can serve. Posing as a destitute drifter, he was hired as a migrant laborer in North Carolina. He chronicled work under wrenching conditions, yet his carefully modulated stories managed to be fair to both the labor recruiters and the down-and-outs they signed up to harvest tomatoes.

Many of these stories were controversial. Yet unpopularity is not always a cause for alarm; it can be instead a healthy sign that the press is performing its role. Says Author David Halberstam, who won a Pulitzer Prize for reporting in Viet Nam: "The more we do our job of questioning accepted norms, the more we can expect to be questioned."

Still, growing numbers of news executives recognize a real problem in the public discontent with the press, especially the perception that journalists are arrogant. At the most basic level, dealing with this problem requires coming to terms with motivations, the forces that drive individuals to become journalists and the attitudes they take when pursuing a story. Reporters have sometimes lost sight of the fundamental truth that their job is to provide a service to the community rather than to seek the glamour and glory that now often seem to draw people into the craft. News organizations are trying in a variety of ways to make themselves more self-critical and more accessible to the public and to attune their reporters to asking themselves, "Is this fair?" rather than, "Will this make Page One or top the evening newscast?"

Perhaps the most basic obligation is for editors and reporters to be tougher on themselves when mistakes get into print or on the air. One helpful source of pressure: a commitment to correct errors publicly. "In the old days," says Cameron Blodgett, executive director of the watchdog Minnesota News Council, "the way to deal with a complaint about a mistake was to yell, 'There's a nut on the line,' and hang up." In the past few years, many newspapers have created a standing format for corrections. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* runs its admissions of error on the front page of the local news section under the headline "Beg Your Pardon"; its sister paper, the Louisville *Times*, uses the blunt designation "We Were Wrong." Some newspapers, including the Seattle *Times*, Charlotte (N.C.) *News* and *Observer* and Miami *Herald*, mail out questionnaires to the subjects of certain news stories to ask whether they feel they were treated accurately and fairly. When the Los Angeles *Times* in April found that a business story had grossly misrepresented the cost overruns on Lockheed Corporation's C-5B military transport plane, the newspaper ran a corrective follow-up that was twice as long as the erring story. CBS's *60 Minutes* has, on the air, looked critically at its stories and techniques, and CBS and ABC have explored journalistic ethics in series of round-table documentaries.

To provide a further court of review, more than two dozen newspapers have appointed ombudsmen or "reader representatives." Some news executives argue that having an ombudsman shunts complaints aside. Says Editor James Gannon of the Des Moines *Register*: "The person who should handle the complaints is the editor, not someone in a corner with no real power." Others contend that editors are too busy and too closely tied to their staffs to be able to handle complaints thoroughly. Most critics of the press agree with James Atwater, a former TIME senior editor who is dean of the University of Missouri School of Journalism. Says Atwater: "We need much more self-examination and a whole flock of ombudsmen. This is a very heady business, and we need a moral compass."

Some newspapers and TV-news organizations have assigned beat reporters to cover the field of journalism. Among the most respected is the Los Angeles *Times's* David Shaw, who occasionally reports on his own employer with cool objectivity. Says he: "Too often, newspapers view what they do as too arcane for the public to understand or as a state secret that is none of their business." Other newspapers and stations send editors to community meetings to field questions. In a few states or regions, journalists have cooperated in forming American counterparts to Britain's Press Council. These boards attempt to judge the rights and wrongs of complaints, but have no enforcement powers. The National News Council, founded in 1973, has never won the wholehearted support of major news organizations, and has been boycotted by some. News executives question whether any organization can oversee the complicated, diverse American press, and note that such councils rarely have adequate research help.

The crucial role of journalism in a democracy is to provide a common ground of knowledge and analysis, a meeting place for national debate: it is the link between people and institutions. Without the information provided by newspapers and TV, citizens would have little basis for deciding what to believe and whom to support. Just as a pervasive mistrust of po-

DAMNING THE CONSEQUENCES

WHEN THE TAPES OF JOHN DE LOREAN'S ARREST WERE AIRED, ZEAL OVERCAME GOOD JUDGMENT

CBS TV—BEN MARCUS

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Little: You owned 1 stock that traded in a narrow range and you only kept track of 4 dividend checks	**A lot:** You'll own 8 stocks that could trade in a wide, uneven range and you'll have to keep track of 32 dividend checks	**Practically none:** You'll be investing in a portfolio monitored for you by one of the most experienced fund managers in America, and you'll be able to keep track of only 1 dividend check a month which you can reinvest
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Significant: When you bought or sold AT&T, you faced a commission fee and capital gains taxes if you sold at a profit	**Significant:** When you buy or sell stock in the 8 companies, you'll face commissions; you'll also face capital gains taxes if you sell at a profit	**None:** The IRS has ruled that if you exchange your AT&T shares for shares in the Trust, the exchange will be tax-free, a claim no other AT&T managed investment can make

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lice could cause a breakdown of order, a growing hostility to the press could sever the ligaments of a workable society.

Moreover, without a strong and trusted press, people would have almost no way to keep their government and other big institutions honest. Government, particularly the Federal Establishment, has vast powers to mislead the people and manage the news. Officials can conceal impending actions until their effects are irreversible. Other big institutions—corporations, unions, hospitals, police forces—prefer to cloak their decision-making process and their performance from the scrutiny of the public, whose lives may be deeply affected. And despite the passage of shield laws to protect journalists from having to reveal sources, they are regularly subpoenaed to testify about what they have reported.

Journalists became so aggressive partly because they knew, contrary to the widely held public view, that they were Davids fighting Goliaths. As the press itself grows into a more powerful institution, it must be careful how it uses its strength, whether it faces an ordinary individual or a President: the attempt to uncover can too easily turn into the impulse to tear apart.

Freedom of the press, like any other freedom, can be dangerous. But Thomas Jefferson, who suffered at the hands of journalists as much as any contemporary politician, insisted that protecting the press at its worst was an essential part of having the press be free. Said Jefferson: "It is so difficult to draw a clear line of separation between the abuse and the wholesome use of the press . . . I shall protect them in the right of lying and calumniating." Moreover, the press, however forceful, has no power to indict or impeach, no power beyond what is granted by its audience. A journalist can expose a situation, but cannot compel an indifferent public to change it.

In an earlier era, and one perhaps more optimistic about human nature, Union General Irvin McDowell reported before the First Battle of Bull Run: "I have made arrangements for the correspondents of our papers to take the field, and I have suggested to them that they should wear a white uniform to indicate the purity of their character." Probably no one talks of journalists that way today, and perhaps no one should. But for the sake of American society, as well as for its own sake, the press must try harder to wear white. It must be more responsive to public concerns. Barry Bingham Sr., chief executive officer of the Louisville newspapers and a former chairman of the International Press Institute, puts the case with forceful simplicity: "You cannot hold on to a free press if it behaves irresponsibly. The idea that our mission is so high that no one should question our performance is illogical. The higher the mission, the more responsibly we should carry it out." ***—By William A. Henry III. Reported by Richard Bruns/New York and Christopher Ogden/Chicago, with other bureaus***

Essay

The News: Living in the Present Tense

Jersey Mother Held in Drowning of Two of Four Missing Children and Reagan Signs Bill to Pay U.S. Farmers Not to Produce Milk. No children. No milk. Nothing connects these items but the newspaper page on which both appear, and the reader's mind, ravenous as Pac-Man, prepared to bite off more than it can chew. In the evening, on television, more stories pile up. Gasoline Leaks Threaten Water Supplies and Sullivan is Electrocuted Despite Pope's Pleas. No water. No Sullivan. No visa: The Reagan Administration Rejects Visa Application from Nicaragua's Interior Minister. So goes the news on an ordinary day, a strange assembly that swoops down on one's life like cousins from Oslo one has never seen before, will never see again, and who, between planes, thought they would call to say hello.

When the day dissolves, little if anything will be remembered of these things. What was it again that Reagan did to the milk? The Jersey mother was said to have "placed" her two little boys in water about six to eight feet deep. The investigation showed that "there appeared to be gasping." One may hold on to those images for a while, along with the reference to the mother fishing out one child by the heel, then placing him back in the river. But eventually it will all spill together—milk, gasoline and water. Two days hence will find the Syrians saying something and the Soviets saying something and Asia will be overrun by the Cabbage Patch dolls. Why does it feel necessary to grasp this information? All the music and poetry in the world, and the mind hungers for news of the Interior Minister of Nicaragua?

Of course, the choice is not that stark; one has one's music and the Cabbage Patch too. Yet it is the news of the day that occupies most of the time, filling the hours as suddenly as helium. We may be wary of the press, but we are crazy for the news. Why? To stave off boredom, provide relief from self-absorption? There we sit, behind the page, before the television screen, nestled in the assumption that anything new must be valuable.

T.S. Eliot thought otherwise: "Evening quickens faintly in the street,/ Wakening the appetites/ of life in some/ And to others bringing the *Boston Evening Transcript.*" Yet if the news is so deadening, why does it feel like a resuscitation, a thump on the chest to get the day on beat? Merely the expectation of the morning bulletins seems to place the body on alert. No, it is not beauty, wisdom or deep knowledge, but it is the *news*, a million panicked animals bounding up the stairs. The blood, the senses, everything races.

Ever take a holiday where the papers could not reach you and no TV or radio for miles? It can be done; there is life without journalism. Wild flowers, geese, that sort of life. As long as one remains stock-still, one feels no craving for the networks. But catch one inkling of motion elsewhere, and immediately the mind is overwhelmed with the desire to know all that is happening, in every alley and closet in the world. Such dependency may be a sign of weakness, but it also suggests that life is connected and continuous. The odd present tense the news employs—Reagan Signs Bill. Even as one learns of the fact, Reagan is signing the bill in an eternal present. Maybe that also accounts for the appetite for news: the news permitting people to live in the present.

Or maybe people simply want to know that other people are around. Not that one really doubts it, there being such constant frantic evidence that people are around. Only why does it feel so still sometimes? And why are we, in our lucky normality, able to know something of the desperation of the Jersey mother, standing by the river empty-handed? The day opens and closes with the reassuring noises of the species, and we seem taken with the news that we are here. ***—By Roger Rosenblatt***

Drawing for TIME by David Suter

Consumer Orientation
No. 23 in a Series
Subject: The Quest
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23 Porsche 928S

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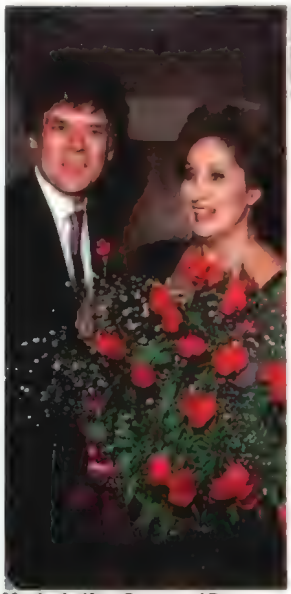


Musical gifts: Getty and Dunn

Question: How does the richest man in America celebrate his 50th birthday? Answer: Very differently from you and me. Specifically, **Gordon Peter Getty,** son of the late oil magnate J. Paul, who is estimated to be worth over $2.2 billion, flew "some friends," as he put it, from San Francisco to New York last week for an advance bash (he actually passes the half-century mark next week). The highlight of the three-day fling was an evening at Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall, where Mezzo Soprano **Mignon Dunn** performed the New York City premiere of Amateur Composer Getty's *The White Election*. The 32-song cycle won accolades from the audience as well as Getty himself, who called it his "biggest moment yet as a composer." The whole event set him back a reported $120,000. But not to worry. His income for three days comes to roughly $680,000. Many happy returns.

■

It was billed by Promoter **Don King** as "a family affair," but the 500 reporters and photographers jammed together last week at New York City's Tavern on the Green were treated more like very distant relatives. Superstar **Michael Jackson,** 25, was announcing plans for a reunion album and a 40-city tour, starting in May, with his singing siblings. Sporting flashy threads and flashing shades, Michael and his five brothers—**Jackie,** 22, **Jermaine,** 28, **Marlon,** 26, **Randy,** 21, and **Tito,** 30—obligingly posed for the press but left the talking to King, who predicted that the act would be "the largest-grossing, largest-netting tour ever." Chances are that King isn't talking through his hair. Michael's *Thriller* LP had the longest run at the top of the charts this year.

■

His opening line was "Do you know who I am?" Well, of course, everyone did. At Cambridge University, **Prince Edward** was making his British stage debut in an undergraduate production of Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*, a political screed based on the 17th century witch trials in Salem, Mass. Though Edward, 19, was playing sexagenarian Deputy Governor Danforth, Director Nicholas Walmsley found that the supporting role fitted the princely thespian "like a glove." Edward was more sanguine when asked about his performance. "That's not for me to judge," he said. "Life is one big act. You may be nervous, but you don't show it."

■

"Culture, I've always said, is much like fertilizer in that for it to do any good, you have to spread it around." *Vous* can certainly guess who said that. **Miss Piggy,** but of course. And what she meant was "As a sow shows, so shall she reap." Thus, this week she will open an exhibit of some thoroughly priceless paintings at the Berry-Hill Galleries in New York City. Titled "Miss Piggy's Art Masterpieces: Treasures from the Kermitage Collection," the show will feature such dubious classics as Rodin's *The Smooch*, Botticelli's *The Birth of You Know Who*, and the piece of resistance, Da Vinci's *The Mona Piga*. Like other celebrated art collectors, Miss Piggy has already developed a philanthropic streak: the proceeds from the exhibit will be donated to the pediatrics department of New York City's Lenox Hill Hospital. With love from *Moi*.

—By Guy D. Garcia

Swine before pearls: *The Mona Piga* from the Kermitage Collection

Edward in *The Crucible*

Jackson reprise: Marlon, Randy, Michael, Tito, Jackie, Jermaine

On the Record

Richard Grayson, 32, humorist-author and one of this year's jester candidates for the U.S. presidency, on why he would like Jane Wyman to be his running mate: "She has experience dumping Reagan."

Emmanuel Vitria, 62, the world's longest-living heart-transplant patient, celebrating last week's 15th anniversary of his operation in Marseilles: "I think I'll die at 100 years of age, shot by a jealous husband."

Toasting Saint Laurent

A New York retrospective revels in glamour and luxury

The first impression is one of vitality and variety. The exhibition rooms of the Costume Institute at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art are bursting with lavish clothes: swift little contemporary silhouettes; magnificent ball gowns seemingly from a grander, more inert age; fantastical garments of no recognizable provenance. A few are so ugly that the eye looks away; many more are heartbreakingly lovely. They are all the work of one man: Yves Saint Laurent, 47, the most famous and influential clothing designer in the world, the king of fashion.

Saint Laurent is the first person to be honored with a Metropolitan retrospective while he is still active. (The only other couturier to have been the subject of a one-man show at the Met: the Spanish designer Cristobal Balenciaga, in 1973.) The choice was made by the museum's director and by the Costume Institute's special consultant, Diana Vreeland, whose judgment it reflects. Says the legendary former editor of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, with the certitude and gusto that she has retained into her eighth decade: "Saint Laurent has been built into the history of fashion now for a long time. Twenty-six years is the proof that he can please most of the people most of the time four times a year. That's quite a reputation."

Those homely virtues—longevity, consistency—are the ones emphasized by Saint Laurent's rivals, such as Giorgio Armani and Karl Lagerfeld, in commenting on the Met's selection, and this is not faint praise. Members of the high-fashion elite are rich and coddled celebrities who seldom breathe unscented air, but they risk their names and their companies in the cold atmosphere of commerce with each new collection. There are not many truly wealthy private clients left, and they instinctively flock to whatever guru has had his inspiration certified by the press and by a chic popular line. (Princess Caroline of Monaco may be the only young woman left who patronizes a couturier, Marc Bohan of Dior, the way her mother did.) Walking through this exhibition, one is struck by Saint Laurent's fecundity, his ability to harness everything—nostalgia, whimsy, exotic venues, painting, novels, poems, outright homages to predecessors like Chanel—into inspiration for a dress.

The earliest clothes in the show carry the Christian Dior label. Saint Laurent was 18 when the Master of the New Look hired him as an assistant. The young man had been interested since childhood in theatrical costume and set design and was delighted to be apprenticed to Dior. Four years later, when Dior died suddenly of a heart attack, Saint Laurent was chosen by Textile Magnate Marcel Boussac, who owned the couture house, to succeed him. In 1958 he produced a brilliant debut collection that introduced an A-line dress called the trapeze. It was an instantaneous success. The French, who invented the modern concept of a couturier, celebrated in the street. The boy wonder, tall, handsome and painfully shy, was thrust out on the balcony of the House of Dior to acknowledge the cheers.

Trapezes (1958)

Like many other clothes from the late '50s and early '60s, the trapeze still looks easy and contemporary. It is only by lifting the hem that the intricacy of its high-fashion construction is seen: the organza underskirt with horsehair lining in the hem covering a tulle layer and another of silk. Saint Laurent's loose outline for daytime wear turns up repeatedly in his work over the years: the famous Mondrian skimmers of the '60s, the chemise in his latest collection, which has been installed by the fashion press as the silhouette of choice for this winter.

Other Saint Laurent signatures show up early. One is the "little black dress," a Chanel revolution in the '20s and '30s, when it symbolized the offhand smartness of the modern workingwoman. Saint Lau-

The "rich peasant" look (1976-77); a dazzling quintet of dresses inspired by Russian costumes

rent reigns over this much copied genre, because it seems to fit his double-sided vision of women—as ladies and as tramps. He has confected delicate, gauzy little nothings, sculpted bold ones, produced sexy variations and tarted up a few that can only be called sleazoid.

Of all the strands that run through his daytime wear, the dominant one is meticulous tailoring. An outfit in loden green wool tweed, made for the Dior label, is a marvel of classic grace achieved through proportion and soft pleating. Pants, which Saint Laurent thinks may be his biggest contribution to fashion, have clear, economical lines, never exaggerated, never mannish. Good tailoring is behind what is truly his greatest influence

An inspired trio: a Picasso fantasy (1979-80); a lyrical crepe (1962); a Highland fling (1982)

on clothing, the huge (172 outlets) international string of Rive Gauche shops, started in 1966, that sell Saint Laurent's ready-to-wear line. There are only a few examples in the museum show; Vreeland insists that the pieces are hard to find because owners refuse to part with treasures like the YSL classic military overcoat for the nine-month duration of the exhibition, and, she notes, "I don't blame them." Rive Gauche wear is hardly cheap ($1,500 for a wool suit and a silk blouse), but it is durable, seldom extreme and has a shrewd gloss of couture luxury, mostly in the details and the fabrics.

While the secret of Saint Laurent's longevity is in his daytime clothes, his brilliance shows in his extravagant evening fantasies. There are, to be sure, examples of pure, timeless classicism and of ethereal visions fashioned out of yards of Chantilly lace. More often he sheds convention like an overcoat in springtime. There are reckless forays into nudity, called see-through in the catalogue; avalanches of silk that swell the exemplary trapeze into a balloon; decadent wraithwear for psychedelic occasions. Is this foolery (all done before the designer turned 40) vulgar, silly, nutty? Yes, probably all three. But some of it is inspired. Viewed today, the 1967 "African" collection, which could be subtitled variations on a beaded curtain, looks fresh, funny and unabashedly theatrical. Because the clothes are strung together with relatively little cloth, they are an almost architectural fantasy on the structure of seams and the niceties of proportion and are the exhibition's most theoretical element.

In the mid-'70s, Saint Laurent turned serious about evening clothes. The fashion press, to which he is acutely sensitive, was giving its most reverent attention to his Rive Gauche collections, and so the couturier decided to teach his critics a lesson. Using lavish materials, he created dazzling sequences of adornments fit for the queens of legend: Spanish motifs that might have been painted by Velásquez, extravagant conjuries of ancient China and, most famous, the Russian-inspired "rich peasant" collection that was front-page news for the New York *Times* in 1976. The theme was copied internationally in every price range, and reflections of it can still be seen in Saint Laurent's own work.

These magnificent dresses—themselves worth a visit to the show—provide the dramatic centerpiece for an exhibition that lacks logic. Vreeland's practice of organizing the Met's fashion displays by color, mood, line and occasionally whim is not satisfactory. It is impossible to trace Saint Laurent's career or to see

A couple of swells in Manhattan: Vreeland and Saint Laurent prepare the show

the variety in a given year without making the crowded circuit several times and squinting down at the labels. This is particularly frustrating, since the exhibition rooms, possibly suggesting the museum's priorities, are cramped and poky. One strategy might be to go over the catalogue (Clarkson N. Potter; $35), which contains chronological listings as well as a profusion of pictures.

Vreeland's higgledy-piggledy does have the effect of a kaleidoscope. One sees the arrival of the mini, the pantsuit for day and the androgynous "smoking" for night, boots, turtlenecks, sporty furs. Picasso keeps reappearing, usually in witty design quotations. So do plaids; in 1979, Saint Laurent's heart went deep into the Scottish Highlands, and he made a formidable, fanciful rig. Except for his Mondrian motif, Saint Laurent was not comfortable with minis; the late '60s belonged to André Courrèges. In fact, despite the influence of specific designs, Saint Laurent has not always led a crowd. He raised skirts in 1959, five years too soon. He lowered them in 1964, when the mini had several years to go. For that matter, he raised hemlines again only two years ago. This had no particular resonance in the mainstream of fashion, but at the smart restaurants in Manhattan's trendy Tribeca, the prettiest girls are in minis and boots.

Probably the couturier got his new minis from the girls rather than vice versa. It is said that Saint Laurent does not get around the streets to observe enough any more. The ebullient man who posed nude for a men's fragrance ad in 1971 is now painfully isolated *(see box)*. He has new rivals. Today Armani commands fashion's thinkers. The Japanese designers are the darlings of the avant-garde. Ralph Lauren has made distinctively American tailoring popular internationally. At Chanel, the talented, aggressive Lagerfeld seems to be mounting a direct challenge to Saint Laurent's supremacy in both the atelier and the boutique. As he did in the '70s when his couture values were threatened, Saint Laurent will probably respond with fiendish flare. If he does not, the reason may be that he is content to reaffirm those values quietly through his designs. One emerges from this retrospective sensing that this is a defiant stronghold of luxury and glamour. As Saint Laurent writes in an essay for the museum's catalogue: "I believe that the couture must be preserved at all costs and the term, like a title, protected from debasement." —*By Martha Duffy*

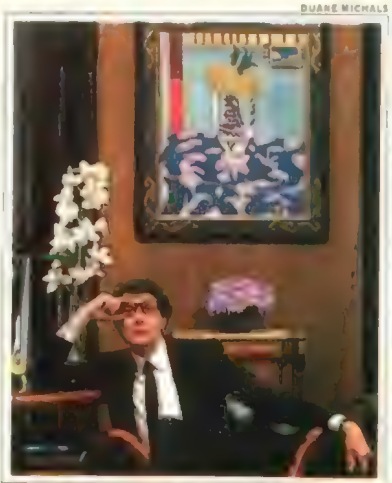
The Designer at Home

Yves Saint Laurent radiates timidity and a fragile, overstrained sensibility. Last Tuesday when he found his way to the Costume Institute in the bowels of the Metropolitan Museum, he was stopped by a security guard and meekly signed in to see his own show. As the frantic week of preparation went on, he was coaxed one way by Diana Vreeland, the other by his hectoring partner, Pierre Bergé. Saint Laurent did his best, moving as if in a daze.

He is, he says, "honored" by this retrospective, which is his symbolic coronation as the monarch of fashion, but it comes at a bad time. Saint Laurent is trying to recover from a kind of breakdown. He sees a therapist in Paris five times a week and takes a regimen of *"calmant"* pills, which he unwisely chases with alcohol on occasion. He is now so detached that he regards solitude as "a friend." The burden of putting on four extravaganzas a year—two for *haute couture*, two for Rive Gauche—for a quarter of a century would seem to justify a sabbatical, but Saint Laurent does not take that option. Karl Lagerfeld blames the designer's inner circle for his misery: "I think back 20 years and remember his charm, his laugh. That entourage has managed to convince him that he's an old man now."

Saint Laurent is deeply devoted to his professional "family," which includes Bergé, his partner in private as well as business life; Loulou Klossowski, an associate who is particularly gifted at choosing accessories; and a few longtime assistants. Saint Laurent blames his depression on ambition and precocious success. Before leaving for New York City, he spoke with TIME Correspondent William Blaylock in his Left Bank mansion. "I never had an adolescence," he said. "I became famous right away, and being shy, I found it difficult to get involved with others. Suffering is a necessary part of the creative process. You transform things when you suffer. Now my solitude has become so dominating, so much a part of me, that I'm incapable of loving or being loved."

It is a sad confession for a rich, well-beloved man in the prime of life. But if work is his undoing, it is also his consuming interest. He prefers *couture* because the fine fabrics make him feel "like a wood sculptor who gets to work with the finest ebony." It is also satisfying that his seamstresses complete every alteration, every sleeve and collar by the next day. "That's not the case with Rive Gauche at all," he laments. "I have to work with factories. I give them a sketch and have to wait twelve to 15 days before I see the result. It's total anguish." One of the pressure points of Saint Laurent's calendar is assembling the Rive Gauche costumes just before a show. With Klossowski at his side, he looks at the models. If the girl interests him, he adds the pendants and handkerchiefs to the costume swiftly, murmuring *"Superbe"* or *"Sublime"* to himself. If the model leaves him cold, he broods and she is dismissed.



DUANE MICHALS

The master and his Matisse in Paris

Saint Laurent likes to recall his heritage fondly, the era when "Balenciaga, Dior or Chanel could set a standard that would be followed," but acknowledges that "I have always been able to exert a bit of influence." That is stating it mildly, and Saint Laurent knows it. Gazing at the grove of inner-city chestnut trees outside his windows, he muses on Maria Callas, whose foreshortened career haunts him. "I would go to hear her every evening, particularly her last performances," he remembers. "The hall was waiting for her to make a false note, divided between those who wanted her to sing beautifully and the others who wanted her to hit the false note." The analogy to his own lofty status does not require elaboration.

There are some unfulfilled ambitions. He would like to dress Ella Fitzgerald; he has all her records and loves them. He likes the thought of doing more work in the theater (he designed the costumes for *Savannah Bay* by Marguerite Duras, which opened in October), but lacks the energy. Time to take that breather? Not a bit of it. Instead, Saint Laurent is expanding; a new collection of sportswear is coming up. "It won't tire me out completely because there's no reason to change every year," he notes. "Just the colors here and there." Vreeland has faith in her idol. "He believes!" she exclaims. "All creations demand greenery of spirit." Anyone who cares about clothes hopes that, as usual, Vreeland has the last word.

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Books

A Shelf of Season's Readings

New volumes celebrate nature, history and art

A bright, belligerent rooster, circa 1895, decorates the pages of *The Carousel Animal*

OVER $100

José Alcina Franch, professor of American anthropology at the University of Madrid, combines scholarship and a curatorial eye to produce **Pre-Columbian Art** *(Abrams; 614 pages; $125)*. Franch provides a systematic survey of the once powerful civilizations that flourished in Mexico and Central and South America before 16th century Spaniards spread destruction in their frenzy for New World gold. Pre-Columbian art, the author notes, drew on a staggering variety of mythologic forms. Similarities between the designs of ancient America and Asia are not coincidental; prehistoric migrations apparently carried the seeds of cultures halfway round the world. In addition to illustrations of artifacts, the book offers a section on the main pre-Columbian sites that armchair archaeologists will find irresistible.

When a mania for art nouveau swept over Europe in the 1890s, Louis Comfort Tiffany was ready with an American version of the new style. The 88 color plates in **The Lamps of Tiffany Studios** *(Abrams; 178 pages; $120)* demonstrate the distinctive artistry of the designer, who used 5,000 colors and textures of glass to confect his fanciful, flower-bedecked shades. For 40 years his Long Island foundries turned out the lamps that cast a gaudy glow in U.S. homes. Then Tiffany objects went out of style, and in the early 1930s their creator went bankrupt. In the late 1950s an art nouveau boom sent dealers scouring the attics of old mansions and manors for castoff Tiffany lamps. Would-be collectors may weep: a lamp much like Cobweb, which originally cost about $500, fetched a record $360,000 at auction three years ago.

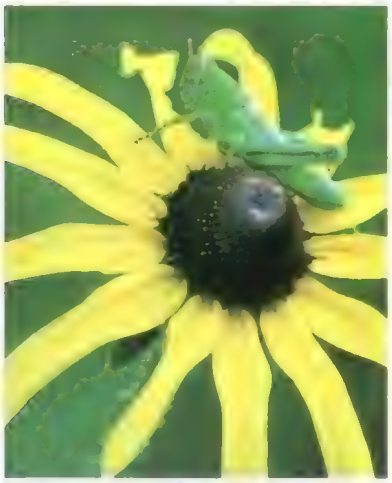
Ronald Reagan stars in *Cowboy*

$60-$100

The Smithsonian Institution is the repository of national memory. In the celebrated Air and Space Museum, the frail craft that the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk, N.C., hovers near the command module of Apollo 11, which first put man on the moon. In the Museum of American History are the portable desk that Thomas Jefferson designed and then used while writing the Declaration of Independence, the original Star-Spangled Banner from Fort McHenry, Md., and one of the first Teddy bears, approved by Teddy Roosevelt himself. **Treasures of the Smithsonian** by Edwards Park *(Smithsonian Books, $60)* is a grand but personal tour of these and all the other Smithsonian collections, including such exotic arrays as the Freer Gallery's elegant Orientalia and the rich lode of artifacts in the Museum of African Art. It is sobering to realize that the treasures that gleam from these 470 pages are a mere sample of the national attic's contents.

St. Francis of Assisi in *The Vatican*

"Vaticana bibis, bibis venenum," wrote the Roman satirist Martial in the 1st century: "Drink Vatican and you drink poison." Martial was writing of the wine produced in the neighborhood, which at the time was more famous as the site of the Vatican Circus, where Nero threw Christians to the lions after the great fire that swept Rome in A.D. 64. On such engaging historical notes opens **The Vatican** *(Abrams; 398 pages; $60)*, a book that will do much to fill in the fragmentary picture that even



Grasshopper nymph in Audubon's *Insects*

dedicated travelers take away from this tiny (108 acres) yet labyrinthine city-state. This is an illuminating and often candid guide. All the famous sights are here, but so are crannies like the Teutonic Cemetery, a burial place for pilgrims since the time of Charlemagne

$25-$50

Emil Schulthess, an internationally renowned photographer, has produced a remarkable book of aerial views that portray his native country in all its contradictory beauty. For **Swiss Panorama** *(Knopf, $50)* he used a specially designed remote-control camera suspended from a helicopter to make color pictures that are almost three-dimensional in effect. The pictures, some shot from above ₡0,000 ft., are breathtaking in clarity and detail; in a shot of the legendary Piz Palü, fresh marks of alpinists' climbing irons are clearly visible. *Swiss Panorama* ranges from cloud-topped peaks and neatly patterned farmland to well-preserved medieval communities and bustling modern cities like Basel and Zurich. Schulthess has a taste for fierce, melodramatic peaks, but even his photographs cannot stifle the ultimate feeling that Switzerland always evokes: happily, it remains at bottom what Hermann Hesse said of Appenzell "Sunday country."

There is no reason in economic history why the American cowboy ought to be any more interesting than, say, the American steelworker or coal miner. Yet in some complex translation of reality into the collective American myth, the cowboy became a national ideal, the symbol of civilized individualism riding west. The state of the cowboy myth became a gauge of American values, of the way that the nation envisioned good guys and bad guys: the wholesomely, vapidly manly Buck Jones–Tom Mix model gave way to a post–World War II demigod, John Wayne, who had none of the old sweet prissiness and was not afraid of the uses of power Wayne gave way during the Viet Nam era to Clint Eastwood, the high plains drifter with an almost reptilian indifference to death suffered or inflicted. **Cowboy: The Enduring Myth of the Wild West** *(Stewart, Tabori & Chang; 431 pages; $50)* is richly shrewd about the actuality and legend of cowboys, doing justice to both in a commentary by Russell Martin and in photographs that are by turns haunting and as garish as Technicolor

The Wright brothers' airplane *Vin Fiz*, from *Treasures of the Smithsonian*

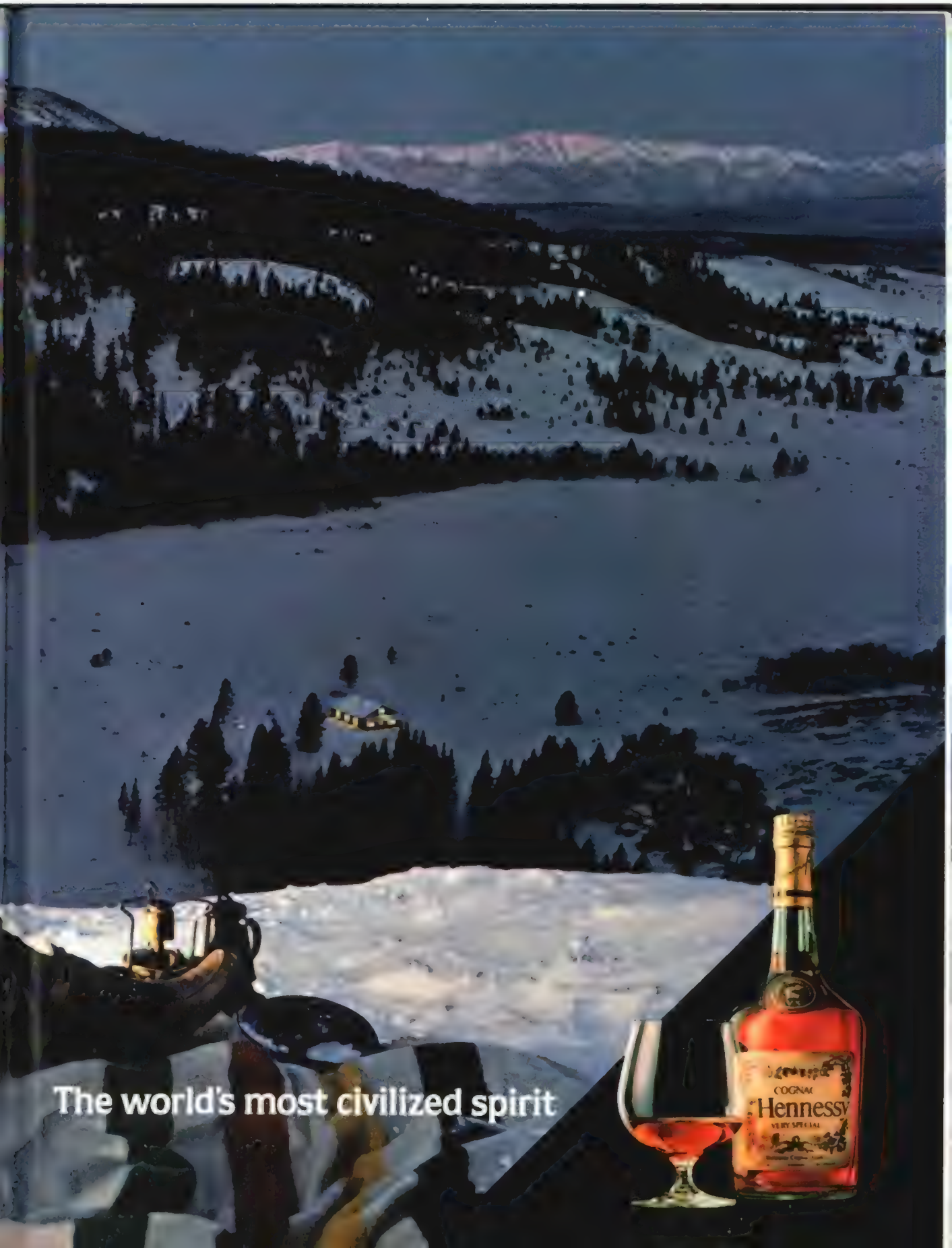
The Prince of Wales by Snowdon

Nineteenth century travel photographers used chemicals and light to catch distant realities upon a collodion wet plate and bear them home in velvet-lined boxes to London or New York. It was a cumbersome wizardry that they practiced, lumbering across Mexico or Africa in darkroom wagons. In desert heat they crawled under layers of blankets, into lightless black bags, to change their photographic plates. When a photographer

Cityscape from *The Art of New York*

Aztec serpent from *Pre-Columbian Art*

Hennessy
The civilized way
to top off the evening


The world's most civilized spirit
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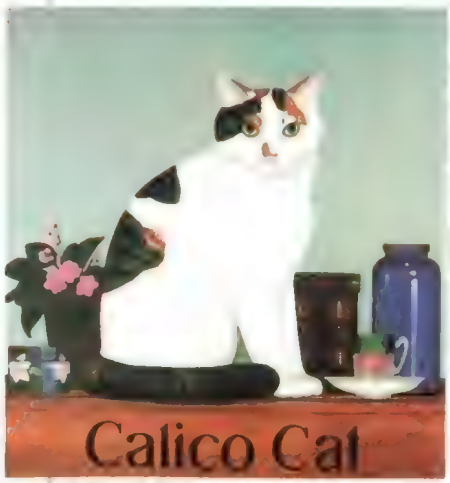
named Captain Payer was taking pictures in Egypt for the Viceroy in 1863, the fellahin thought that his camera was a Pandora's box, and that his black bellows contained cholera; they smashed the whole instrument. But the rewards of pioneering photographic work could be magic indeed. **Masters of Early Travel Photography** *(Vendome; 352 pages; $50)* is a handsome, sepia-tinted sampler of 177 early photographs—small curios and enormous vistas, tattooed men and mountain ranges—taken by adventurers in Egypt, Japan, Brazil, India, China and that most exotic arena of all, the vanished American West.

They came from prisons, posh suburbs, lunatic asylums and nursing homes. But they had one common trait: originality. Their art, generously displayed in **American Folk Art of the Twentieth Century** *(Rizzoli; 342 pages; $45)* shows astonishing visual power and aesthetic range. Eddie Arning, for example, who spent more than 60 years in a Texas mental institution, contributes eerie, compelling images that resemble Egyptian friezes. Inez Nathaniel Walker began drawing disquietingly grotesque portraits in pris-

Lotus lamp sheds a rainbow glow in *The Lamps of Tiffany Studios*



Calico cat from *American Folk Art*

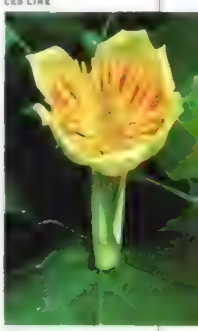
on. "There were all those bad girls talking dirty all the time," she recalls, "so I just sit down at a table and draw." All the artists' works are in museums or private collections.

Small invertebrate segmented animals, say the dictionaries. **The Audubon Society Book of Insects** *(Abrams; 283 pages; $50)* offers a more generous definition of the six-legged creatures: "Fellow inhabitants of our fragile planet earth." But what fellows! Bombardiers and borers, water sprites, builders and architects, singers and aviators all fly, hop and crawl through the pages of this extraordinary zoo without screens. A commonplace grasshopper on a black-eyed Susan takes on the dazzle of a Van Gogh landscape; a mangrove glows like a Christmas tree as thousands of fireflies illuminate its heavy branches. The text, by Naturalists Lorus and Margery Milne, is full of felicities: "It is often the inconspicuous [insects] that have the greatest impact on civilization . . . The world feels right when we hear a cricket chirping." But it is the glowing pictures (by some 40 photographers) that provide the enchantment of this year's wildest bestiary.

"It is a vanished but not vanquished world," says Roman Vishniac of the German and Eastern European Jewish communities he photographed on the eve of the Holocaust. In **A Vanished World** *(Farrar Straus & Giroux; 180 pages; $49.95)* a doomed people are brought to life. The faces are unforgettable; wide-eyed children in Hebrew schools, a wise elder peering over his glasses, a handsome singer in a Hasidic choir. Many of the pictures reflect anti-Semitic repression in prewar Poland and Germany. In one photo, Vishniac's little daughter is posed beside a Berlin shop window displaying a demoniac device that purported to measure the difference between Aryan and non-Aryan skulls. Most of the subjects were unwilling to be photographed, so Vishniac hid his camera, first from the Jews but then from the Nazis. In a moving foreword, Novelist Elie Wiesel calls Vishniac the "poet of memory." It is an even more apt title than the one adorning this haunting and invaluable work.

Film Historian Ted Sennett has brought together almost 400 stills, from *The Birth of a Nation* to *E.T.*, to illustrate his selection of Hollywood's "great" films. Readers may quarrel with some selections in **Great Hollywood Movies** *(Abrams; 304 pages; $49.50)* and wonder why other films were left out, but no one can argue with the wonderful, and often provocative, pictures that Sennett has lovingly collected.

Many, of course, are familiar: Paul Henreid lighting Bette Davis' cigarette in *Now, Voyager*, a hungry Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert waiting for a lift in *It Happened One Night*, a mad Gloria Swanson posing for the cameras in her final scene of *Sunset Boulevard*. Others come as welcome surprises. There is a very young (26) Gary Cooper making an early film appearance in *Wings* (1927), and in a still from *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, we finally see what Dorian's naughty escapades did to that portrait in his attic. Sennett has the perhaps obligatory shot of James Cagney pushing a grapefruit in Mae Clarke's face from *The Public Enemy*, for example, but he also reproduced the film's less familiar last scene: Cagney's dead body lying at his brother's feet. Such surprises not only make for great movies, but for good books about great movies.



Countryman

The vitality, the beauty and sometimes the ugliness of New York City have inspired artists for more than two centuries. Childe Hassam rendered his vision of Manhattan in a snowstorm in soft, impressionistic tones; Edward Hopper looked at an empty office and caught the sense of anomie that the city sometimes inspires; Piet Mondrian captured Manhattan's pulsing rhythms in his unique rectilinear style. To show the many sides of New York, Graphic Artist Seymour Chwast and Steven Heller, art director of the New York *Times* Book Review, have collected the work of these three artists and 93 others and blended them in **The Art of New York** *(Abrams; 191 pages; $49.50)*. This handsome volume combines the famil-

The Artist and the Quilt

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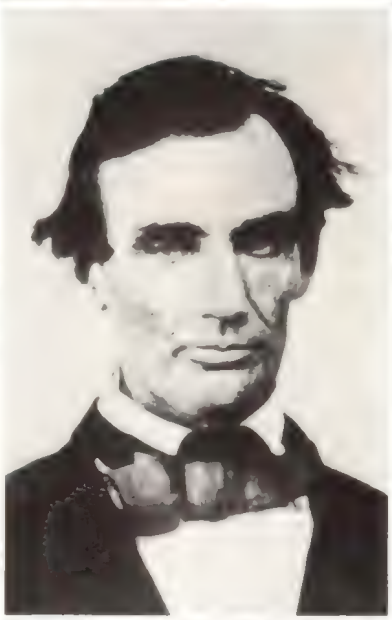

The candidate, from *A New Birth of Freedom*

iar and the rare to form a portrait of life in the world's greatest—and most exasperating—city. Potential visitors who are afraid of being mugged can sit at home and admire the works of such artists as Ben Shahn, George Bellows and Saul Steinberg. The more venturesome will take one look at these masterworks, buy a subway token and go out to see the subject for themselves. Both visitors and natives will find the book delightful.

With a wistful look backward, **Quilts from the Indiana Amish** *(Dutton; 88 pages; $25.95)* pays homage to needleworkers as obscure as they were gifted. Set against dark backgrounds, these geometrical textiles display a colorist's palette and an artisan's virtuosity. Anna Miller's muted *Flower Baskets* (1917), whose variations are worked in shades of blue, mauve and rust, and Lydia Bontrager's more exuberant *Fans* (circa 1920), executed in undulating ribbons of color, are works that transcend their origins; intended for daily use, they became grace notes to domesticity.

In that tradition, Painter Charlotte Robinson launched the Quilt Project in 1975, inspired by the United Nations' Year of the Woman. Documented in **The Artist & the Quilt** *(Knopf; 144 pages; $24.95)*, this fruitful collaboration of 18 painters and sculptors paired with 16 needleworkers produced 20 fresh and striking works. Even when they recall oldtime bedcovers, like Sculptor Lynda Benglis' and Quilter Amy Chamberlin's *Patang*, a reminiscence of kite flying, the works are as contemporary as modern sculptures. Some quilters developed new techniques: Bonnie Persinger caught the flowing rhythm of Robinson's *The Blue Nile* by devising ways to work with organdy. Several artists chose their own seam-

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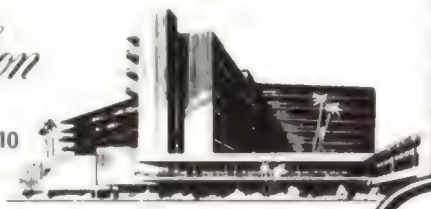

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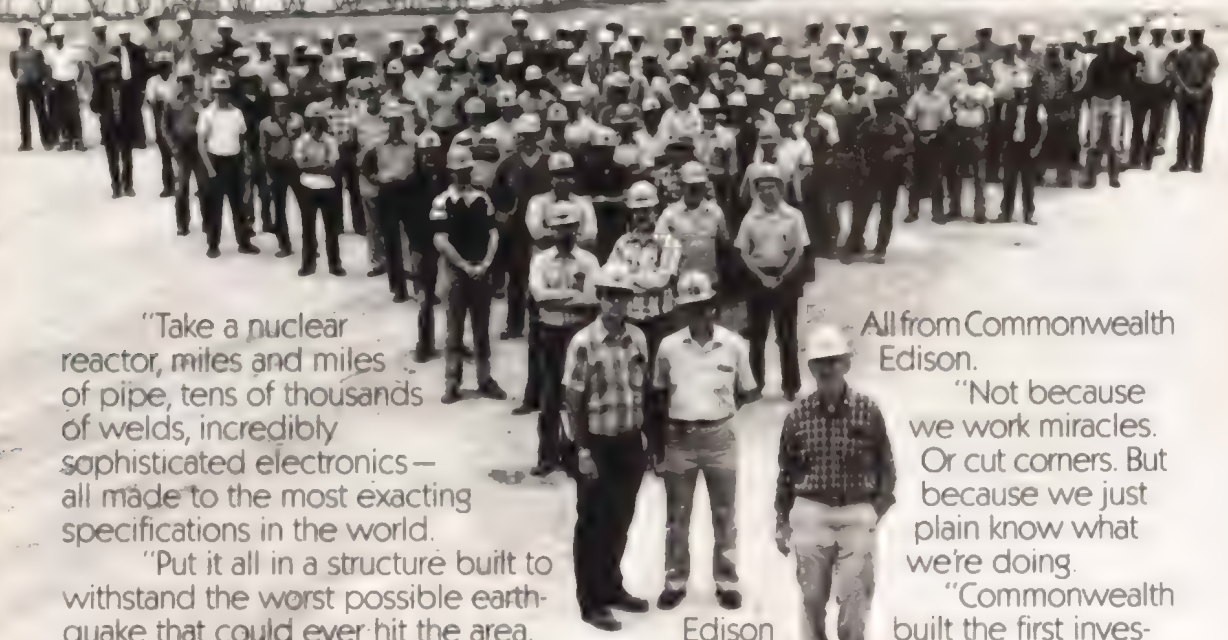

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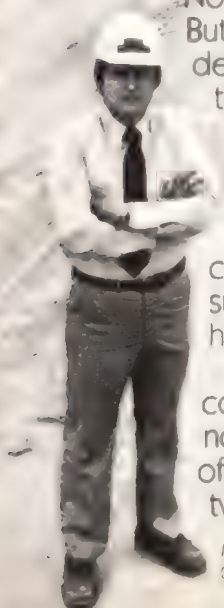

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stresses; Rosemary Wright sought out family members she had not seen in years to sew their autobiographical *The Mitchell Family Quilt*. In each case, the textile has helped to revive an outmoded genre. In art, apparently, nothing is as new as the old.

When Naturalist-Author Hal Borland died in 1978, he left a shelf of more than 30 books, as well as thousands of "outdoor editorials" written over a period of 36 years for the Sunday New York *Times*. He also left the text of a volume intended as a celebration of America's trees. **A Countryman's Woods** *(Knopf; 184 pages; $25)* was completed by Borland's friend and sometime collaborator Les Line, editor of *Audubon* magazine, who also took the handsome color photographs that illustrate it. Borland's relaxed, graceful prose mixes botanical information (the intricate unfolding of shagbark hickory buds), historical oddities (the Midwestern pioneers who used large, hollow sycamores as barns or even dwellings), homely anecdotes (the willow posts in a neighbor's fence that took root and grew into a row of trees), and vivid turns of phrase (the black spruce needles that grow all around the twig "like the hair on the tail of an angry cat"). Borland's concern for conservation is all the more effective for its understatement, as when he quietly notes that the scientist who measured the age of a California bristlecone pine at approximately 5,000 years cut it down in the process, thus destroying "the oldest living thing on earth, so far as we know at this time."

Vishniac's *A Vanished World*

"How long ago is it?—80-odd years." Those were Abraham Lincoln's words, spoken to a crowd gathered around the White House on a July evening in 1863, just after the crucial Union victory at Gettysburg. He would use the same thought, transformed into the rather more memorable "Four score and seven years ago" to open his address dedicating the cemetery at Gettysburg the following November. This engaging anecdote is just one of the many historical delights in **A New Birth of Freedom: Lincoln at Gettysburg** by Philip B. Kunhardt Jr. *(Little, Brown; 263 pages; $22.50)*. Kunhardt is a superb scene setter. He reminds the reader that Henry Ford was born in 1863, but the nation was still young enough to "remember the faces and handshakes of its founding fathers." And he was able to tap a trove of evocative Lincoln-era photographs to illustrate the book: the Meserve Collection, begun by his grandfather Frederick Hill Meserve and continued by his mother, Dorothy Meserve Kunhardt.

Astaire in *Hollywood Movies*

"I like to direct my subjects and tell them exactly what to do," says Antony Armstrong-Jones, the Earl of Snowdon, in his introduction to **Sittings 1979-1983** *(Harper & Row; 144 pages; $20)*. That would account for the cool air of calculated informality that distinguishes these photographs, mostly of figures in the arts and public life of Britain. But Snowdon adds: "Often when people are told exactly what to do they become more themselves than they know." And that would explain the glint of pawky self-dramatization in many of the poses: Prince Charles sporting his riding silks with 18th century aplomb; Novelist Iris Murdoch slumped back in a chair, wrapped in a scarf, head cocked appraisingly; Actor Alec Guinness leaning jauntily against a tree, wearing a rakish peasant hat. The lighting is soft and natural throughout; the camera's gaze is direct and steady (and it is returned just as steadily by most of the subjects). Snowdon has mastered an elegance that never loses its simplicity. Indeed, in his best portraits—for instance, a serene, Vermeer-like study of the elderly Lady Mosley, one of the Milford sisters—the two qualities intensify each other.

The word carousel, Tobin Fraley informs us, is derived from the old Italian *carosello*, meaning tournament. The term came to refer to the medieval Moorish practice of training mounted swordsmen on wooden horses attached to circling beams. In **The Carousel Animal** *(Zephyr; 127 pages; $19.95)* Fraley, an Oakland, Calif., restorer of antique merry-go-round animals, closes the distance between this forgotten martial art and the magic of the amusement park. Gary Sinick's photographs of stallions frozen in mid-prance, oversize rabbits, frogs and chickens reveal the wealth of detail and coloration that distinguished the finest carousel craftsmen of the U.S. and Europe. The form gave wide latitude to the imagination. English Carver C.J. Spooner, for example, commemorated British heroes of the Boer War with a series of centaurs. Among them: a figure that is half horse and half General Robert S.S. Baden-Powell, the founder of the Boy Scouts. ■

"Let the Secrets of Glory Open"

Two major new works elevate the sacred over the profane

The stigmata scene in Messiaen's *Saint François d'Assise:* a sense of time suspended

In the secular 20th century, the religious impulse that in the past produced such musical masterworks as Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* and Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* has been in short supply. Many contemporary composers, it seems, regard themselves as too sophisticated to write frankly sacred music, or are simply unmoved by the realm of doctrine or liturgy. At a time when nothing is too shocking to be put onstage, spirituality has replaced sexuality as the last taboo.

Significant premieres by two of today's leading composers might help to change that attitude, however. In Washington two weeks ago, Mstislav Rostropovich led the National Symphony Orchestra in the eight completed movements of Krzysztof Penderecki's *Polish Requiem*, a work in progress for vocal quartet and chorus that promises to be a major statement, both musically and politically, when it is finished some time next year. And last week in Paris, Seiji Ozawa presided over the world premiere of Olivier Messiaen's first opera, *Saint François d'Assise*, which is clearly intended to crown the 75-year-old Messiaen's career.

Despite their radically different compositional styles, Penderecki, 50, and Messiaen have much in common. Both are devout Roman Catholics; their outputs have prominently featured devotional music, notably Penderecki's *St. Luke Passion* and his *Utrenja* ("The Entombment of Christ" and the "Resurrection"), and Messiaen's massive piano piece, *Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant Jésus*, and his work for large chorus and orchestra, *La Transfiguration de Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ*. Both men are leading composers in their countries, yet each has transcended parochial considerations to become an important international figure. Furthermore, each writes in an immediately identifiable style that is uniquely his own, and neither has significant imitators.

Bass-Baritone José Van Dam

Not a role to learn on speculation

Penderecki has written two operas on religious subjects: *The Devils of Loudun* (1969) and *Paradise Lost* (1978), which the composer has called a *Sacra Rappresentazione* rather than a conventional opera. *Paradise Lost*, commissioned by the Lyric Opera of Chicago, was the victim of a turgid production that obscured the work's many beauties. Messiaen's *Saint François*—which resembles no other work in the operatic literature as much as it resembles *Paradise Lost* in its static, quasi-oratorio quality—is more fortunate all around.

Produced in the Paris Opéra's sumptuous Palais Garnier, Messiaen's work, to the composer's own libretto, is on the grandest scale. It lasts five hours and 40 minutes and requires a large chorus and 120-piece orchestra, including extra brass and winds, a large percussion battery and three electronic keyboard instruments called Ondes Martenot. The orchestra is so big that it overflows the pit to envelop both sides of the stage and several boxes. The subject is the spiritual transformation of Francis the man into Francis the saint. "I have chosen Francis," says Messiaen, "because he is the person who most resembles Christ: chaste, humble, poor and bearing the stigmata as a mark of God's approbation."

Messiaen

An opera of such ambition and scope, coming as it does late in the composer's life, naturally recalls a similar religious epic, *Parsifal*. Like Wagner's valedictory, *Saint François* is a spacious work of musical architecture, a cathedral in sound that generates a sense of timelessness or, more precisely, of time suspended. It unfolds at a stately pace, illustrating episodes from the life of the saint (the preaching to the birds, the visitation by an angel, the receiving of the stigmata), animated by the whole range of Messiaen's musical vocabulary. Strong, sharply defined motifs are derived from such disparate sources as bird song (the composer is a lifelong ornithologist and notated some of his avian themes at Assisi), plain chant and the whole-tone scale. The themes are treated with Messiaen's characteristic rhythmic complexity, but the effect nevertheless is one of almost childlike simplicity.

In the fifth scene, an angel (Soprano Christiane Eda-Pierre) visits the saint (Bass-Baritone José Van Dam) as he is praying. "You speak with God through music," the angel sings, no doubt voicing Messiaen's own conception of his artistic role. "He will reply to you through music. Let the secrets, the secrets of glory open." As the angel begins to play a heavenly viol, an Ondes Martenot sounds a decep-

tively ingenuous melody. At once oddly angular but celestially serene, it floats above a soft C major chord in the strings and a wordless chorus. The moment is one of beatific bliss, a close approximation of what one imagines the music of the spheres to sound like.

Outstandingly conducted by Ozawa, a longtime Messiaen champion, the production is generally worthy of its subject. The title role, superbly sung by Van Dam, must surely be the longest individual part in the operatic literature. The saint appears in seven of the eight tableaux and does much, if not most, of the singing in each. At the composer's request, Giuseppe Crisolini-Malatesta based the sets and costumes on paintings by Fra Angelico, Giotto and Matthias Grünewald. As staged by Sandro Sequi, scenes are played in small, diorama-like boxes to emphasize the work's distant, legendary quality. The only serious dramatic defect is the sixth scene, the sermon to the birds, which was intended to be the high point. What was supposed to be a grand laser spectacle representing the flight of the birds in the shape of a cross is instead something more suitable to a light show in a down-at-the-heels disco

Penderecki

Despite the successful premiere, *Saint François* is too long and too difficult for most opera houses to undertake, and the title role is such an awesome challenge that it is hard to imagine any baritone learning it on speculation. Messiaen's uncompromising aesthetic also places great demands on the listener. But if, as Mark Twain supposedly said, Wagner's music is not as bad as it sounds, Messiaen's opera is not as formidable as it seems. *Saint François d'Assise* is a rare spiritual testament and deserves a wider hearing, perhaps in the concert hall or on records.

So does Penderecki's *Polish Requiem* Inspired by such recent events in Polish history as the rise of the Solidarity movement and the death of Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, the *Requiem* is an agonized musical document. Its crunching, tortured melodies, sliding uneasily through microtonal intervals, are the aural equivalent of a painting of hell by Hieronymus Bosch. In the *Ingemisco*, the chorus groans and shouts as it frantically pleads for God's mercy. Yet there is a tempering element at work too: the ethereal *Agnus Dei* is a vision of radiant beauty.

When complete, the *Requiem* will last about 90 minutes. From the evidence so far, it will be a heartfelt work of broad emotional range and consummate technique. Penderecki plans to end the piece not with the resignation of a Requiem Mass but with the optimism of the Resurrection. It will make a highly appropriate symbol, for both Penderecki and Messiaen in these new works offer eloquent testimony to the regenerative powers of sacred music —*By Michael Walsh*

Courtenay and Finney in *The Dresser*: holding a makeup mirror up to life

Cinema

Backstage as Blasted Heath

THE DRESSER *Directed by Peter Yates, Screenplay by Ronald Harwood*

"I just want everything to be lovely," says Norman. As credos go it is modest enough, and in normal times it has served him well in his career as dresser and dogsbody to the actor-manager—spoken of only as "Sir"—whose little Shakespearean company is touring the English provinces. The trouble is, the times are out of joint. World War II's air-raid sirens have a way of going off in the middle of the old boy's soliloquies. Worse, the years have taken their toll. As Sir says, anticipating his 227th performance of *King Lear*, "No one takes you through it; you are put through it, night after night." Simply stated, the combined pressures of external events and spiritual exhaustion have brought Sir to the edge of near terminal madness.

Indeed, Sir has become the thing he plays, a Lear-like creature wandering the blasted heath that is wartime Britain. The women of his company are very rough analogues to Lear's daughters, while Norman is certainly meant to be understood as the Fool. But Ronald Harwood's adaptation of his own play does not force these comparisons too hard. It is perfectly possible to enjoy *The Dresser* simply as a backstage fable, rich in the full-tilt emotional exaggeration of plays and pictures that try to catch showfolk off guard, offstage. Or as a fairly acute study of the master-servant relationship. Or simply as an excuse to give two splendid actors (Tom Courtenay as the title figure, Albert Finney as Sir) a chance to strut their stuff.

Courtenay, of course, originated the role of Norman in the theater, and offers a perfectly polished version of it to such posterity as the film vaults grant. On its face his is a comic turn, an impersonation of a homosexual impersonating a nanny to a grownup child. But his mincing rage for order has deeper roots; this small and isolated backstage world has offered him, until Sir started disrupting it, an asylum from the larger world he could never manage. Subtle observation and marvelously controlled invention mark Courtenay's work.

Finney is a revelation. His was almost a secondary role in the theater, largely because Sir's performances were observed and discussed by the other characters but never seen by the audience. In adapting play to film, Harwood and the always sensible Peter Yates have chosen to show Sir at work. And Finney has chosen to be as good as he can be as Lear. This redeems Sir from the bombastic egocentricity of his dressing-room self, placing a humanizing glaze on his hamminess. It also makes the ironic point that for many actors a role is the only worthwhile reality, reality a role they never quite learn.

The Dresser cannot fill its noble Shakespearean outline. Harwood would have been well advised to stop short of his last-act fling at tragedy and rest on his strength, which is for comically melodramatic commentary on the vagaries and excesses of the theatrical life. Still, he has wisely turned his original vehicle from a unicycle into a bicycle built for two, and Courtenay and Finney give it a thrilling ride. —*By Richard Schickel*

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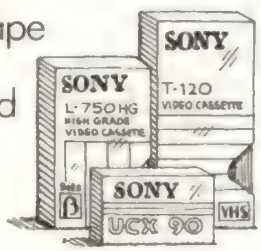

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Theater

Moonbeams Paved with Asphalt

THE GLASS MENAGERIE *by Tennessee Williams*

"Yes, I have tricks in my pockets. I have things up my sleeve." With these first words from *The Glass Menagerie*, his Broadway debut in 1945, Tennessee Williams announced his dramatic strategies and asserted his mastery of verbal magic. To the American theater Williams lent a firefly glow through which audiences could see into the dissolving past, into the long nights of desire and failure. For the next 35 years, directors took their cue from Williams' own lazy flights of self-destruction, from his wispy-wise, Percy Dovetonsils voice, and launched productions of his plays on gossamer wings toward the aerie of poetic eccentricity. In the Williams otherworld, one tiptoed through cobwebs, was blinded by moonbeams.

What this poetic approach too often misses is Williams' deft and impish sense of humor. *The Glass Menagerie* is autobiography in the form of a situation comedy. The first half of the play could be called "Mama's Family": Amanda Wingfield, a fiftyish matron whose husband abandoned her 15 years earlier, plots to find a "gentleman caller" who will support her and marry her shy, lame daughter Laura. In the second half, a young man does call—no gentleman, rather an awkward go-getter whose own glory days are long past—and a bittersweet romance flutters through and out of Laura's life. Amanda, Laura and Tom (Laura's brother and the play's narrator) may be fated to melancholy, but they survive on a diet of waspish barbs and mock-courtly wit. This requiem for decayed ideals is also a giddy Irish wake.

The Wingfield girls: Tandy and Plummer

Splendid actresses at their less than best.

For good or ill, the current Broadway revival brings Williams down to earth. This time the moonbeams are paved with asphalt. Though Designer Ming Cho Lee has buttressed the Wingfield's St. Louis home with fleecy clouds, he has furnished it in a sturdy naturalistic style. Director John Dexter has paced the play to move one resolute step at a time, and encouraged the actors to deliver their lines with clarion force. This is a "solid" production, but it should be buoyant. The Wingfields imbibe a kind of emotional helium; only the guy wires of propriety keep them from floating into their darkest dreams. But with the exception of Bruce Davison's Tom, who nicely mixes wistfulness and cynicism, this Wingfield family is anchored to—sunk beneath—the matter-of-fact realities of Depression America.

The production is graced with two splendid actresses in two splendid roles; each falls just short. As Laura, Amanda Plummer spends the first act in pained watchfulness, mothering her collection of glass animals, nursing herself toward psychosis. She comes to life in her scenes with gentleman Jim (John Heard, in a brisk and engaging performance). "Somebody ought to—Ought to—*kiss* you, Laura!" Jim proclaims. As he leans in and embraces her, Laura surrenders her body and mouth to him, but not yet her wavering right arm. The hand pauses in midair, uncertain whether or how to commit, then grasps firmly at the hem of Jim's jacket—the gesture of a little girl lost, holding for what's left of her dear life on to her image of manhood, of the father who deserted her in infancy. It is an aching moment, beautifully realized.

Of all the actresses who have played Amanda, from Laurette Taylor to Gertrude Lawrence to Helen Hayes, Shirley Booth, Maureen Stapleton and Katharine Hepburn, none brings more impressive credentials to the role than Jessica Tandy. In 1947, she was the first Blanche Dubois; now, at 74, she is playing Williams' first great cracked Southern belle. A generation too old for the part, she strides through the play on the assurance of her craft. Tandy's Amanda is flinty, not flighty; a hawk, not a dithery dove; a bustling den mother, not a senescent teenager who treats the gentleman caller to some of her own old-fashioned wooing. Williams' characters may not be as fragile as Laura's menagerie, but they deserve to be handled with care. Tandy's hand, like that of the production, is pure wrought iron.

—*By Richard Corliss*

Milestones

BORN. To **Phyllis George Brown,** 34, Miss America of 1971 and *NFL Today* host, and **John Y. Brown Jr.,** 49, Governor (until next week) of Kentucky: their second child, a daughter; in Lexington. Name: Pamela Ashley. Weight: 7 lbs. 10½ oz. Asked Older Brother Lincoln, 3½: "How long does she stay before she goes back?"

MARRIED. Miguel Vazquez, 18, the world's greatest trapeze artist and the only aerialist ever to execute a quadruple somersault; and **Rosa Segrera,** 21, his flying partner; both for the first time; in Venice, Fla., the winter home of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. After a Roman Catholic ceremony, a circus parade, including elephants, tigers and clowns, wound its way to an arena where the newlyweds climbed the trapeze for their first flight as husband and wife. They rode off atop an elephant wearing flower garlands and a JUST MARRIED sign.

RECOVERING. Ahn Ji Sook, 7, and **Lee Kil Woo,** 4, the South Korean children brought to the U.S. by President and Mrs. Reagan after their November Far East tour; from surgery to repair heart defects; in Roslyn, N.Y. The two were moved out of intensive care last week and should be healthy enough to return home before Christmas.

EXECUTED. Robert Austin Sullivan, 36, convicted murderer; by electrocution, despite clemency pleas from seven Florida bishops and Pope John Paul II; at the state penitentiary in Starke, Fla. Sullivan was found guilty of the 1973 slaying of the night manager of a restaurant outside Miami. Although he first confessed to the crime, Sullivan later recanted. His cause was then taken up by priests who counseled him in prison. Sullivan's execution was the ninth in the U.S. since the Supreme Court lifted the ban on capital punishment in 1976.

DIED. Christopher George, 54, jut-jawed actor who played men of action in the TV series *The Rat Patrol* and *The Immortal*; after a heart attack; in Los Angeles.

DIED. Clement Zablocki, 71, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee; after a heart attack; in Washington, D.C. A one-time Milwaukee civics teacher, Zablocki was first elected to Congress in 1948 and, at his death, was in his 18th term. Initially a supporter of the Viet Nam War effort, he later became one of the chief sponsors of the 1973 War Powers Act.

DIED. Richard Llewellyn, 76, British author whose bestselling lyrical novel about a heroic family of Welsh coal miners, *How Green Was My Valley* (1939), was made into an Oscar-winning film by Director John Ford; after a heart attack; in Dublin. His 27 other works include the popular 1943 novel *None But the Lonely Heart*.

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